A

JOURNEY

FROM

LONDON TO GENOA, &c.

VOL. I.

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FROM

LONDON TO GENOA,

THROUGH

ENGLAND, PORTUGAL, SPAIN, and FRANCE.

By JOSEPH BARETTI,

Secretary for Foreign Correſpondence to the Royal Academy of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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GR III

TO THE

PRESIDENT

AND

MEMBERS

OF THE

ROYAL ACADEMY

OF

PAINTING, SCULPTURE, and ARCHITECTURE.

GENTLEMEN,

IN my various rambles through various countries, I have neither ſeen nor heard of a ſet of artiſts comparable to that which your monarch aſſembled when he formed you into an academy. Inſtead of attempting to expreſs my gratitude to that royal goodneſs, which has deigned to connect me with ſo reſpectable a ſociety, I will revere and love it in

ſilence, and endeavour to ſhow that I deſerve what it has beſtowed, by a vigorous exertion of my abilities whenever occaſion ſhall call them into your ſervice. In the mean while, gentlemen, give me leave to dedicate to you the firſt work I have prepared for publication ſince I had the honour of belonging to you. You have a right to this ſmall token of an affection, which inclination as well as duty has kindled in the breaſt of

Your moſt humble

and moſt devoted ſervant,

JOSEPH BARETTI.

PREFACE.

I Have not a better apology to offer for my confidence in preſenting this enlightened nation with theſe volumes, than that the accounts of Spain hitherto publiſhed in the Engliſh language, are in general adjudged to be very imperfect. This obſervation, which I had often heard repeated by many Engliſhmen of diſtinguiſhed knowledge, has emboldened me to publiſh my remarks upon that country.

In the deſcriptions that follow, I hope it will appear that I have ſpared no pains to carry my reader in ſome meaſure along with me; to make him ſee what I ſaw, hear what I heard, feel what I felt, and even think and fancy whatever I thought and fancied myſelf. Should this method prove agreeable, and procure the honour of a favourable reception to my work, I ſhall owe it in a great part to my moſt revered friend Dr. Samuel Johnſon, who ſuggeſted it to me, juſt as I was ſetting out on my firſt journey to Spain. It was he that exhorted me to write daily, and with all poſſible minuteneſs: it was he that pointed out the topics which would moſt intereſt and moſt delight in a future publication. To his injunctions I have kept as cloſe as I was able, and my only fear upon this occaſion is, that ſome want of dexterity in the management of my narra-

tives

tives may juſtly have ſubjected me to the charge of egotiſm, as I am convinced that I have paſſed too frequently from my ſubject to myſelf, and made myſelf as much too often the hero of my own ſtory. Yet this fear is not ſo predominant as to exclude the hope that ſuch an impropriety will be overlooked if I have but ſucceeded in the main point, and effectually aſſiſted the imagination of my reader to form an idea tolerably juſt of Spain, by exhibiting as well the face of the country, as the manners of the inhabitants. This it will appear that I have laboured pretty hard to attain; and as this is the chief end of a traveller's narrative, the real critick will not be diſpleaſed that it has been principally purſued, that ſubordinate and incidental parts have been leſs diligently conſidered, and that, where attention was moſt required, it has been moſt liberally beſtowed.

LET-

LETTER I.

Notice given of the departure.

London, Aug. 13, 1760.

DEAR BROTHERS,

TO-MORROW I ſhall at laſt quit this metropolis, and ſet out for Falmouth on my way home through Portugal, Spain, and the ſouthern part of France. A long round-about way! But you know that all communication is ſtopped between Dover and Calais becauſe of the war; and ſince I muſt go a long journey, I care not how long I make it. I go through Portugal and Spain rather than Holland, becauſe of Holland I have heard and read enough, whereas I know little of Portugal and leſs of Spain, as there are but very imperfect accounts of either. Beſides, that going the Falmouth-way, I ſhall likewiſe ſee the weſtern part of this kingdom, which I have not viſited.

To-morrow then is the day, from which I reckon that in about two months, or three at moſt, I ſhall have the inexpreſſible pleaſure of ſeeing you again, after an abſence of full ten years. My blood runs warmer and my heart beats quicker, when I think that after ſo long a ſeparation I am going to ſit down again to a domeſtic meal with one of my brothers fronting me, and one at each ſide of me!

Now therefore, England, farewell! I quit thee with leſs regret, becauſe I am returning to my native country after a very long abſence, conſidering the ſhortneſs of life. Yet I cannot leave thee without tears. May Heaven guard and proſper thee, thou illuſtrious mother of polite men and virtuous women! Thou great mart of literature! Thou nurſery of invincible ſoldiers, of bold navigators, and ingenious artiſts, farwell, farewell! I have now forgotten all the croſſes and anxieties I have undergone in thy regions for the ſpace of ten years: but never will I forget thoſe many amongſt thy ſons who have aſſiſted me in my wants, encouraged me in my difficulties, comforted me in my adverſities, and imparted to me the light of their knowledge in the dark and intricate mazes of life! Farewell, imperial England, farewell, farewell!

LETTER II.

People in the ſtage-coach. Saliſbury and its cathedral. Militia. Bone-lace and Ducking-ſtool at Honiton. Love whence ariſing.

Exeter, Aug. 16, 1760.

BEHOLD! I am diſtant from London a hundred and ſixty miles, and more!

On Friday I ſet out in one of thoſe numberleſs coaches that are continually going backwards and forwards from town to town. The coach contained ſix people; and all ſix proved agreeable company to each other, though collected by mere chance: three women on one ſide, and three men over againſt them.

This begins to look like a novel; and yet it is no novel at all. In this coach were an elderly aunt with her two nieces, an Engliſh gentleman, a Scotch officer, and your eldeſt brother. The ſix horſes went on at a great rate. I knew the officer's country by his pronunciation, as well as by his earneſt talking with the aunt about nobility. This was his favourite topick. But the Engliſhman and I, employed our time to better purpoſe, chat-

ting as faſt as we could with the nieces, both modeſtly talkative and modeſtly pretty. Yet the good aunt was not ſo deep ſunk into genealogy as her partner would have her; but turned to us from time to time, and encouraged her girls to be chearful and ſing ſongs, which they often did in ſuch a manner as to pleaſe even an Italian.

So agreeable a company I ſhall probably not find in the remainder of my journey, as it is but ſeldom that poor travellers are ſo lucky as to meet with ſuch good-natured aunts, and with girls ſo pretty, ſo ſprightly, and ſo obliging. The Scotchman, though ſomewhat ſtiff and ridiculous with his accounts of the great nobility in Argyleſhire, yet was not unwelcome, as he is a man of very good ſenſe in other reſpects. The Engliſh gentleman is learned beyond his age, and rather over-civil, as he has but lately quitted the college.

On the firſt day I ſaw nothing, as one may ſay, becauſe we trotted along very faſt. I could only obſerve that the inns, where we alighted to change horſes and refreſh ourſelves, are all neat and good, as all inns are on all great roads in England. We croſſed Saliſbury in haſte on the ſecond day: but as I had heard much of its cathedral, I choſe to give a look at it. So I alighted, and ran like a fury through the town. Thus running I took notice of the market, which is ſpacious and plentifully ſtored with meat and all ſorts of vegetables. Along the large

large ſtreet I croſſed, there is water running on both ſides juſt by the houſes; which muſt be a great convenience to the inhabitants. I entered the cathedral for a minute. It is a ſtately building, and much more Gothic than that of Milan; but not half ſo large, as far as I can remember. That of Milan I take to be the largeſt edifice of the kind in the whole world.

On a wide plain, not far from Saliſbury, there is that thing (I know not what name to give it) called Stonehenge. I ſhould be ſorry if you had not preſerved all my former deſcriptions of ſeveral remarkable things in this kingdom. Were I never to come to England again, as may eaſily be the caſe, I ſhall be very glad to have thoſe deſcriptions, in order to revive a pleaſing remembrance from time to time. A poor pleaſure, compared to that I ſhould feel in ſeeing this country again! But ſtill, better little than nothing.

Not far from Saliſbury there is likewiſe a country-ſeat belonging to an Engliſh earl, where there is the ampleſt collection of ſtatues, buſts, and other ancient monuments in this kingdom, together with many fine paintings; almoſt every thing brought at an immenſe expence from your ſide the Alps. I do not know what poſſeſſed me, that I never went to ſee that ſeat in the ſpace of ten years, eſpecially as I was twice in its neighbourhood. But men are naturally procraſtinators: they

put

put it off till next day, till next week; and the next day or the next week never comes.

On the third day we dined at a little town called Honiton, where they make a good deal of that lace ſo much admired by Italian ladies, that goes with us by the name of *Merletti d'Inghilterra*. I wonder why it is not made every where, as thoſe who make it are neither philoſophers nor conjurers, but poor ignorant women. I would have bought ſome for ſome people at Turin: but forbore, to avoid being plagued at the many cuſtom-houſes where I ſhall be ſearched before I reach home.

At Honiton, from the window of the inn, I ſaw a battalion of militia newly raiſed. They went through their military exerciſe; and I own I did not much admire their movements. However, they will drive the world before them when they come to be better modelled; and the French will find it no jeſt, if ever they dare to come over in their flat-bottom boats, and ſet their feet on the Britiſh ſhore, as they have been threatening this long while.

We dined haſtily. Then the Engliſhman and I walked out of the town, juſt to ſtretch our legs a little. We went ſo far as a ſmall rivulet, where I took notice of an engine called a Ducking-ſtool. What is it? I will tell you if I can. It is a ſtool to ſit on. A kind of armed

wooden

wooden chair, fixed on the extremity of a pole about fifteen feet long. The pole is horizontally placed on a poſt juſt by the water, and looſely pegg'd to that poſt; ſo that by raiſing it at one end, you lower the ſtool down into the midſt of the rivulet. Do you comprehend me? That ſtool ſerves at preſent to duck ſcolds and termagants: but it is ſaid, that the ſuperſtitious inhabitants of Honiton uſed formerly to place on it thoſe old women whom they thought to be witches, and duck'd them unmercifully ſeveral times; ſometimes to death.

While the young gentleman and I were gravely philoſophiſing on the notion of witches, which has been ſo general at all times and in all countries, the coach overtook us. But inſtead of getting into it, we wanted to pull the young ladies out of it, and give them a plunge or two, becauſe in our days the opinion prevails, that all pretty girls are witches, and old women are ſo no more. Indeed Miſs Anne and Miſs Helen had a fine eſcape, and may thank the coachman who was in haſte, or they had paid for their bewitching looks.

Not far from Honiton they left us as well as the Scotch officer, and the ſeparation ſeemed grievous to us all. We kiſſed and parted; and not with eyes perfectly dry. Did I ſay kiſſed? Yes, upon my word. But you Italians make ſo much of a kiſs, that there is no enduring you. Here we make nothing of it, eſpecially on ſuch occaſions;

caſions; nor is there any harm in it, whatever you may think. What have you to ſay, you people on the other ſide of that huge mountain? I am ſure I ſhall not abide your ſilly faſhions, now I am uſed to thoſe of England. What a ridiculous thing is kiſſing men and men, or women and women? The Engliſh have twenty times more wit than you. When I am amongſt you again, I will poſitively follow the Engliſh faſhions: and ſo, tell all the damſels in your neighbourhood, that I am coming to mend their manners. I will ſet up as a reformer now I am a travell'd man, and will do as all travell'd men do, when they get back home. They look, and with good reaſon, upon themſelves as a good deal the wiſer for having ſeen the world.

However, I felt more pain than I will tell you in the act of quitting thoſe two amiable maidens. Perhaps I have ſeen them for the laſt time, and that is always an ugly thought! Nothing endears people ſo faſt to each other as travelling together in the ſame vehicle; and the effect is natural. Our love for perſons ariſes from the pleaſure we receive from them. The more pleaſure they can give us, the greater our love. This is philoſophy, or I am a blockhead. In that coach none of us could receive any pleaſure but what was got from one of the other five; and each endeavoured to give ſome, that he might receive ſome. Thus one ſung a ſong, one told a ſtory, one produced a pun, one did this, and another did

did that. The whole world was without the coach, and within there was nothing but ourſelves. Therefore having nothing elſe to love, we loved each other very faſt It has been obſerved, that the ſtrongeſt love is that contracted in a jail; and the coach was for three days a perfect jail to us: ſo we were all become friends enough to grieve at parting. But what ſignifies talking? We parted, and there is an end; ſuch tranſitory joys and pains are the lot of travellers. The coach goes no further than this town, and I muſt think to-morrow of another vehicle.

LETTER III.

Fine dreſſing not blameable. Fifty broken noſes. A promiſe to write trifles.

Exeter ſtill, Aug. 17, 1760.

THIS morning early I walked all over this town. It is none of the fineſt, very ill paved, and very dirty, tho' it is ſummer. In winter it muſt be ten times worſe. The houſes are generally built in ſuch a ſtyle of architecture, that Palladio would have hang'd himſelf for vexation, if he had ſeen them. I went to give a look to the cathedral. As it is Sunday, it was full of people, and the parſon was preaching againſt the vanity of dreſſing. What he ſaid upon the ſubject was ſenſible enough,

and feelingly delivered; but not much to the purpoſe, as I thought, becauſe the Exonians do not pique themſelves (thoſe at leaſt who formed his audience) on the magnificence of their apparel. Many looked clean; but not one gaudy. Yet, had they even been fine, I do not like to hear dreſſing much condemned. Dreſſing is one of the many things that increaſe the difference between the reaſonable animal and the unreaſonable; and any thing, be it ever ſo ſmall, that increaſes that difference, is never much amiſs. Extremes to be ſure are extremes; and the vanity of dreſſing may be carried ſo far as to be ridiculous; yet ſinful it can ſcarcely ever be: therefore, if I were a preacher, I would never bear hard upon this point, becauſe I have obſerved that people well dreſſed, have in general a kind of reſpect for themſelves; and whoever reſpects himſelf, does a very good thing. As for my part, I love dreſſing ſo well, that if I could afford it, I would be half a beau all the year round.

This cathedral is Gothic, like that of Saliſbury; but much inferior to it in many reſpects. It is large enough for the town, but has nothing very remarkable, except the fifty figures (if I have counted them right) which adorn its front. They are alto-relievos, and all noſeleſs. Time has pick'd off their noſes, and made duſt of them, as it does of all noſes, whether marble or not. From the top of the church, where I aſcended by a winding ſtair-

caſe,

caſe, the ſteps of which are in bad order, I have taken a view of the country round. It is very fine, full of ſmall hills covered with trees, and watered by many ſtreams.

Before the cathedral are ſome trees planted in rows, each tree fantaſtically cut in the form of a fan. About the walls of a ruined caſtle, which ſtands higher than the town, there is a fine walk much frequented by women, as I could ſee towards the latter part of the afternoon. I ſaw few men there. The proſpect facing the caſtle on the ſide of the walk, is one of the moſt pleaſing.

To-morrow my trunk will be forwarded to Falmouth in a cart or waggon. The Engliſh gentleman and I go to Plymouth, where I intend to make but a ſhort ſtay. I want to be at Falmouth and embark for Liſbon. Having no more pretty girls to travel with, I find that I grow impatient, and long to ſee my journey's end, thinking more and more deeply on the three thouſand miles I have to go. It is the ſeventh or eighth part of the globe's circumference! From Plymouth, and even from Falmouth, I will write to you again, and ſend my letters back to London, that they may be forwarded to you from thence. From Falmouth onward I propoſe to write to you every night, even when I am at ſea, and tell you the ſtory of every day. But whatever I write, as I go on, ſhall not be brought to you by any body but myſelf.

Be ſure I will write a world of things that I ſhall ſee or hear. Trifles indeed they will commonly be, as I ſhall have no leiſure any where to make deep remarks. Yet I will endeavour to be entertaining, at leaſt to myſelf; as I ſhall probably have no other means of beguiling the evenings but by my quill.

LETTER IV.

Manufactures of Serges and Tapeſtry. Father Norbert and his workmen from France.

Plymouth, Aug. 18th, 1760.

I LEFT Exeter this morning at eleven, after having viſited two manufactories, one of ſerges, and the other of that ſort of tapeſtry, which in French is called *Gobelins* from the place where it is made at Paris. The ſerges of Exeter are, as I am told, chiefly exported into Catholic countries for the uſe of monks and nuns of various orders. In ſeveral ſtorehouſes of that town there are ſo many bales of it, as would ſuffice to make an intrenchment round the camp of the Auſtrians, who are ſaid to be ſo numerous in Saxony. I mean that at Exeter they make a large quantity of thoſe ſerges: but travellers muſt exaggerate if they prove entertaining. Many fanatical ſpeculators would fain ſee all our religious

orders

orders aboliſhed: but, were it not for thoſe other fanaticks who compoſe thoſe orders, Exeter would fare but poorly.

As to the Gobelin-tapeſtry, the art of making it in perfection was introduced in England by a famous anti-jeſuit, the reverend father Norbert, a French capuchin-friar, whom Benedict XIV (a kind of anti-jeſuit himſelf) permitted to go and live in England, on condition he ſhould play the miſſionary there, and convert the good people to his church. But, inſtead of doing as he was bid, and as he had promiſed, the honeſt fellow took the liberty of ſeculariſing himſelf, aſſumed the name of Monſieur Pariſot, and turned director of a manufactory of that ſort of tapeſtry. In this undertaking he found means of being aſſiſted by a voluntary ſubſcription of the Engliſh nobility and gentry, which amounted to more than ten thouſand pounds, as I was told at that time. That ſubſcription the Monſieur pocketted ſoon after his arrival in London. I went ſeveral times from London to Fulham to ſee his looms, which would have procured him a pretty livelihood if he had been a man of ſome oeconomy. But he lived at ſuch a rate, and was poſſeſſed of ſo many virtues, eſpecially thoſe two cardinal ones vulgarly called luſt and vanity, that he contracted many debts in a little time, turned bankrupt, and ran away.

The

The looms and other manufacturing implements which he could not carry off, were ſold by auction; and one Mr. Paſſavan bought them for little more than nothing. With them he ſet up a diminutive manufactory at Exeter, after having taken into his ſervice a few deſerters from the Gobelins of Paris, who were inticed away by the friar's magnificent promiſes. Theſe workmen, in conſequence of thoſe promiſes, came over to England, fairly venturing a halter, if they had been caught in the act of deſerting. But the friar was far from keeping his word with them as ſoon as he had a ſufficient number of them in his power. The ſalaries he then appointed them (and they were forced to accept) were but ſcanty. On his running away from England, the poor fellows found themſelves in a very ſad plight. They knew no other trade but that of tapeſtry-making, were ignorant of the language, and could not go back to France, where they would have been hanged for their deſertion. Mr. Paſſavan picked out of the ſtreets of London thoſe few whom hunger and wretchedneſs had not time to kill, and got them to Exeter, where he makes a penny out of their labour.

One part of this ſtory I knew ſome years ago: the other I had from thoſe few Frenchmen at Exeter; and I fancy you will not be diſpleaſed with this anecdote of a man ſo much talked of in Italy for his virulent writings againſt the jeſuits; whoſe books were for a time

time in every body's hands; and whoſe character proved at laſt no better than thoſe of the worſt part amongſt thoſe whom he cenſured.

I take now my leave of Exeter and of the organ of its cathedral, which the Exonians ſcruple not to ſay is the fineſt in England. And now you muſt fancy that you ſee me in a poſt-chaiſe haſtening to Plymouth, quite enamoured with the rural beauties of Devonſhire, which are not inferiour to the beſt parts of Piedmont and Lombardy. At night I reached this town with a whole neck. A lucky thing enough, conſidering how precipitouſly the poſtilions drove. It was quite dark when I alighted at the inn. I have written theſe lines while ſupper is making ready. Can any body ſay that I am idle?

LETTER V.

A man of war and a dock viſited.

Plymouth ſtill, Aug. 19, 1760.

THIS morning I rambled about this ſmall and irregular town, and viſited its two churches, called St. Andrew and St. Charles. The Engliſh care but little for ſaints: yet they give their names to churches. A little piece of incongruity, as I take it. It proves how difficult it is to get rid of ancient cuſtoms.

I walked

I walked a while on the key of the harbour and along the ſea-ſhore, where I ſaw nothing very remarkable, excepting two bay-mules. One of them was lame. And here, to keep up the character of a ſkilful, attentive, and judicious traveller, I muſt tell you that mules in England are far from being ſo common as with us. Theſe two are almoſt all that I have ſeen in ten years.

Having noted down the lame mule in my memorandum-book with a pencil, I went towards the arſenal, or dock, as they call it here. It is about two miles diſtant from the town. In my way there, and juſt by it, I ſpy'd a man of war of ſixty or ſeventy guns, called the Nottingham. They were refitting it, being juſt come from a long voyage. As I had never ſeen the inſide of a man of war, I choſe to viſit it thoroughly with the aſſiſtance of two ſailors, who explained to me the uſe of every thing in it, anſwering my numerous and fooliſh queſtions with a great deal of patience. What is this, and what is that, and what is the uſe of that other thing? Indeed the fellows were much in the right if they laughed at my ignorance of every thing. I am ſure they winked at each other, and looked arch: yet I ſay it again, they were perfectly right to make ſport of ſuch a meer landman as I am.

This viſit laſted leſs than three hours. But, juſt as it was over, and I was taking my leave of my friendly inſtructors,

tors, a ſun-burnt ſort of a gentleman came on board; one of the under-officers, I think. He approached me with a very particular kind of civility; ſomething of openneſs mixed with roughneſs. Indeed I know not what name to give to that kind of civility. A medley of boldneſs, contempt, ſelf-ſufficiency, and kindneſs. Extract an idea out of theſe different ideas, and enjoy it. Hearing I was a ſtranger who had never been before under the deck of a war-ſhip, he took hold at once of both my hands, and graſped them ſo tenaciouſly, that I could not eſcape him. " *Here, Sir, let's walk below, and I'll* " *ſhow her to you. A damn'd old baggage ſhe; and we'll* " *all go to the bottom in her next voyage; but I don't* " *care a ruſh.*" It was with the utmoſt difficulty I ſaved myſelf from his well-meant kindneſs. I entered an inn in the dock, and dined.

After dinner I went in ſearch of an engineer for whom I had a letter, in which he was deſired by a friend in London to ſhow me the dock and any other thing curious about Plymouth. He is a moſt gentleman-like man, and poſſeſſed of much polite learning beſides his ſkill in his profeſſion.

He took me into the moſt hidden receſſes of the dock, and ſhewed me every thing. There I ſaw great heaps of cannon and mountains of cannon-balls, impatiently

waiting for an opportunity to aſſiſt in the propagation of the human ſpecies: there I ſaw numberleſs maſts of various ſizes, all modeſtly lying down in a vaſt cloſe: there I ſaw a prodigious long room, in which many men, running with their backs forwards and their bellies backwards, (you comprehend me) were making thoſe ropes, which are afterwards joined many together, and formed into cables as big as my waiſt. There I ſaw the vaſt chauldrons full of tar, where thoſe ropes are boiled: and there I ſaw a very large wheel ſo conſtructed, that it contains about a dozen men in itſelf, who make it turn with great velocity by their inceſſant trampling upon ſome wooden bars that are laid acroſs its inſide. You have ſeen what we call a winding-cage put in motion by the bird it contains? That wheel is made upon the principles of a winding cage, and thoſe men in it may be called the bird. They had no more cloathes on than a frog, excepting their trowſers. The men turn the wheel; the wheel moves a preſs; the preſs ſqueezes the ropes that have been boiled in the chauldrons; and the ropes thus ſqueezed, emit the tar with which they were there impregnated. In ſhort, I ſaw ſo many things in that dock, that Briareus, who had fifty writing-hands out of his hundred, would not be able to ſet them all down in an age, were he charged with making the inventory. Upon my credit, as I came out of that place I was little leſs than ſtupified. My faculties

were

were nearly overpowered by the immenſe variety of objects that had paſt before my eyes. It was dark when I got back to the inn.

LETTER VI.

Fortifications. Mount Edgecombe. An habitation fit for Jean-Jaques. *An antiquarian and his daughter.*

Plymouth ſtill, Aug. 20, 1760.

THE courteous engineer called upon me this morning early, and took me into a barge rowed by ſix ſtout fellows, beſides the man at the rudder. We croſſed with great ſwiftneſs a part of the harbour, and landed on a ſmall rocky iſlet, called St. Nicholas, which has been placed by nature in the very mouth of Plymouth-harbour. In leſs than half an hour we made the tour of the fortification upon it. Then we went to ſee the citadel, which is certainly very ſtrong, and ſo well provided with batteries, that woe to the French Argonaut who ſhould ever dare to come in ſearch of the golden fleece on this ſhore. Yet I was not aſtoniſhed at its ſtrength. He who has ſeen our fortreſſes on the Alps, eſpecially *Feneſtrelles* and *La Brunette*, needs not to be ſurpriſed at any thing of that kind.

It was Charles the Second who built this citadel, in order to bridle the inhabitants of Plymouth, who had ſided with Cromwell in the famous civil war. For theſe ſeveral years paſt they have been adding new fortifications to the harbour and the dock. So that, if the Plymouth-people had once the mortification to ſee themſelves checked by them, they have now the pleaſure to ſee themſelves ſecured againſt all foreign invaders. No foe muſt now think of landing there without an immenſe force. I even queſtion whether it would be poſſible for any force to take it (I mean any force the French can muſter) conſidering how the approach to it is rendered difficult by St. Nicholas and the citadel mutually ſupporting each other. Be it poſſible or not, I ſhould not be pleaſed to be in the head-ſhip that came on ſo deſperate an errand.

After dinner we got again into the barge, and made towards a hill about as high as that of the capuchins on the right ſide of your Po. They call it Mount-Edgecombe; and it is, properly ſpeaking, a promontory which juts out into the ſea on the right ſide of Plymouth-harbour. The proprietor of it is an Engliſh lord, who has a houſe upon it. In the whole world there is perhaps not another ſo well ſituated. A bold expreſſion, you will ſay. But were you to ſee it, you would be aſtoniſhed at the proſpect it commands.

From its windows, and indeed from that whole ſide of the hill, you ſee ſtraight afore you the vaſt ocean extending itſelf beyond the reach of eyes. The immenſe liquid plain has its uniformity interrupted only in one ſmall place about ten miles from the land. I mean, that about ten miles off at ſea there is a Light-houſe erected on a rock, which ſtands abſolutely by itſelf, and is called *The Eddy-ſtone*. The Light-houſe is very viſible from Mount-Edgecombe, though at ſuch a diſtance. On your left hand you have the harbour with the iſlet of St. Nicholas, the citadel, the dock, and the town of Plymouth. The harbour ſwarms with men of war and ſhips of ſeveral ſizes, ſome at anchor, and ſome in motion, and with numberleſs boats perpetually rowing or ſailing backwards and forwards; the whole of this ſurrounded by a vaſt tract of fine country, diverſified by a great many hills and ſtreams of water. Add to this, that under the windows and all about the park, there are cows, and deer, and geeſe, and turkeys, and other animals peaceably feeding upon a verdant carpet bounded all round by a circular walk. A fine contraſt to the buſy ſcene tranſacted below in the harbour.

What do you ſay to it now? They ſpeak of the Chartreuſe at Naples, and they ſay it is the fineſt ſituation in the world. I believe it. But Mount-Edgecombe is alſo the fineſt; and ſo you have two fineſt, one at Naples, and the other in Devonſhire. In Queen Elizabeth's time the admiral

admiral of the Spaniſh Armada, making ſure of conquering this kingdom, begg'd Mount-Edgecombe of Philip II by way of reward for his intended conqueſt. Philip promiſed to give it; but the Engliſh admiral hindered him from keeping his promiſe, by accompliſhing the deſtruction of the Armada with his invention of fire-ſhips. A horrible ſtorm had already begun that deſtruction.

Of the Light-houſe and rock on which it ſtands, I ſaw once the model in London. There was formerly another light-houſe on that rock, which was waſhed away by the ſea on a ſtormy night, and ſtill another that was accidentally burnt. I remember very well that I admired much the model of this. The ingenuity of the architect (one Mr. Smeaton) was great, who found the means of erecting ſuch an edifice in ſuch a place; that is, upon a ſloping rock perfectly naked, and almoſt inceſſantly beaten by millions of the moſt tremendous waves.

To think of digging that rock, and thus give the edifice a good foundation, was utterly impoſſible, as the rock is near as hard as porphyry. The architect therefore had a multitude of holes bored into it, and large iron bars driven into thoſe holes. To bore ſuch holes required no ſmall labour, as you may imagine. Then, between bar and bar the foundation was laid, by connect-large flat ſtones in ſuch a manner, that each entered into a part of the next. No ſand was employed there

but

but what was fetched ſo far as the neighbourhood of Rome. You know the nature of the *Pozzolana*, that hardens under water every day more when mixed with lime, and incorporates with the ſtones in ſuch a manner, as to make one ſolid maſs with them in a little time.

This was certainly a noble undertaking; and thus the dangerous rock is made viſible to nocturnal navigators, as lights are ſhown every night on the top of that ſtrange edifice by two men, who live conſtantly there, and ſometimes ſee nobody for whole months, eſpecially in winter. Thoſe men have proviſions ſent them from Plymouth when the weather will permit. But let them be ever ſo plentifully ſupplied, ſtill they muſt huſband them with great care for fear of a long tempeſtuous winter, that leaves no room for ſending them any thing. What a happy life ſome mortals lead on the ſurface of this globe! To be ſhut up in a ſmall apartment (a very ſmall one) on the top of a tower ſeventy foot high, and ſee nothing but water from its narrow windows, and hear no other ſound but that of the raging billows inceſſantly beating about them! I am told that thoſe billows are often ſuch, as to approach the very top of the Light-houſe, and ſprinkle its narrow windows. The celebrated Rouſſeau never heard of ſuch a place, I ſuppoſe; or he would have begg'd the employ of lamp-lighter there, he who hates ſo much all converſe with mankind. It is

im-

impoſſible to imagine a properer manſion for a philoſopher ſo much out of humour with this wicked world.

After having walk'd a while in the circular walk of Mount-Edgecombe, and well conſidered all the parts of that ſurpriſing proſpect, I took my leave of the engineer, who was going another way, and went back to the barge with another gentleman who had dined with us. His chearful countenance, the livelineſs of his converſation, and the reverend hoarineſs of his locks, made me readily ſympathiſe with him. He is a Naturaliſt and an Antiquarian. As we croſſed the harbour again, he pointed at a place on the left hand, and made me take notice of ſome large holes, which go deep under the ſhore. Near thoſe holes, ſaid he, lived in ancient days a mighty giant called *Og-magog*; and we are informed by an old chronicle, that he fought once a moſt terrible battle with another giant called *Corineus*, whom he killed and threw head-long into the ſea juſt by thoſe holes: ſo that they have retained the name of the victor to this day, and are called *The holes of Og-magog*.

On our landing at Plymouth the gentleman inſiſted upon my going to eat a bit of ſupper with him; and while it was making ready, he ſhowed me his collection of medals and natural curioſities. But oh the wonderful diſcretion of a Naturaliſt and Antiquarian! He only pointed

pointed curſorily to a few of the rareſt pieces in the collection, and did not teize me with minute and tireſome details. Many of his brethren have got the trick of keeping you a long time, deſcanting upon every ruſty medal they have, upon every broken idolet, every reptile, every plant, every petrifaction, and every chryſtalliſation; nor are they aware, that he who has not made ſuch things the principal object of his ſtudies, conſiders a good many of them as mere baubles, and cannot look upon them with ſuch eager eyes as they do themſelves, who having employed many of their thoughts about them, and been at a great deal of trouble in collecting, hold almoſt every individual piece as dear as a jewel.

Do not imagine however, that I condemn the collectors of medals; much leſs thoſe of natural curioſities. He who has leiſure and means, does very well to employ them this way, if he knows of no better to render himſelf uſeful to the literary commonwealth. It is of conſiderable advantage in the proſecution of our ſtudies to know ſomething of ancient coins and other remains of remote ages; and it is a moſt rational ſatisfaction to be acquainted with every pebble that lies in your way, with every weed you tread upon, and with every flower you pluck up. And to be able to range almoſt every thing you ſee in its proper claſs, will certainly help on life in a manner delightful as well as innocent. But to honour

accidental inſpectors with your prolix details, proves intolerably fatiguing.

My gentleman is none of theſe over-officious explainers, and did not put me out of patience for a ſingle moment. Nor will I paſs over in ſilence his daughter, who ſeemed to be very well verſed in the maidenly ſcience of ſhells and butterflies, and not even ignorant of the manner in which coral is formed and inſects live in its cavities, as I found by converſation while at ſupper. Her father has made her the keeper of his cabinet, and ſhe knows ſo much of every thing in it, as to ſupply pretty well his abſence when there is occaſion to ſhow it to ſtrangers. I wiſh we had in Italy many young ladies as learned as Miſs Betſy, and able to procure themſelves ſo harmleſs a paſtime as that of examining the various productions of nature. I think it would be a very advantageous addition to that of dancing well, and fingering a harpſichord with a maſterly hand.

But the pleaſure of ſcribbling has made me encroach upon the hour of going to bed. Therefore, good night. I ſee the dawn peeping out. It is near four by my watch, and rather time to ſet out than to go to ſleep. However, I will go to ſleep; and ſo good night again.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

Petty tyranny ſcarcely avoidable. Inceſſant rain.

From an inn called Horſe-bridge, Aug. 21, 1760.

THIS has proved a very rainy day, which has made my ſhort journey very diſagreeable. At the town where I dined, having nobody to talk to, and yet wanting to talk, I aſked mine hoſteſs how ſhe went on in her buſineſs. Very poorly, ſaid the old woman. I am ſorry, ſaid I, to hear you ſay ſo. But how can this be, as this town ſeems ſo populous?

She then informed me, that almoſt the whole territory of that town belongs to a noble peer of this realm, who never goes there, and leaves all his concerns to the management of an agent. The agent by theſe means, from a very inſignificant fellow that he originally was, is become a moſt conſiderable perſonage in the town and plays the baſhaw over almoſt every body there. Do you ſee (quoth the woman) that girl there? Well: ſhe is a virtuous girl, and never would mind the agent. I will ſay no more: but he took ſomething amiſs of us, and declared himſelf our enemy. He is all-powerful here, and does right and wrong, juſt as he liſts: nor can we get any redreſs, as the juſtice himſelf ſtands in fear of him. Some of the townſmen,

who have been wronged by the agent as well as we, are gone ſeverally to London to complain of him to the lord; but never could get admittance, becauſe he is too great a man to be ſpoke to by ordinary people; beſides that ſeveral of his grace's ſervants are in the baſhaw's intereſt, and take care to ſtop all information. Every body gives a good word to the lord, and ſays that he would ſet all things to rights (*a*) if he was but appriſed of what is doing in this place. To diſtreſs me and my family, the agent will have nothing further to do with any inhabitant who comes to my inn; and he has it in his power to harraſs many, and deny bread to many, having, as I ſaid, the management of almoſt all the land in the territory, and many of them being the lord's tenants. Thus I am ruined, continued the old woman, as I have no means of ſubſiſtence but ſuch chance-travellers as you are, and the road from Plymouth to Falmouth not much frequented. Not a ſingle glaſs of cyder can I ſell to any body dependant on that man. They all avoid me and my houſe as if the plague was in it!

Now, ye Engliſhmen, ſaid I to myſelf, behold! Here as well as elſewhere, the whale ſwallows up the ſmall fiſhes, whatever you may ſay of your laws, which you think ſo very antidotal againſt all ſort of tyranny. Your

(*a*) *The complaints of the inhabitants (as I was caſually appriſed ſince my return to England) have reached the peer, and the agent has been turned out of his place.*

laws you ſay, are an adamantine ſhield that covers your whole iſland. No oppreſſion is here of any kind; no: not the leaſt ſhadow of it. But go to mine hoſteſs, gentlemen, and you will hear another ſtory. You will hear that it is in your country as in all others; I mean that no ſuch laws can be thought on by mortal legiſlators, as perfectly to ſcreen the weak againſt the ſtrong, or the poor againſt the rich; eſpecially when the ſubject of complaint is not ſo great as to draw the public attention, which is generally the caſe in thoſe many oppreſſions that the little endure from the great. Innumerable are the diſtreſſes that one part of mankind would heap upon the other, were it not for a law much higher than any you can paſs. That law you muſt all endeavour to inculcate to each other, that it may ſpread further and further. That alone will prove powerful if you keep it: but if you deſpiſe or neglect it, none elſe will be much conducive to the ſuppreſſion and extinction of petty tyranny.

Thus did I go on moralizing the whole afternoon, cloſely ſhut up in my chaiſe becauſe of the rain. This inn of Horſebridge is the laſt place in Devonſhire. To-morrow I ſhall be in Cornwall by break of day.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

Chivalry-books. Variations of ſpeech. Tin, Gold, and Coal-mines in Italy. Why ſhould we work hard?

Falmouth, Aug. 22, 1760.

WITHIN piſtol-ſhot of the houſe where I wrote my laſt, there is a brook with a plank over it. At the eaſt-end of that plank Devonſhire ends, and at the weſt-end Cornwall begins.

Cornwall is a province frequently mentioned in our ancient books of chivalry. It is repreſented as a country, where knights-errant often met with ſtrange adventures: With diſtreſſed damſels riding about on milk-white palfreys in ſearch of aſſiſtance againſt ſome giant who had robbed them of their lovers, or againſt ſome necromancer who had ſhut up ſome beautiful queen in his enchanted tower.

Why Cornwall was oftener named in thoſe books than Devonſhire or ſome other of the adjacent parts, is not eaſy to ſay. Perhaps ſome faſhionable deſcription of that country determined their choice, or perhaps in the ages of chivalry Cornwall was better known to the Italians than

than Devonſhire and other adjacent parts on account of the tin with which it abounds. The Italians were then the greateſt (perhaps the only) navigators in Europe, and knew one better than the other upon that account. Give a better gueſs if you can as to the predilection our romancers had for this province whenever they laid the ſcene in Great Britain.

As Falmouth is little leſs than three hundred miles from London, I expected to be much puzzled in many parts by variation of ſpeech. But I have found that the ſame language is very nearly ſpoken all along the road. The very ſpeech of Falmouth is ſo like that of London, as not to give me the leaſt trouble. This would not have been the caſe in Italy, where in a much ſhorter ſpace you meet with dialects quite unintelligible to the Tuſcans or the Romans, and, what is ſtill more ſurpriſing, with other manners and other tenours of living, which is not perceptibly the caſe from London to Falmouth.

However it is lucky that I happened not to come this way about a century and half ago; for I am told that a dialect of the Welch language was then ſpoken throughout this province, which had certainly been utterly unintelligible to me. How the Corniſh came to be quite annihilated in ſo ſhort a time is matter of aſtoniſhment, conſidering that the preſent inhabitants are not coloniſts, but lineal deſcendants from the inhabitants of that age.

As it has rained apace ever ſince I croſſed the ſmall brook above-mentioned, I could ſee almoſt nothing theſe three days but the road and the inns where I alighted. I cannot therefore tell you any very remarkable thing of the country which I left behind. It was my intention to ſtop at Truro, and go to ſee the tin-mines in its neighbourhood; but this untimely rain, which ſtill continues, has defeated my ſcheme, and put me quite out of humour; ſo that I jogged along to this place, and thus have deprived both you and myſelf of ſome entertainment and information.

Truro is the chief town of Cornwall. By what I could ſee of it, I liked it better than either Exeter or Plymouth. Along one of the ſtreets lie ſcattered a great many ſquare pieces of tin, each of about three hundred pounds weight, as I am told. They tell me likewiſe, that tin is dug out of the mine along with a great deal of earth; and not in bits or lumps, but in grains as ſmall as common ſand. The tin is ſeparated from the earth by ſeveral waſhings, and, when thus ſeparated, is melted and caſt into thoſe ſquare pieces. The pieces are marked with the king's ſtamp, and a ſmall duty is paid for that mark. Then it is melted again, and caſt into ingots about as big as my thumb, and little leſs than three ſpans long; and in this form is tin tranſported wherever it goes. I got one of thoſe ingots, and could as eaſily bend it as I can a rope. In the bending it gives a ſucceſſive

cracking

cracking ſound, and yet it is not a ſound, properly ſpeaking: it is rather a noiſe. Nor will an ingot break by bending, except you twiſt it hard, and contrary-wiſe. The ſquare pieces look very much like ſilver unpoliſhed, and emit a pretty ſound or tinckling when ſtruck with a ſtick or a ſtone.

It is a good thing for the Corniſh people to have plenty of a commodity like this, which is of general uſe, and almoſt peculiar to their province. It makes them ample amends for their ſoil, which in many places ſeemed to me very barren. I do not know whether we have any tin in Italy: but I have once ſeen an Engliſh book of travels (whoſe title or author I cannot now recollect) in which it is ſaid, that the hills about Spoleto and Norcia contain much of it. If this is true, our Italians muſt be conſidered as leſs induſtrious than the Engliſh, for not ſearching into thoſe hills. It is a remark made by many foreigners, that if nature does not place her treaſures within the reach of our countrymen, they ſcarcely deign to have recourſe to art in order to get at them. I will not for the preſent attempt to ſettle the ballance of induſtry between ours and other nations. Such a diſcuſſion would be endleſs. This however I will ſay, that we have coal-mines in ſeveral parts of Italy, which were never looked into, but by ſome curious naturaliſts; and that I have myſelf ſeen hundreds of poor people ſearching for gold in ſome of our rivers, particularly after a

heavy ſhower in a torrent called *Orba*, which runs between the high Monferrat and the Genoeſe; and was told, that many a one is often ſo lucky, as to get in a few hours as much of it as will ſell for a crown and more. Yet no body ever made the leaſt attempt towards diſcovering the place from which that gold is waſhed down.

Theſe and ſeveral other neglects of this nature, have often been cenſured by ſtrangers, and the character of the Italians for induſtry is not ſo great in foreign countries as it ought perhaps to be. But though we do not ſearch for coals and metals, yet I cannot find in my heart peeviſhneſs enough to join with theſe cenſurers. It is true that to be rich is a moſt convenient thing; and you will eaſily believe me when I tell you, that I ſhould not at all be diſpleaſed at an income of ten thouſand pounds, and even ten thouſand times more. But when I conſider that Italy fares as well, taken all together, as any other country that can be named; that there are as few real wants amongſt us as any where elſe; that very few amongſt our poor live in perfect idleneſs; and that few, very few, are thoſe who can ever be enriched by hard and conſtant labour: when I conſider all this, I cannot indeed wiſh to ſee labour much multiplied amongſt our poor. And pray, why ſhould they

Ranſack the centre, and with impious hand
Rifle the bowels of their mother earth
For treaſures better hid?

and

and why ſhould they work harder and harder, to no better purpoſe than to make the rich ſtill richer?

Italy has been ſo favoured by providence, that it might ſhift by itſelf, better perhaps than any other country, if it were put to it. We have a fertile ground that yields with moderate labour not only every neceſſary of life, but even a great many articles of luxury; nay, we have thoſe articles in ſuch plenty, that we can well ſpare a large ſhare for other nations, and exchange them for what we fancy will do us good. We want nothing realy, but a ſucceſſion of good governors careful to ſee that people may have a ſhare ſuitable to their ſeveral ranks of thoſe bleſſings which the country yields with great liberality; and let Engliſh, Dutch, or other people, born in climates leſs kind than ours, perpetually contrive new ſchemes to load their poor with work, and think perpetually how to put them all (if it were feaſible) about unboſoming mountains, or plowing the ocean in numberleſs directions, in order to encreaſe the number of the few who are to enjoy without working. Too much muſt be endured by thoſe, to whoſe lot it falls to go upon ſuch errands; and I like not to ſee our poor employed in occupations that kill ſome and harraſs many.

I know that politicians and traders have millions of things ready to offer againſt reaſonings like this. The very dulleſt amongſt them, thinks himſelf equal to the

taſk of proving, that the Italians, becauſe leſs induſtrious, muſt of courſe be leſs happy than the Engliſh or the Dutch, who are the modern patterns of induſtry. But let us take notice, that in the dictionary of traders and politicians, riches and happineſs are made perfectly ſynonimous, though they are not ſtrictly ſo in the lexicon of philoſophers; and let us reflect above all, that it is impoſſible to enrich the hundredth part of the inhabitants of any country, but through the hard and inceſſant labour of the other ninety nine parts.

LETTER IX.

Pilchards. Packet-boats, and laſt farewell to England.

Falmouth ſtill, One o'clock in the afternoon, Aug. 23, 1760.

MY trunk has been carried this minute on-board; I have already dined; I have paid four guineas for the permiſſion of embarking; and have no further buſineſs here but to wait for the ſignal of departure. The weather is perfectly fair, and the wind as favourable as one can wiſh, ſince the ſtreamer on the maſt-head points exactly to Liſbon.

It was a moſt lucky thing that I reached Falmouth laſt night. Had I tarried four and twenty hours longer

on the road, I ſhould have been obliged to paſs a week or a fortnight here, waiting for another packet; which had proved ſomewhat vexatious, as this place affords no other amuſement to an unknown ſtranger, but that of walking about, or looking on the ſea.

Laſt night I ſupped with ſome gentlemen juſt arrived from the place where I am going. They had a very bad paſſage. Calms and ſtorms alternately; and were full four and forty days about it. If this was to be my caſe, it would heartily make me curſe my curioſity to ſee Portugal and Spain. However let us hope for the beſt. I have now advanced too far to retreat, and will take my chance.

So by and by I ſhall be in England no more! This is no pleaſing conſideration. By and by I ſhall be toſt up and down the waves. And this other conſideration, do you think it pleaſing? But what is really not pleaſing, I ſhall have no other company on board, except the people that belong to the packet. What ſhall I do to employ my time if the paſſage proves long? Scribble and read. But a man cannot read and ſcribble for ever. I ſhall want a little talk likewiſe; and the people of the packet, I ſuppoſe, will have other buſineſs to mind than my converſe. Put all this together, and ſay whether my preſent ſituation can raiſe your

envy.

envy. But it is a folly to abandon ourſelves to our imaginations when they are of the gloomy kind.

I had not much reſt laſt night, as I went to bed much vexed at the rain that continued pouring without any ſort of diſcretion. But riſing with the ſun, I was mightily pleaſed to ſee it ſhine in its greateſt glory, and not the leaſt ſpeck of a cloud in the whole horizon. I walked along the ſhore, waiting for the captain of the packet, with whom I was to go for the paſſport. In my walk I met with a gentleman, an early riſer, it ſeems, as well as myſelf. I bowed; he bowed. Going for Liſbon, ſir? Yes, ſir. I hope you will have a good paſſage. I thank you kindly. Words beget words. We ſaid ſomething of the war; we made a jeſt of the French; praiſed the king of Pruſſia, prince Ferdinand, and ſo forth. Then he came to talk of Falmouth. He told me that he traded much in pilchards; and that he ſent every year ſeveral ſhip-loads to ſeveral parts of Europe, and particularly to Italy.

Pilchards, as I could collect from his diſcourſe, are the chief commodity that the Falmouth people have for trade. The fiſh comes in this neighbourhood generally three times a year, and always in large ſhoals. That which is caught in winter proves beſt and ſells beſt. They take immenſe quantities of it; ſalt it; ſtow it in large

large barrels; and ſell it for the greateſt part to the ſeveral catholic nations. Should the Pope turn Proteſtant, and aboliſh lent and meagre days, or only tell us that it is no ſin to eat a good fowl on a friday, the Falmouthians would have no great temptation to laugh at the jeſt. Yet, beſides this reſource, they have money neceſſarily circulating in the town, in conſequence of the many packets here ſtationed for ſeveral parts of the Weſt-Indies, Spain, and Portugal. Nor is this country barren and unpleaſant. I like very well what I have ſeen of it, and Falmouth ſeems to me one of thoſe innumerable places where a man may live agreeably, provided he has wherewithal to ſupply all his wants. But hark! it is the ſignal gun that calls me on board with its reſounding voice. So farewell England, farewell again and again.

LETTER X.

Sea-ſickneſs. Monſieur or the Dog. Neither Fight nor Storm. Engliſhmen mending.

From on board the King-George-Packet, about a hundred and fifty miles off Falmouth. Aug. 24, 1760.

YESTERDAY about two o'clock in the afternoon I came haſtily on board. The ſails were ſpread, and in leſs than three hours, with the ſhore always in view, we found ourſelves off a place called *Land's End*, which

which (as the name implies) is the weſtern-moſt point of England. I fetch'd a deep ſigh when a little after I ſaw it no more.

It was near eight when all I could ſee about us was nothing but water, water, water. The ſky was quite bright, the wind blew very freſh, and the ſea was as flat as the table I am writing upon; ſo that, finding, I was already thirty miles from the ſhore without the leaſt ſymptom of the ſea-ſickneſs, I made ſure I ſhould eſcape it. It came into my head that about five and twenty years ago, croſſing that little puddle pompouſly called *the Adriatic Sea* by the Venetians, I was taken ill within two or three miles from the land; and that the ſame had happened ten years ago when I went from Boulogne to Dover. This was good ground enough for hope, conſidering my preſent diſtance from the ſhore. Yet that hope was blaſted, and at ſun-ſet my ſtomach wrought with ſuch violence, that for near three hours I was more ill than words can expreſs. I was carried down little leſs than ſenſeleſs, and put to bed. An end was ſoon put to my torment by my falling into a moſt profound ſleep, in ſpight of the inceſſant crackings of the ſhip, and in ſpight of the walking, talking, ſinging, and jumping of the ſailors.

It was near eight this morning when I was awakened by ſome of the fellows crying out *a ſail, a ſail.* As I found

found myſelf tolerably well, I got up inſtantly, and went upon deck, where about an hour after I ſaw through my ſpying-glaſs a ſhip that ſeemed to make towards us. Now, thought I, I ſhall have ſomething to enliven my letter of to-day. Every man on board was looking at the ſhip, ſome through teleſcopes, and ſome with their own eyes. None could as yet tell whether it was a friend or a foe. This packet is a moſt ſpecial ſailer; ſo that none of our people feared being overtaken by any purſuer, and we went on as if no body had been in ſight. The captain inquired with great kindneſs after my health, hoped I would be ſick no more, and order'd tea, which was moſt acceptable, as my throat was very ſore becauſe of the efforts made laſt night. I breakfaſted heartily; then looked again at the ſhip that followed; then took up a book; then went down to dine; then went up to look at the ſhip again; then read again and again. Towards five this afternoon the ſhip was within two or three miles of us, and ſeveral of our people were poſitive that it was *Marſhal Belliſle*, a privateer of Morlaix that carries twelve or fourteen guns. By what marks they could know it, I cannot tell. As this opinion prevailed, our tars wiſhed the Dog would come an inch nearer, juſt to give him a broadſide or two, by way of paying him for his ſawcineſs in looking at us. As we have a few guns more than the Dog (for dog is the word)

we would preſently cure him of his impertinence. But packets are ſtrictly forbidden to fight, when fighting can be avoided by ſailing away. They cannot even ſtop to attack enemies of inferior force. Therefore Monſieur or the Dog, (the two words are ſynonimous) is perfectly ſafe, and may follow as long as he liſts. We have now ſpread a few additional ſails, and the captain tells me, that in about two hours we ſhall ſee him no more if this wind continues. My account of this voyage therefore will not be graced with the narration of a naval combat, which would make it much prettier; and it will prove quite inſipid if we are alſo ſo unlucky as not to meet with a ſtorm to excite a little my powers of deſcription.

But what ſhall I ſay now the privateer has diſappeared? I want a ſubject for ſcribbling half an hour longer, and here I have none at hand. Let me ſtep back to the dear iſland I quitted yeſterday.

The farther I went from London, the more tractable ſeem'd the low people. None did I meet that was ſparing of bows and civil behaviour; and in the whole journey I never was honoured once with the pretty appellation of *French dog*, ſo liberally beſtowed by the London rabble upon thoſe who have an outlandiſh look; and you know how few are the ſtrangers that can look like natives any where.

This

This cuſtom of abuſing ſtrangers without the leaſt provocation, is by many attributed to the freedom of the Engliſh government: but I am far from being of this opinion, as the cuſtom of abuſing ſtrangers is not peculiar to the Engliſh. There are other governments quite different from the Britiſh, where the low people make thus free with thoſe who are not their countrymen; and call them by injurious names as they go by. However, in the ſpace of ten years, I have obſerved that the Engliſh populace have conſiderably mended their manners in this particular; and am perſuaded that in about twenty years more they will become quite as civil to ſtrangers as the French and the Italians. When I firſt went to London, I remember that a ſtranger could ſcarcely walk about with his hair in a bag without being affronted. Every porter and every ſtreet-walker would give a pull to his bag, merely to rejoice themſelves and the paſſengers: but now, both ſtrangers and natives wear bags about London without moleſtation; nor is the *French-dog* by far ſo much in faſhion as it was then, when they would even beſtow it upon a Turk, whoſe chin was ſhaded by a beard, and whoſe head was hidden in a turban.

The low people all over the kingdom ſeem to think that there are but two nations in the world, the Engliſh and the French; and he muſt be a Frenchman who is

not an Engliſhman. Then they know ſomething of a ſea-faring people called the Dutch, for whom they have the greateſt contempt. But talk to them of other nations; of the Italians for inſtance: They have heard ſomething of the Italians; but a'n't the 'Talians French? What are they? Have they any bread to eat, or any beer to drink, like the Engliſh? Or do they feed upon ſoop-meagre and frogs like the French?

Here you will be apt to wonder at the ignorance of the Engliſh populace: but while you wonder, be pleaſed to recollect that our Italian populace are full as ignorant, and even more. What notions have our populace of the Engliſh? They have heard that the Engliſh do not believe the Pope to be infallible: of courſe they are not Chriſtians. But what are they? No body knows for certain; but the Engliſh believe in tranſmigration, and that they ſhall be turned into ſome animal or other after death; mean while they are all Lords, and not men and women, but ſomething elſe, no body knows what.

Such are the notions our low people have of the Engliſh; and what encreaſes their abſurdity is, that they ſee Engliſh travellers every day, who look as much like men as the Pope himſelf. And as to the Engliſh notions about eating and drinking, did you ever hear of the honeſt Neopolitan who was going to Rome? He put bread and onions in his poſt-chaiſe, not knowing (ſaid he) whe-

whether there was any thing to eat at ſuch a diſtance from Naples.

Excuſing therefore their rudeneſs to ſtrangers, and their contempt for all other countries [into which contempt they are betray'd by many of their daily ſcribblers, who are inceſſantly reviling all other countries] the populace of England is far from being ſo hateful as ſtrangers are apt to think a little after their arrival in London. I have ſeen them contribute as many ſhillings as they could ſpare, towards the maintenance of the French priſoners they have made in the preſent war: I have ſeen them ſorry when the news came that Damiens had ſtabb'd the King of France: and I have heard an univerſal ſhout of joy when their parliament voted a hundred thouſand pounds to the Portugueſe on hearing of the tremendous earthquake. What do you ſay to this? Is it poſſible to hate people of this make? What ſignifies their ridiculous cuſtom of calling names, by which foreign blockheads are ſo much offended?

But 'tis time to go to bed. If I am in the humour to-morrow, I will reſume this topic, and tell you more of the Engliſh. Except a little ſore throat, I now find myſelf better than ever I was in my life; and yet laſt night my ſickneſs was ſo horrible, that I thought it impoſſible to ſurvive it. It is really a thing that feels fatal.

LETTER

LETTER XI.

Acquaintance contracted at Sea. A Bagpipe. Juno's and Venus's.

King George Packet, Aug. 25, 1760.

THE Captain's name is Bawn, and the Lieutenant's Oak. They are both very kind and very civil; nor did I ever ſee any people mind their buſineſs more cloſely than they do theirs. I think they live without ſleep. They are always upon deck, and attentive to the ſailors, that each may ſtick to his reſpective duty. Scarcely dare I to exchange ten words with either for fear of proving troubleſome. However, when we are *along ſide of a buttock of beef*, as they phraſe it, we talk faſt enough, and drink to each other merrily. But you do not know that I have found a treaſure in this ſhip. Yes, indeed; and this treaſure is the Surgeon. This morning, as we were both in the great room (I mean a room which is eight or nine feet wide) I ſaw this ſurgeon looking into a quarto book, which I perceived to be an Italian dictionary. "Do you read Italian, Sir?" "I have been "ſtudying it a while, Sir, but I cannot ſay that I know "much of it."

Theſe

Theſe were the firſt words I heard him utter, for he looks very reſerv'd. Sir, ſaid I, I know ſomething of Italian myſelf; and if you chuſe, we will read a page or two together out of any book you have. With all my heart, ſaid he; and fetch'd a volume of Redi's medical conſultations. I read a few periods, and as fluently as if it had been my own language. He was aſtoniſhed at my readineſs, as he had not yet found by my pronunciation that I was no Engliſhman. You read it, ſaid he, much better than I. Were you ever in Italy? Ay, ſaid I, I was only born and bred there, and was moreover the very identical compiler of this dictionary. The Scotchman (for he is a Scotchman) ſeem'd extremely pleaſed with this kind of adventure, and we are already very intimate friends. He ſpeaks Spaniſh and Portugueſe, beſides ſome other languages; has been in all the four quarters of the world playing the ſurgeon on board this and that ſhip, and ſeems well ſkilled in his profeſſion. Was it poſſible to form a better acquaintance in the midſt of the Atlantic Ocean? He plays, beſides, on the bag-pipe; an odd inſtrument, I never ſaw in Italy. Our mountaneers indeed have the bag-pipe, but different from his. They introduce the air into the bag by blowing continually into a tube while they are playing: but he ſwells it by means of a bellows, which he preſſes with his left elbow, while he is managing the flute with his fingers. A very good contrivance to ſpare one's lungs! We are reſolved to read a good deal of Italian and Portugueſe

tugueſe before we reach Liſbon. I aſk him numberleſs queſtions about Malabar and Madagaſcar, and tell him, by way of exchange, all that I know of Milan and Venice. Be no longer concerned at my ſituation: I am very well off; and this voyage ſhall be chearfully performed.

I promiſed yeſterday to ſpeak a little more of the Engliſh. Let us then begin with the Ladies, the beſt ſubject in the whole world to write upon.

And are the Engliſh Ladies handſomer than ours? Upon my word I expected this to be your firſt queſtion. But, firſt or laſt, the anſwer requires ſome conſideration: Nay, I will not anſwer it at all. I will only tell you a bit of converſation I had once with an able painter of ours, who has lived many years in England as well as myſelf. I aſk'd him once this ſame queſtion; and his anſwer was, that in Italy he has ſeen more Juno's than in England; but that in England there are more Venus's than in Italy. However you muſt not conclude from this, continued he, that the Italian beauties are all in the grand ſtile, and all the Engliſh in the lovely. There are many pretty women in Italy too, and many very majeſtic in England. But, in general, the Britiſh have more delicate complexions than ours, and ours more determinate features (*fatezze riſolute* was the phraſe) than theirs. Look at the ſkins and ſhapes at Ranelagh. Do

you ever ſee any thing in Italy ſo bright and ſo tempting? But then look at the noſes of our Roman Ladies, look at the lips of the Neapolitan, look at the whole form of the Lombard and Venetian! Is there any thing properer for a Raphael to paint, or a Michelangelo to carve? In another thing, beſides, our Italians excel. No eyes in the world like thoſe of Italy for ſtriking you dead at once.

Hang your eyes and eye-brows, ſaid I peeviſhly. I care not a farthing for eyes or ſkins, for lips and chins, for noſes and ſhapes. What's all this to me? I am intirely for ſenſe, wit, and goodneſs, which are the true ſources of amiableneſs in the fair. This is what we ought to mind, and not your fooleries about Juno's and Venus's. And will you ſay, that in point of wit, ſenſe, and goodneſs, the Italian Ladies can vie with the Engliſh.

The painter ſeeing me grow ſo angry, ran away, crying that he would not liſten any longer to a traytor to his country: thus I loſt a fine opportunity of ſhowing my ſkill in debating a queſtion.

LETTER XII.

Tedioufneſs. Vain efforts to drive it away.

King-George-Packet, Aug. 27, early in the morning.

IT was impoſſible yeſterday to make uſe of my quill, becauſe of a flat calm that made me ſick. About ſun-ſet a gale ſprung up, and I could eat a bit of biſcuit, drink a glaſs, and go to bed without being carried.

At five this morning I got up, not at all chearful. You never ſaw me in in ſo brown a humour. I went upon deck, and ſat there a full hour in perfect idleneſs. It is now paſt ſix, and I am ſtill torpid, and my mind ſeems unwilling to be put in motion. Yet my mind is not a bottle of claret, that muſt be handled gently: ſo I will ſhake it, and force it to guide this quill until I am called to breakfaſt.

Vile dead weather that of yeſterday! I know now what a calm is, and am ſure ſtorms are better by half. The captain ſays the contrary, but I will not believe a word about it. Did not the calm make me ſick? Nor is it poſſible to deſcribe the horror of that diſorder called the ſea-ſickneſs! He muſt be an orator that can. You

groan in ſpight of yourſelf: you growl like a wounded wolf, if wolves growl when they are wounded, which is a thing I am not ſure of: you are ill, vaſtly ill, prodigiouſly ill! and yet, the more ſick you are, the more theſe ſea-faring folks go on repeating, that 'tis nothing, nothing indeed, nothing at all. Now heartily I could thraſh them, if I durſt, for terming nothing ſo dreadful a torment! and yet they muſt be right, for they muſt know better than I.

Nor is that hateful ſickneſs the only plague one has on board a packet. There is another to be encounter'd, named Tedioufneſs, which is full as great, full as deteſtable. And how can I help myſelf againſt it? I may ſtay below in my room, or I may ſtay upon deck. If I ſtay below, I cannot have any company, ſave that of my ownſelf, which is pretty tolerable company as long as I can write. But can I write for ever? I grow preſently tired of it; and tedioufneſs lays holds of me if I do not run up-ſtairs. Well. I run up-ſtairs. But what can I do when I am there? I look at a very tall maypole here, and at another there. They both ſupport ſome pieces of canvaſs that hang looſe in a calm, or catch the wind as it happens to ſtir. Do I look at any thing elſe? Yes: at two rows of braſs guns that never will let me hear their voices, on the frivolous pretence that no Monſieur will come near enough to be ſpoke to. What elſe can I caſt my eyes upon? A boundleſs plain that ſtruck

me once with its immenſe expanſion, rendered infinitely awful for a moment or two by an interminable uniformity, and irreſiſtibly tremendous by its maſſy ſolemn undulation. The object is grand, prodigiouſly grand! But I have look'd at it ſo long, that familiarity has had its uſual effect, and I cannot bear any longer that invariable expanſion and invariable undulation. I find that nothing can pleaſe me long but what can talk; and the ocean cannot talk!

Here you will ſay, that a man uſed to think, might beguile one hour after another even in a dark dungeon, if he would but exert his mental powers and think away without intermiſſion. How pretty this in ſpeculation! But where is the man who can always call forth thoughts, and force them to dance in his preſence as he pleaſes? Whatever you may do where you are, I cannot in this packet. I have often endeavoured to create an object; and, to tell you of one in particular, it is but a minute ago that I reached Turin, where you were impatiently waiting for my arrival. You all ran down ſtairs on hearing the rattling of my wheels and the claps of the poſtilion's whip. Six arms were extended to help me out of the chaiſe. One of you embraced me, one ſqueezed my hand, one was ready to cry for joy. Welcome, welcome, how do you do?

Had the illuſion laſted, tedioufneſs had kept at a diſtance. But my powers proved too weak, and it vaniſhed away

away as ſoon as form'd. A beam crack'd, or a ſailor ſwore, or a wave daſh'd againſt the ſtern, and farewell illuſion! There is no poſſibility on board a packet to build a caſtle in the air that is worth erecting! I put myſelf often in the poſture of Guido's famous Magdalen, my left elbow on my left knee, the knuckles of my left hand under my chin, and my eyes half ſhut. An excellent poſture for the purpoſe of building the ampleſt caſtle, with good ſolid walls, lofty turrets, and elevated battlements. But the fundamental brick is ſcarcely laid, than it is diſplaced by ſome unwelcome violence. When I was a boy it was one of my chief delights to ſtand watching a pretty circle which I had form'd on the ſmooth ſurface of a pond by throwing a ſmall pebble into it. But my ſchool-fellows, miſchief-making urchins, who preſently ſmoak'd me at my uſual diverſion, would pick up any thing that lay before them and fling it into the pond. My poor harmleſs circle was thus inceſſantly deſtroy'd by a thouſand others, broken, confuſed, and undiſtinguiſhable! Here is a ſimile for you! And have I not ſtolen it from ſome Engliſh poet? I think I have; but cannot recollect from whom.

A fellow calls me to breakfaſt. When it is over I will beg a tune on the bag-pipe of my good ſurgeon: then we will read a while; and then come down to ſcribble again.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

A Bonito and the Flying-fiſh. Sea-voyages. Machinery in Epick Poems.

King-George-Packet, Aug. 27, afternoon.

I SAW a thing juſt now that I had never ſeen before. A fiſh full five ſpans from head to tail. The ſailors hook'd it in. They call it *Bonito*; a Spaniſh word that means *middling good*. I am to have my ſhare of it at dinner by way of encouragement to eat, for the Captain ſwears I eat nothing: but this is to be underſtood only when I am ſea-ſick, as, when I am well, I perform my duty as bravely as any man in the packet.

The hook with which the Bonito was caught, is near as big as my little finger, and the bait was a bit of rag wrapp'd round it, with the addition of two feathers clapp'd upon it in ſuch a manner as aukwardly to reſemble the *Flying-fiſh*, which Bonitos conſider as a tit-bit. No creature but a ſilly fiſh could ever miſtake a bit of rag for a dainty morſel.

The flying-fiſh is about the ſize of a herring. Its fins are much larger in proportion than thoſe of any other fiſh, and ſtand in the ſtead of wings. I have ſeen thouſands

ſands of them to-day that darted out of the water, and flew, or rather flutter'd along in a ſtraight line, the diſtance of two or three ſhips' length, then dropp'd down in their natural element.

I have never before ſeen a Flying-fiſh, nor a Bonito. So here are two new ideas fairly added to my ſtock. I am glad of the addition though but ſmall. Who knows but one day or other they may turn to good account? To point a moral, for inſtance, in ſpeaking of ſome conqueror or ſome attorney? To bring about a new compariſon between a poor hoſteſs and ſome agent in Devonſhire? We have never knowledge enough: we muſt always endeavour to heap up as much of it as we can. Every thing has its uſe upon occaſion, and the pooreſt trifle will unexpectedly be of ſervice in ſpeech or in writing, in proſe or in poetry.

The Bonito will come upon table within an hour: but I would rather it was an anchiovy, and be with you to eat it. I ſhould like it better than the biggeſt inhabitant of the ocean in this packet. An irkſome thing it is to go by ſea! And yet I ought to be aſhamed to ſay ſo, conſidering what a ſhort voyage I am going. Liſbon muſt be looked upon as next door to Falmouth when we think of the voyages of ſome Engliſhmen, Dutchmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, and other people. But I am a traveller like Ulyſſes, who went a while up and down

down the Mediterranean, and made as great a pother about it as if he had gone from Ithaca to Japan by Terra del Fuego, and back again another way. Fifty thouſand people, nay, fifty hundred thouſand, who were neither kings nor heroes, have gone twenty times as far, and no Mæonian bard dreamed of compoſing epic poems upon any of them. The only epic poem that ever was written ſince that of Homer to celebrate a man who had gone a long voyage, was the performance of a Spaniard. I muſt tell you the ſtory to lengthen my letter.

This Spaniard (Ercilla was his name) perfectly aware that no modern bard would ever trouble his head about any man who went a few thouſand miles by water, having been ſo far as Peru, (if I miſtake not) reſolved to be himſelf his own Homer.

In conſequence of this reſolution, he ſat down to his deſk; and after having invoked Apollo and the Muſes, rhymed a long epic poem, of which his voyage was the ſubject, and himſelf the principal Hero.

After this example I have a mind to write the *Oliſipoſſey*, or an epic account of my voyage from Falmouth to (*a*) Oliſipo, alias Liſbon. As for a hero, I am not at

(*a*) *That Liſbon was once called* OLISIPO *appears from an ancient inſcription. It was alſo called* ULYSIBONA, ULYSIPONA, *and* FELICITAS JULIA.

all

all afraid of wanting one of the very firſt magnitude; and as for ſubaltern characters my good ſurgeon is ready at hand for an Achilles, Mr. Bawn for a Hector, and Mr. Oak for a Diomedes, an Ajax, a Neſtor, or any thing. The cabbin-boy himſelf might be made good uſe of for a Patroclus, an Automedon, or a Calchas.

But without machinery an epic poem is not worth a farthing; and how ſhall I contrive it? In times of yore machinery was always ready. Jupiter, Juno, Venus, Minerva, Neptune, Mars, and other celeſtials were kind enough to fly to the aſſiſtance of a diſtreſſed poet. Strange beings beſides, that were half girls and half fiſh, were to be met almoſt on any voyage, and they would ſing airs and duos by the ſide of the ſhip, and play a thouſand gambols in the water. Ulyſſes himſelf met with ſome of them in the gulf of Naples, and an Archbiſhop, who was a kind of Greek poet in French proſe, has informed us that Telemachus, the eldeſt ſon of Ulyſſes, met once a very fine lady ſitting in ſtate on an enormous ſhell of an oyſter, and rambling at a great diſtance from the ſhore round the iſland of Cyprus or Crete (I forget which) with a whole orcheſtra of fiddlers and pipers, ſome ſwimming along by the help of their tails, ſome ſitting upon dolphins and ſharks, and ſome riding upon crabs and lobſters.

This indeed was fine machinery. But, alas, it is all foreſtalled! and ſhould I make uſe of it, there is no puny Critic amongſt the puny Reviewers of England, but what would call me a plagiary!

The good times for machinery are over, and now inſtead of Syrens and Tritons we meet in our voyages with nothing elſe but a Bonito and a Flying-fiſh; and ſurely neither the Flying-fiſh nor the Bonito can be made uſe of in this critical age by way of machinery.

I muſt therefore drop the ſcheme of the *Oliſipoſſey*, as I have not invention enough to overcome this difficulty: and inſtead of lamenting that neither Syren nor Triton will come to ſing *Care luci*, or pipe upon their ſhells about this packet, I muſt endeavour to be pleaſed when my honeſt Scotchman preſſes the bellows of his bag-pipe with his elbow.

LETTER XIV.

Life led in a Packet. The beneficial effects of a dinner. Several thouſand reis are no riches.

King-George-Packet, Aug. 27, towards Evening.

I OUGHT not to mention the Bonito again. You muſt have had enough of it. Yet the conveniency of beginning a new letter without taking the trouble of thinking

thinking about a pretty exordium, makes me tell you that Bonito is a very improper name for ſuch a fiſh; becauſe, inſtead of being but *middling good*, it is in fact *exceedingly good*.

But what ſhall I ſay next? I will acquaint you with the tenour of life in this packet.

You know already that in the morning I get up, ſometimes ſooner, ſometimes later. You know likewiſe that when I am up, either I do ſomething, or I do nothing; read, or read not; write, or write not: and you can gueſs that about eight I breakfaſt *Anglicè* upon tea and toaſt, or bread and butter: this cuſtom however I intend to break myſelf of; and as ſoon as I am in Portugal I propoſe to reaſſume that of falling early upon grapes, figs, and melons, in order to qualify myſelf again for my native country, that I may not be a foreigner at home.

The time between breakfaſt and dinner I fill up as well as I can. My book and my quill, *cela va ſans dire*. Sometimes I walk; and the deck is long enough for it, as it is exactly thirty three of my ſteps and a ſhoe over. Yet this exerciſe proves often inconvenient, as I am not uſed to move like a crab, leaning on one ſide, in order to adapt my body to the inclination of the packet, which hangs often on the larboard or the ſtarboard ſide, according as the wind blows. Therefore, when I cannot walk,

or am tired of it as well as of reading and writing, I ſit idle.

As for confabulation I have not much of it. The ſurgeon is far from being talkative. The Captain and Mr. Oak mind the altitude and the latitude; ſo that, when we have got ſome intelligence about each other's health in the morning, praiſed the weather at noon, and heard how many knots we go towards evening, there is almoſt an end of our converſe.

But dinner comes upon table. And here let me tell you that I need none of your pity, as our dinner is always ſo ample that it would ſuffice a dozen friars after the moſt rigid faſt.

This indeed is the very beſt hour of all the four and twenty, and the only one that deſerves to be painted with pretty butter-fly wings like the handſomeſt of thoſe three which have been introduced by Raphael in his wedding of Cupid and Pſyche, perhaps to give a hint that a wedding dinner ought to laſt three hours.

But do you get new bread every day?

Yes: here is a baker on board, Madam, that makes it.

But your meat is ſalted?

Not

Not at all, Madam, excepting the beef. The mutton is freſh, becauſe we have live ſheep on board. We have alſo a pretty grunting pig, and ſo many cages full of poultry, as would laſt us two months and more, if we were to be two months at ſea.

No child in England would want ſuch details; but our land-lock'd Ladies on the other ſide the Alps muſt be told the minuteſt particulars; and I will always ſubmit to any drudgery to give their curioſity moſt ample ſatisfaction.

By this account you ſee how well we employ the dining hour. With that hour ſome ſpeculatiſts have found great fault, and bitterly bemoaned the neceſſity men are under of eating their dinners. If men, ſaid one of them, were freed from that neceſſity, and of courſe not obliged to contrive how to provide themſelves with victuals, which takes up almoſt all their time, they would undeniably have more leiſure for the cultivation of their underſtandings; for attending to ſciences and arts, to manufactures and commerce.

But, gentlemen, if I may dare to ſpeak my mind amongſt you, let me ſay that juſt the contrary would happen. If we were not forced to think after the means of filling our bellies, would we not one and all ſink into idleneſs? Why do the learned make books, lawyers defend

fend property, phyſicians feel the pulſe, aſtronomers gaze at the zodiack, huſbandmen plow, maſons build, taylors ſew, and ſoldiers fight, but for the ſake of procuring a dinner? Strike off this neceſſity, and there is an end of every thing good, deſirable, and laudable. The more I think on it, the more I ſay with the Bergamaſco (you remember that ballad-ſinger) whoſe ſong always ended with the burthen:

Tuto tuto in queſto mondo
Che ſe fa de bel e de bon,
L' è per un piato de Maccaron.

However, be this as it will, our dinner here is ſeldom protracted beyond an hour. The Captain, Mr. Oak, the Surgeon, and myſelf are ſober men, and commonly make an end of it as ſoon as the ſecond bottle is over. Then I walk, or ſit, or read, or write, or liſten to the bag-pipe, until the ſun goes down and leaves me at liberty to look a while at the greater or leſſer bear. Towards nine I call for a biſket and a glaſs of Madeira, and then go to bed.

This is the ſtory *à peu prés* of every day; nor can any of you, as I conceive, find the leaſt fault with ſuch a regular and innocent manner of ſpending of time.

But

But you go to bed, you ſay: and pray, what ſort of bed have you got?

My bed is a thing placed in a dark cloſet, and clapp'd betwixt two planks, as one may ſay: ſo that it looks ſomething like a trunk without a lid. *Couch* might poſſibly be a fitter name for it than *bed*.

But here I would not have you think that I have my meat and drink with this bed, merely becauſe I have a plain unmeaning face. You would be miſtaken if you ſhould ſuppoſe it. Beſides the four guineas I paid the king at Falmouth for the permiſſion to embark in a packet of his, on my arrival in *Portingal* (as the ſailors ſay) I am to pay the Captain twenty three thouſand reis.

What a frightful ſum! And how rich muſt he be who can pay off ſo many thouſand!

Do not let your imagination carry you too far. Twenty three thouſand reis make no more than five moidores: ſo that, if the voyage and my preſent appetite laſt long, Captain Bawn will be half undone. Beſides that to make ſure of a ſhort voyage I would willingly ſubmit to pay him ſome thouſand reis more. Be it ſhort or long, it is quite plain that I muſt be a gainer by the bargain.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

Beauty of a Night at Sea. Three Ships purſuing.

King George Packet, Aug. 28, 1760.

LAST night the motion of the packet was very violent and very diſagreeable. But ſo much the better, becauſe we alſo went at a greater rate than uſual.

Finding it impoſſible to ſleep in that motion, I crawled off my couch a little after midnight and went upon deck, where I employ'd both my eyes in looking at the packet, at the foaming billows, at both the bears, and at the other heavenly lights over-head.

All theſe objects put together form a ſpectacle by moonlight which is really glorious. The packet itſelf (which is certainly leſs than nothing when the eye of the mind compares it with the ocean and the heavens) the packet, I ſay, in the bodily eye of ſuch a poor narrow-minded mortal as I am, makes a magnificent figure on the waves, adds much to that glorious ſpectacle, and challenges a very conſiderable ſhare of admiration.

It was between two and three this morning when a little roguiſh fellow who ſtood on the maſt-head, deſcried three ſails which he took to be in full chace of us.

As the uniform tenour of my preſent life leaves me a conſtant prey to tediouſneſs, I think I felt ſome little tickling pleaſure on the ſudden hearing of the uſual cry *a ſail, a ſail:* and I am really of opinion that in my irkſome ſituation it would not diſpleaſe me much to have a dozen bullets interchanged with an enemy in what they call a running fight.

Mr. Oak was then upon deck, and the Captain was ſoon call'd; nor did the Surgeon ſtay long before he came too. It was not long before we all could diſtinctly ſee three clouds of canvaſs that were driven towards us. The Captain ſoon concluded they were three men of war, and ſwore that they were Engliſh. However, not chuſing to venture a parley for fear of miſtake, we crouded inſtantly as much ſail as the packet could bear, and ſlipp'd away in ſpight of all the efforts we ſuppoſed they made to overtake us. The chace laſted full four hours, and when Mr. Oak ſaw them give up the point, was quite poſitive they had known us by the ſwiftneſs of our ſailing, and that they are a part of Commodore Edgecombe's ſquadron.

This little adventure, and ſome diſtant poſſibility of a pretty combat, raiſed my ſpirits ſo well, that I choſe to ſtay upon deck till dinner, which was not performed in ſilence, as we had all ſomething to ſay about the three ſails; a ſubject that was not exhauſted till we could talk of *Cape Finiſterre*, of which about four in the afternoon we had a confuſed ſight.

I was much comforted to hear that if the wind holds but two days longer, we ſhall be at Liſbon on Sunday, as it is but three hundred miles off. This is good news, conſidering how tired I am with my voyage, though it has to this hour been as proſperous as we could wiſh, excepting the calm on the ſecond day.

LETTER XVI.

A hole in the Cabbin why and what for.

King-George-Packet, Aug. 29, 1760.

IN the midſt of the great cabbin I took notice to day of a ſquare bit of a plank, which is moveable. I aſked the Surgeon about it, and this is the ſubſtance of the information that I got with regard to a hole which is covered by that moveable plank.

Almoſt

Almoſt every week a packet ſails from Falmouth to Liſbon with only the mail that is ſent from London. Mails are not heavy cargoes: but when a packet ſails back to England, beſides the returning mail, it has that hole fill'd with ſo many bags of Portugal-coin, as often amount from thirty to fifty, and even ſixty thouſand pounds ſterling. A round ſum when we look into the almanack, and find that every year has two and fifty weeks.

Thoſe bags are deliver'd to the Captains of the packets by the Engliſh merchants at Liſbon, and put by the Captain into the hole in the great cabbin; and it has happen'd ſome weeks, that the bags proved ſo numerous as partly to obſtruct the uſual celerity of their ſailing. And this was the caſe once, that a packet called the *Prince Frederic* was actually taken by a Barbary Pirate with no leſs than eighty thouſand pounds ſterling in the hole.

You may now gueſs why we are not afraid of purſuers. No veſſel is turned into a packet but what is a prime ſailer, and all poſſible care is alſo taken both at Falmouth and Liſbon to clean them ſo well before they put to ſea, that they ſwim along like dolphins.

I need not tell you that the Portugueſe (conſidering King and people together) are very rich in gold and jew-

 els.

els. Their riches however are not the product of Portugal, but of their ultramarine ſettlements: and I have often heard it affirm'd with confidence, that from Braſil alone they draw yearly above two millions ſterling. As to Portugal itſelf, its products are but ſcanty and its manufactures inconſiderable. The only things that it yields in very great plenty, are oranges, lemons, and wine. Of theſe the Engliſh buy up large quantities; but ſtill the balance of trade riſes high in their favour, as the Portugueſe get from them many articles both for home and for their ſettlements abroad. Therefore the ſurplus due to England is paid by Portugal in gold; and this gold goes every week into the holes in the cabin.

See how the things of this world are equipoiſed! The Portugueſe want the conveniencies which the Engliſh have the induſtry to make, and the Engliſh want the gold which the Portugueſe draw from the Braſils; and thus both nations do each other's buſineſs.

The French and the Dutch have long ſought to gain from the Engliſh a commerce ſo beneficial. But I have a notion their ſchemes will hardly ever take, for two reaſons. The one is, that the Engliſh are much ſtronger at ſea than both the French and Dutch together: and there is ſomething in ſuperior ſtrength, that will carry any point amongſt nations as well as amongſt individuals. The other reaſon is, that neither the Dutch nor the

French

French could buy from the Portugueſs thoſe large quantities of fruit and wine which the Engliſh take in part of payment for what they furniſh. Suppoſe even the Portugueſe ſhould be willing to have the greateſt part of what they want either from the French or the Dutch rather than from the Engliſh, the Engliſh would preſently make them change their mind, even without going to war for it. They have but to provide themſelves with wine and fruit from ſome other country, and the Portugueſe are half undone.

It is therefore moſt probable, that the commerce of Portugal will not be loſt to England as long as its inhabitants are fond of the bowl and the bottle, even on the ſuppoſition that the French naval force ſhould increaſe and the Engliſh decreaſe, which, as far as human foreſight can go, will not be the caſe to-morrow. The Engliſh are in a fair way to come off quite victorious this war: and if they do, what power for centuries to come will dare to control their will on the ocean, and what ſhip ſail to Portugal or any where elſe but by their permiſſion?

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

Vain wiſhes or caſtle-building. Study hard. Pronunciation how attained. The Rock, the Rock.

King-George-Packet, Aug. 30, 1760.

LISTEN with attention to every thing you hear in the ſhort ſpace of a day, and I am widely miſtaken if you do not find that there is no man living but who wiſhes every day of his life for ſomething quite impoſſible for him ever to obtain.

Every man living is thoroughly perſuaded that vain wiſhes are no leſs ridiculous than abſurd; and yet do but ſtretch your hand, and you will certainly touch a mortal who ſecretly wiſhes to be poſſeſſed of ſuch opulence as Creſus never had, of ſuch power as Kulikan had been aſhamed to claim, or of ſuch beauty as Circaſſia could never produce.

I will not ſet about to enquire whether this univerſal proneneſs to wiſh for impoſſibilities is a lamentable depravation of our minds, or a quality deſignedly given us by nature for very good purpoſes. Be this as it will, I will take the liberty to adviſe my friends never to ſuffer

long ſuch extravagant wanderings of their imaginations: for, beſides that the character of an ethereal brick-layer is abſurd and ridiculous, a man who does not get the habit of checking his thoughts when they run wild about, will inſenſibly loſe much of that activity which his circumſtances in life may poſſibly require. By mere wiſhing nothing is gotten: but by a vigorous and unremitted uſe even of indifferent abilities, it is very near certain that many things may be obtained very well worth a man's wiſhing.

I was led into this train of thinking by overhearing one of the ſailors wiſh juſt now, that he could ſpeak the language in which I was addreſſing my good ſurgeon. This put me in mind of Sir Arthur and Sir Marmaduke, two worthy knights of my acquaintance, one of whom wiſh'd often in my hearing that he knew Latin, and the other Greek. But dear knights, ſaid I to them, inſtead of repeating your wiſhes for theſe ten years paſt, as you have done, why did you not lay violent hands upon the Port-Royal-Grammars, or any book that might have been conducive to that end which you ſeem to think would have made you both prodigiouſly happy?

A language is not like the heart of a maiden, of which the poſſeſſion ſometimes depends on us, and ſometimes not. A man really deſirous to know a language, be it Latin or Greek, Arabic or Ethiopic, will certainly make himſelf

himſelf maſter of it, if he will but ſit down, and do what I am actually doing.

And what are you actually doing?

I am ſtudying Portugueſe like a dragon, and am about it three or four hours every day. A fortnight or three weeks before I left London I did very near the ſame; and all along the road from Plymouth to Falmouth never did I ceaſe in my chaiſe to peep into a Portugueſe book: ſo that, if I do not underſtand the very pilot who ſhall ſteer us up the Tagus to Liſbon, I will think myſelf ſuch a knight as Sir Arthur or Sir Marmaduke.

But, brothers, I ſee you laugh. What do you laugh at?

We laugh at your boaſt, Sir.

Tout doucement, *Meſdames*, as people will often ſay in France. To learn a language in a month I think impoſſible as well as you. But as to the enabling myſelf to underſtand the pilot in a month, you will recollect that I have known the Spaniſh tongue theſe five and twenty years, and that the Portugueſe is but a dialect of the Spaniſh; nor do I think that it differs quite ſo much from it as the dialect of Venice does from the language of Tuſcany. Then, I intend not to be a critic in the Luſitanic and maſter all its niceties and prettineſſes. I want no more of it than will decently help me on while I ſtay in Portugal: and ſo you ſee that my confidence as to the pilot, is not quite ſo ill-grounded as you thought.

I will

I will not let this opportunity ſlip of telling you, that there is an infallible way to give your little ſon a facility of pronouncing any language, if you intend to make him learn more than one. Lend me your ear, and I will tell you how this may be done.

Our people of rank at Turin have got a notion, that their children muſt never be ſuffered to ſpeak any Piedmonteſe but what is ſpoken in the metropolis; and in conſequence of this notion they keep a ſtrict watch upon the poor little things for fear they ſhould catch the clowniſh accent on the oppoſite ſide of the Po.

This practice is wrong, and I wiſh you may never adopt it. Let the boy learn the polite ſpeech of his town; but be not afraid to let him learn likewiſe that of the peaſants: nay, encourage him to mimick their talk. By making him learn two ſpeeches inſtead of one, you will enable him to articulate more ſounds than by his learning only one. And if it is in your power, I would even have you ſhift him from place to place while his organs of ſpeech are yet tender and pliant, and bring him to mimick any uncouth ſpeech of Piedmont or Montferrat. Take him likewiſe frequently to the play, and make him mind the different Italian dialects ſpoken by the Dramatis Perſonæ, and repeat as much of their nonſenſe as it is poſſible. Nothing will ever ſpoil his polite Piedmonteſe when he hears it conſtantly ſpoke at home; and yet

numberleſs are the ſounds that he will certainly enable himſelf to form, if you will but put him thus in the way.

Many Italians are to be found in Paris and in London, who in a very little time ſpeak French and Engliſh with ſuch a right pronunciation as to be miſtaken for natives. The reaſon is, that Italy abounds more with different dialects than any other country of the ſame dimenſion, and that few are its inhabitants but what know more than one, either by moving from place to place, or by going to thoſe plays in which every interlocutor ſpeaks the dialect of his own town.

On the other hand you do not meet with a French gentleman in a hundred able to pronounce a foreign language right, not even when he has ſtudied it a great while, and when he can ſpeak it with purity of phraſeology and grammatical correctneſs. No other reaſon can be aſſigned for this, but that in his infancy his Mamma was terrified when ſhe caught him in the abominable act of uttering any ſound that border'd on the *poiſſard* or the *badaut*, and reprimanded him with ſuch ſeverity as if he had committed a great crime. He was thus brought up with an untractable tongue that never will utter any ſound but what is genuine Gallic.

But,

But, Sir, come upon deck, and you will ſee the Rock. The Rock I ſuſpect to be ſome part of the Portugal coaſt; and ſo farewel in haſte.

LETTER XVIII.

Navigation ended. Batiſte and Kelly. Plunge or pay. Banks of the Tagus.

Liſbon, Aug. 30, 1760. about midnight.

LOOK at the date, and give me joy. We landed this evening about eight o'clock. I was very glad to be rid of my floating habitation; yet ſorry to leave the Captain, the Lieutenant, and my good Surgeon. They have treated me with kindneſs and civility, for which I ſhall remember them as long as I live.

Well; I am landed: and there is an end of navigation. But I thought it very odd that when firſt on ſhore I could not ſtand upon my legs, but tottered to the right and the left, as if my blood had been in an undulating motion. This difficulty of ſtanding and walking with a ſteady foot was not the effect of any giddineſs. I cannot tell what it was, but it ſeem'd as if the ground had moved like a ſhip: yet in the ſhip I could ſtand or walk very well, and, as I thought, without tottering. Thus

unable when I landed to make uſe of my legs, I was obliged to hire a man who handed me for about a mile to a coffee-houſe. The odd motion of my blood ſubſided by degrees as I went on, and in leſs than two hours I was again like myſelf.

From the coffee-houſe I ſent my helper to enquire after one *Batiſte*, a faithful French ſervant I had formerly in London. He was preſently found out; and hearing of my unexpected arrival, roſe haſtily from ſupper and came to me quite out of breath with running, his countenance full of joy and ſurpriſe.

This *Batiſte* took me to one *Kelly*, an old Iriſhman who keeps a kind of an inn on the ſummit of a hill called *Buenos Aires*. I was quite fatigued when we reach'd it. Here I have taken up my quarters for the time I ſhall ſtay in Liſbon; and now let me come to the concluſion of my voyage.

It was about ten in the morning when our people had a full view of the *Rock of Liſbon*; that is, of a very high promontory on the left hand as you enter the Tagus, and at no great diſtance from the mouth of it.

That promontory looks perfectly barren, and has the appearance of a huge heap of rugged ſtones. Yet I am told that up and down it, there are many fine ſpots; that

that in the lower parts it is embelliſhed with vineyards; that in ſeveral places it is covered with trees; and that it has even ſome flats where ſheep and cattle are grazing.

I am told further that on the utmoſt top of it, there is a convent cut into the rock itſelf, called the *Cork-convent* by the ſailors, becauſe the friars there have moſt of their utenſils and furniture made of cork, as the place is ſo damp, that they cannot have them of any other material. In ſhort ſo many curious things were told me about that rock and about the ſituation and form of that convent, that I have ſome deſire to go and ſee it. But we will think of this another time. Let us for the preſent go on with the intereſting ſtory of this day.

When the Rock was full in view I was called upon deck. There a ſailor ſtood up to me, and informed me with a civil ſaucy face, that it was the ſailors cuſtom to duck in the ſea any body who ſaw the Rock for the firſt time: and as that happened to be my caſe, he humbly deſired my compliance with that cuſtom by ſtripping immediately, except I rather choſe to be duck'd with my cloaths on my back.

This unexpected addreſs did not ſtartle me much, as it occurr'd directly, that this was nothing more than a harmleſs ſcheme to get a little drink-money. However, to encreaſe the humour of it I made myſelf as ſerious as an old

old bear, and ſpeaking ſlow and loud that I might be heard from deck to deck, " Sir, ſaid I, you and your compa-
" nions are welcome to drown me, if you think it pro-
" per; you know, Sir, that I cannot be ſo ridiculous as
" to attempt the leaſt reſiſtance againſt a body of men
" who would drown an army of Frenchmen, if juſtly
" provoked. As to the ceremony, I certainly ſhould
" have no objection, were the ocean an ocean of Dor-
" cheſter-beer or London-porter: yet, as it happens that
" it is made of a liquor I always had an unconquerable
" abhorrence of, I would rather compound the matter;
" and if any body elſe, you yourſelf for inſtance, ſhould
" be ſo generous as to be duck'd or drown'd in my ſtead,
" I would endeavour to convince you and this honour-
" ble company that my predominant vice is not ingra-
" titude."

" Sir," replied Jack, " give me your hand for that,
" you are a Gentleman; and, Sir, if I can be of ſer-
" vice (and here he ſwore a pretty oath) you are wel-
" come; and I don't care (another oath) if I am ever
" ſo well duck'd for the ſake of a Gentleman."

To make ſhort, he ſtripp'd to the trowſers in an in-ſtant. His companions put him in a wooden frame that went round his breaſt under the arm-pits. The frame was tied to a pulley; the pulley faſtened to the extremity of a beam which lay acroſs the maſt-head; ſome of them

drew him up, then let go the rope; and plump went the raſcal into the middle of a wave from a height of at leaſt five and twenty feet. The plunge was repeated ſeveral times in ſpight of his cries, to the no ſmall diverſion of the company.

The fellow being taken out of the frame, came up to me again, and wet as he was wanted to claſp me into his arms as a brother-ſailor now that I had duely ſeen the Rock; but a piece of money reſcued me from his embraces.

As we approached the mouth of the Tagus a ſignal was made to a fiſherman to come to us and be our Pilate: not that we ſtood in need of any, as our people knew the river quite as well as any Portugueſe. But the Captains of packets muſt comply with their inſtructions, by which they are order'd not to enter the Tagus without a Portugueſe pilot. The fellow we got is a mulatto ſo very like a monkey, that his dirty hat and tatter'd cloaths could hardly make me think him a human being. He came to us directly and leapt on board from his boat; and as we went over the bar, to ſhow his ſkill in conducting ſhips, he made a thouſand ſtrange faces and contorſions, beckoning (with his lips pouting inſtead of uſing words) to ſome of our ſailors in his boat, to row this way and that way, that we might follow with ſafety.

Going

Going thus up the river I viewed the ſhore on the left hand of us. There are ſeveral fortifications from place to place, beſides numberleſs buildings. We ſtopp'd a moment oppoſite a tower built in the river, to hear what a fellow there had to ſay to us through a ſpeaking trumpet. That tower is fortified, and looks handſome at ſome diſtance. Having anſwer'd with a loud voice ſome few queſtions aſk'd from thence, and told what the ſhip was, we continued our way up, and preſently ſaw the royal village of Bellem, where I am told that the King has reſided ever ſince the earthquake.

In the neighbourhood of a town lately deſtroy'd, I did not think I ſhould ſee ſuch a vaſt number of edifices as there are: but the Surgeon told me that the earthquake vented itſelf chiefly upon Liſbon, and cauſed little damage from Bellem down to the ſea. It would have been a vaſt addition to the calamity Lisbon has ſuffer'd had ſo many buildings been deſtroy'd, to the utter ruin of the many thouſands who live along that ſhore. Thoſe buildings, ſome of which appear to be of a noble conſtruction, are all white on the outſide, with lattices and window-ſhutters painted green, which have a fine effect from the river. Many of the houſes have gardens and terraſſes ornamented with vaſes, ſtatues, turrets, and obeliſks; and withal ſo many trees round them, that the *coup d' oeuil* is render'd one of the grandeſt and moſt pictureſque.

Nothing

Nothing can equal it that ever I ſaw, except Genoa with its ſuburbs.

I imagine that all this proves much leſs ſtriking when view'd near and walking along-ſhore, becauſe the ſight cannot embrace ſo many objects at once, as it does from a diſtance, nor diſcriminate the ugly parts: But the whole ſurveyed from the middle of the river looks like the work of ſome benevolent Necromancer.

The Tagus is about two miles broad at the mouth; but widens by degrees as you go up, and overagainſt the town is nine or ten miles broad. Liſbon is about fifteen miles diſtant from the mouth: but as it was quite dark when I reach'd it, I did not ſee it. To-morrow my excurſions will begin, and, I hope, furniſh matter for ſeveral letters.

Let me now caſt my eyes round my new dwelling. I have four little rooms in a line on the ground floor; that is, almoſt the whole houſe, which is one of the many that have been built ſince the earthquake. For himſelf, wife, and children, my landlord Kelly has but two ſmall rooms and a kitchen left. From one window he tells me that to-morrow I ſhall ſee the river full of ſhips, and have other fine proſpects from the other windows.

LETTER XIX.

Pretty Polly's marriage. Bull-fight at Campo Pequeno. Luſitanian Pick-pockets. Dwarfiſh men and women.

Liſbon, Aug. 31, 1760.

TO day was Sunday: and how do you think I have ſpent the afternoon? I will tell you by and by. Let me firſt ſay ſomething of the morning.

I got up about nine; and while I was buſying myſelf about ſome luſcious grapes, behold *Batiſte* alighting from a fine Spaniſh horſe, and a moment after *his wife* from a chaiſe drawn by two mules, and led by as fine a black-a-moor as king Jarba in *Metaſtaſio*'s Dido. Ah! How do you do my little *Polly?* And abruptly kiſs'd her in the face of the ſun, perfectly forgetting that I was in Portugal where women muſt not be kiſs'd in the face of the ſun. But one is ſo glad to ſee old friends!

It was in London where I firſt knew this Polly, a pretty and modeſt girl. Batiſte left my ſervice to follow her to Portugal, where ſhe went to live with an old aunt who was to bequeath her all ſhe had, and that *all* was no inconſiderable a fortune for a girl who had nothing

but

but a pretty face and no inclination to hire it. The fellow was madly in love with her, and ſhe had no averſion to him ; but the aunt was ſomewhat croſs, and would not have her marry juſt turned of fifteen. The earthquake render'd him her huſband ſooner than he expected, and in a manner ſo peculiarly uncommon, that I cannot forbear to relate it : nor do you tell me that it looks odd for a maſter to be the hiſtorian of his ſervant, becauſe a good ſervant in my opinion is a hero, and full as valuable as any other human being.

Batiſte had juſt walked out of the town on the morning when the earthquake happened. Seeing the houſes tumble on all ſides, inſtead of ſtopping where he was, as ſome other *Innamarato* would probably have done, he ran precipitouſly back to the town and towards the houſe where his miſtreſs liv'd, and had the incredible good luck of ſpying her on a heap of ruins where ſhe had fallen in a fit while ſhe was endeavouring her eſcape. Had he tarried but a few moments longer, ſhe would have periſhed in the flames that broke out around her in a hundred places. Without ſtaying to examine whether ſhe were dead or alive, he threw her over his ſhoulders, and fortune befriended him ſo compleatly that he carried his burthen ſafe out of the town, though many buildings continued to fall about his ears, and though fire ſurrounded him on all ſides.

The poor thing came to herſelf as they came out of the danger. They both look'd at the immenſe deſolation that was left behind, both ſcream'd, and wept, and did not know what to do. The houſes ſtill tumbled and the fire ſtill broke out in every part, which made them think that the poor aunt was buried in the ruins. They grew impatient to be far from ſuch immenſe miſery, and immediately reſolv'd to go back to England. Both had ſome little money about them; therefore, not well knowing what they were doing, they took the road to Spain. At *Badajoz*, *Madrid*, and other places they met with ſome charitable relief; but no great matter, it ſeems, for fifteen months after the earthquake they reached London in a moſt miſerable plight.

When they came to me there, Polly had a girl in her arms about three months old; but they had married in France a little before the birth of the child, as I was convinced by their certificates. Polly, Polly, (ſaid I, after having read them) and ſo you are married? What could I do? (anſwer'd ſhe, bluſhing up to her eyes). Sir, we were alone, and he ſwore ſo much he would always be true! Here ſhe cried and kiſs'd her child; and I kiſs'd her that ſhe might not think me too ſevere a cenſurer.

I thought it a dream when they firſt made their appearance, as the old aunt had long before written word from

from Liſbon to ſome relation, that they had both periſhed in the earthquake. I told them this, and they appriſed her by letter of the contrary. The poor old woman was tranſported with joy and thankfulneſs at the unexpected news, and inſiſted upon their going back to her, acquainting them that ſhe had been lucky enough to ſave ſomething out of her former fortune, and they complied with her deſire. But ſhe did not enjoy them long, for ſhe died ſoon after their arrival, leaving them about a hundred moidores, which was all that ſhe had. With this little ſtock Batiſte turn'd out a Jack of all trades and Polly took kindly to her needle. Thus I found them every day more and more happy in each other and in their little girl; and as they are both induſtrious and laborious, I do not doubt but their circumſtances will grow better and better.

Now, ſaid I, what is the meaning of that chaiſe and that horſe?

Sir, ſaid Batiſte, they are for you. You cannot go afoot about this town, except you chuſe to be melted by the heat or kill'd by the fatigue of going up-hill and down-hill. You muſt have a chaiſe during the time you ſtay here, and I am to attend you on horſeback.

Well, ſaid I: you muſt know better what I am to do in Liſbon; and ſo we will have the chaiſe and the horſe.

After dinner I got into the chaiſe attended as above, and the Negro trotted to a place called *Campo Pequeno*, which is about four miles (perhaps five or ſix) from the town, where I was to ſee what they call the bull-feaſt or bull-hunting. But before I attempt to deſcribe it, I muſt premiſe that being juſt come from a country where the Lord's day is not openly prophaned, I could not help being ſhock'd to ſee ſo many Chriſtians, and eſpecially ſo many Prieſts and Friars, preſent at ſuch a diverſion, which to me ſeem'd the moſt inhuman that ever could be invented by men, next the combats of the gladiators in ancient Rome.

At *Campo Pequeno* a wooden edifice has been erected for the only purpoſe of exhibiting theſe barbarous entertainments. The edifice is an octagonal amphitheatre conſiſting of two rows of boxes, one row over the other, and the diameter of its area is, as I take it, about two hundred common ſteps.

None of the boxes has the leaſt decoration, except thoſe of the royal family which are hung with ſilken ſtuff. The row above is for the better ſort, and that of the ground-floor for the populace, who are likewiſe admitted into the area, though their danger is not ſmall of being gored or trampled by the bulls, whoſe marches and evolutions I take to be quite as rapid as thoſe of the Pruſſian troops. In

In the box where I took my ſeat there were but three people beſides myſelf, though the box could contain ten or twelve. Two of the three had the appearance of gentlemen; the other was a Dominician Friar as lean as a lizzard.

Before the entertainment began I attempted ſome converſe with them; but even the humble *Religiozo* ſeem'd to look upon me with diſdain and contempt. They all anſwer'd my firſt words with ſo churliſh an air, that I gave over preſently, and like them kept ſilent the whole time.

How I came to diſguſt them thus at once, I cannot gueſs: but by their frequent and affected glances upon my coat, which I held up at laſt to the Friar, not without ſome reſentment, that he might inſpect it nearer, I ſuſpected that they conceived a very low opinion of me for not being dreſs'd in ſilk like other gentlemen. Yet it was not my fault, having not yet had time to do what I muſt do in this hot weather.

The King, whoſe box was not far from that in which I ſat, was dreſs'd in a plain ſky-blue with ſome diamonds about him. He had with him his own brother the infant Don Pedro, who has lately married the King's eldeſt daughter call'd the Princeſs of Braſil.

The Queen was in another box with that Princeſs and her three other daughters all ſparkling with jewels.

In

In the area and juſt under the Queen's box there was a man on horſeback; a kind of herald, I thought; dreſs'd ſomewhat like one of our Neapolitan *Coviello's* in our plays, who held a long rod in his hand.

As the King came in, two triumphal cars meanly adorned entered the area, each drawn by ſix mules. Eight black Africans were upon one, and eight copper-coloured Indians upon the other. They made ſeveral caracols round; then all leapt from the cars and bravely fought an obſtinate battle with wooden ſwords one band againſt the other. The Indians were ſoon ſlain by the Africans, and lay extended a while on the ground, ſhaking their legs in the air as if in the laſt convulſions, and rolling in the duſt before they were quite dead. Then, like Bays's troops in the Rehearſal, both the dead and the living went to mix with the croud, while the cars drove away amidſt the acclamations of the multitude, and made room for the two knights that were to fight the bulls.

Theſe knights came in, both on horſeback, dreſs'd after the ancient Spaniſh manner, made fine with many ribbonds of various colours, with feathers on their hats, each brandiſhing a long and thin ſpear. Their horſes were beautiful, mettleſome, and gallantly accoutred. One of the hero's was clad in crimſon, the other in yellow. Both look'd very briſk, and both paid their obeiſance to the King, Queen, and people, making their horſes

horſes kneel three times: then, clapping ſpurs, made them caper and vault a while round the area with a ſurpriſing dexterity.

When all this was over, the yellow champion placed himſelf over againſt the gate at which the bulls were to come out, and the crimſon ſtood at ſome diſtance from him in the ſame direction. A man from without open'd the gate, and cover'd himſelf with it by getting behind. The bull burſts out and makes to the yellow knight who ſtands ready to receive him with his ſpear lifted high. The bull's horns had wooden knobs on their tips, that they might not gore the horſe if they ſhould reach him. The courageous yellow knight puſh'd his ſpear at the beaſt, left half of it in his neck, and made his horſe ſtart aſide in a moment. The wounded bull ran bellowing after him; but the knight wheeling round and round ſtuck two or three more ſpears into his neck and ſhoulders. The bull's rage, as you may imagine, encreaſed to a degree that impreſſed horrour: and now the crimſon knight had his turn; for the beaſt made at him, but got nothing by changing his attack, except ſome more ſpears into ſeveral parts of his body, ſo that his blood ſpouted out in ſeveral rills.

When the bull began to remit his fury by loſs of blood, one of the champions drew a heavy broad-ſword and gave him ſuch a cut on the back between the ribs, as

almoſt cleft him to the middle. Down the poor beaſt fell with ſuch roaring as I think was heard at Liſbon. Then the man in the *Coviello's* dreſs, ſeeing the final blow, galloped ſtraight to the gate at which the triumphal cars had entered, and order'd in four mules which dragg'd the dying beaſt out of the amphitheatre, together with ſome of the populace who had got aſtride upon the bloody and mangled carcaſe. The applauſe of the ſpectators was very clamorous.

But I muſt not omit to ſay, that the two knights were not the only enemies the poor bull had to encounter. There were two other *Cavalliero's* on foot, holding faſt the tails of the two horſes, running as they ran, or ſtopping as they ſtopp'd, each ſhaking a red ſilken cloak to frighten or rather exaſperate the bull, while ſome others, on foot likewiſe, ſlily wounded him with daggers in the ſide and buttocks.

The agility of theſe foot-champions is beyond all belief. When the furious beaſt made at any of them, they hopp'd aſide and were ont of danger. One of them ſeizing one of the bull's horns, ſuffer'd himſelf to be dragg'd a while before he would let go his hold; gave him ſeveral cuts with a knife while he was thus dragg'd; then let himſelf fall, got on his legs in an inſtant, and eſcaped. But a little negro did ſtill a bolder thing. He ſtood full in the bull's way while running with the utmoſt fury,

and

and juſt as I thought he was going to be lifted on his horns, took a ſpring on the bull's back and jump'd clean over him.

Eighteen were the bulls ſlaughter'd in this feaſt or hunting, and each with ſome variety of wanton cruelty. Spears were ſtuck into ſome of them that carried ſquibs and crackers, whoſe fire and noiſe was more troubleſome than the wound. One of the moſt fierce leapt over the barrier of a box juſt under mine, and I expected him to do ſome miſchief, but the Portugueſe are well aware of ſuch accidents, and the people in that box were quick to quit their ſeats, ſome throwing themſelves over the barrier into the area, and ſome over the partitions into the next boxes. The bull embarraſſed in the benches was preſently diſpatch'd by many ſwords.

The laſt bull however was very near revenging all the reſt upon the crimſon knight and his horſe. He ran them both down with a terrible ſhock; and had it not been for the knobs on his horns, the horſe at leaſt would have been ſadly gored. Both the horſe and the knight were within a hair of being trampled upon, when the other knight gave the bull a great cut acroſs the neck, while all the fighters on foot thruſt their daggers, ſome into his mouth and ſome into his eyes. The horſe got up, ran frighted through the croud, and threw ſeveral of them down, while his unlucky rider, who was

no great gainer by his tumble, ſtood curſing and ſwearing at the horſe, at the bull, and at himſelf.

Thus ended the maſſacre of thoſe noble animals: a maſſacre encouraged as long as it laſted by a moſt outrageous uproar, and concluded with a moſt thundering clap of univerſal approbation.

What effect theſe cruel ſpectacles (repeated almoſt every Sunday, as I am told) may have upon the morals and religion of this people, better ſpeculatiſts than myſelf may determine. To me indeed they appear moſt brutal and moſt unchriſtian. However, they have the ſanction of the law of the country; and the government that permits and countenances them, may have reaſons for ſo doing quite out of the reach of my intellects. Therefore, inſtead of yielding to the temptation of blaming what to me appears blamable, let me go on with matter of fact, and relate an incident that ſuſpended for about half an hour this horrible entertainment.

The ſeventh or eighth bull had been juſt ſlain and dragg'd out, and the man at the bull's-gate was going to let in another, when the people in the ground-floor-boxes, oppoſite to that where I was, roſe at once one and all with the moſt hideous ſhrieks, leapt precipitouſly into the area, and ran about the place like madmen.

This

This ſudden diſorder terrified the aſſembly, and few were thoſe who had any ſang-froid left. All wanted to know what was the matter, but the noiſe of a cataract could not have been traced through the cries of ſuch a multitude. The King and the Queen, the Princeſſes and Don Pedro raiſed their hands, fans, and voices, as I could ſee by the opening of their mouths, but it was a conſiderable while before a word could be heard about the cauſe of ſo violent a commotion. Yet at laſt the impatience of univerſal curioſity was ſatisfied, and a report went round that ſome people, where the uproar began, had cried our *Earthquake, Earthquake!*

In a country where people have ſtill freſh in their minds the effects of an earthquake, it is no wonder if ſuch a cry, that came at once from ſeveral quarters, proved terrifying; and if thoſe who heard it, without giving themſelves an inſtant to reflect, ſprung over the barriers into the area, to eſcape being cruſh'd by the fall of the edifice.

However, the fact is, that not the leaſt ſhock of an earthquake had been felt by any body. The cry had been raiſed by a gang of pick-pockets in order to throw the people into confuſion, and gain an opportunity of ſtealing. The ſcheme took to a wonder. Many men loſt their handkerchiefs and many women their caps, not to ſpeak of ſwords and watches, necklaces and ear-rings.

To frame ſuch a ſcheme and to carry it into execution ſo undauntedly as it was carried, appears to me as valiant an atchievement as any of *Orlando*'s. I uſed often in London to admire the boldneſs and intrepidity of the Britiſh pick-pockets, and thought them the very clevereſt in the whole creation. But, away with them! They muſt not pretend to attempt competition with the heroical pick-pockets of Luſitania.

It is needleſs to tell, that on being appriſed of the true cauſe of that diſorder, the whole aſſembly ſat down again in quiet; that the greateſt part, who had not been ſufferers by it, laughed at the thieviſh ingenuity; and that a new bull was let looſe in the area.

And here is the account concluded of the moſt important tranſactions of this afternoon. What follows is merely ſet down by way of memorandum for my private uſe, and not worth your reading.

I was told while at the amphitheatre, that one of the King's chariot-horſes had loſt a ſhoe; ſo that his Majeſty was obliged to ſtop in the ſcorching-ſun until another horſe was got ready, that he might proceed. I thought it very odd that a King ſhould have ſervants ſo careleſs, and aſk'd if he was put in a paſſion by it; but was anſwered that he laugh'd it out. A petty gentleman would have ſtorm'd.

This country is one of the hotteſt in Europe; yet its inhabitants are not melted into ſlenderneſs. I never ſaw any where ſo many fat men in one place as I have ſeen to-day.

In Liſbon both men and women of the better ſort ſeem to love gaudineſs in dreſs. The Ladies, like thoſe of Tuſcany and other parts of Italy, wear many artificial flowers ſtuck in their hair. It is a pretty faſhion. I ſaw ſeveral beautiful faces to-day, and many a pair of brilliant eyes.

Here, as in France and Italy, they have the abſurd cuſtom of dreſſing their children too much. I hate to ſee a little girl with a tupee, and a little ſword at the ſide of a little boy. The Engliſh are not guilty of ſuch folly. In England boys and girls, even when they are ſons and daughters of Earls and Dukes, are never made to look like dwarfiſh men and dwarfiſh women: and this may be the reaſon, that England abounds leſs with fops and coquets than either France or Italy.

LETTER XX.

Effects of the Earthquake. A city not to be rebuilt in haſte.

Liſbon, Sept. 2, 1760.

I HAVE now viſited the ruins of Liſbon at full leiſure, and a dreadful indelible image is now imprinted on my mind! But do not expect from me ſuch a deſcription of theſe ruins, as may even imperfectly convey that image to you. Such a ſcene of horrible deſolation no words are equal to: no words at leaſt that I could poſſibly put together; and it is ocular inſpection only, that can give an adequate idea of the calamity which this city has ſuffer'd from the ever-memorable earthquake.

As far as I can judge after having walk'd the whole morning and the whole afternoon about theſe ruins, ſo much of Liſbon has been deſtroy'd as would make a town more than twice as great as Turin (*a*). In ſuch a ſpace nothing is to be ſeen but vaſt heaps of rubbiſh, out

(*a*) *Turin, a fortified town in Piedmont, and the King of Sardinia's reſidence, is little more than a mile in length, taken from the Po-gate to that of Suſa, and not quite ſo much from the King's palace to the New-gate. Liſbon from the Alcantara-gate to the Slave's bagnio is (or was) about four miles, and a mile and a half broad almoſt throughout.*

of

of which ariſe in numberleſs places the miſerable remains of ſhatter'd walls and broken pillars.

Along a ſtreet which is full four miles in length, ſcarcely a building ſtood the ſhock: and I ſee by the materials in the rubbiſh, that many of the houſes along that ſtreet muſt have been large and ſtately, and intermixed with noble churches and other public edifices; nay, by the quantities of marble ſcatter'd on every ſide, it plainly appears that one fourth at leaſt of that ſtreet was intirely built of marble.

The rage of the earthquake (if I may call it rage) ſeems to have turned chiefly againſt that long ſtreet, as almoſt every edifice on either ſide is in a manner levelled with the ground: whereas in other parts of the town many houſes, churches, and other buildings are left ſtanding; though all ſo cruelly ſhattered, as not to be repaired without great expence: Nor is there throughout the whole town a ſingle building of any kind, but what wears viſible marks of the horrible concuſſion.

I cannot be regular in ſpeaking of the various things that ſtruck me to-day, but muſt note them down as well as my crouding thoughts will permit. My whole frame was ſhaking as I aſcended this and that heap of rubbiſh. Who knows, thought I, but I ſtand now directly over ſome mangled body that was ſuddenly buried under this

heap! Some beautiful woman! Some helpleſs infant! A whole family perhaps!——Then I came in ſight of a ruined church. Conſider its walls giving way! The roof and cupola ſinking at once, and cruſhing hundreds and thouſands of all ages, of all ranks, of all conditions! This was a convent: this was a nunnery: this was a college: this an hoſpital! Reflect on whole communities loſt in an inſtant! The dreadful idea comes round and round with irreſiſtible intruſion.

As I was thus rambling over thoſe ruins, an aged woman ſeized me by the hand with ſome eagerneſs, and pointing to a place juſt by: Here, ſtranger (ſaid ſhe) do you ſee this cellar? It was only my cellar once; but now it is my habitation, becauſe I have none elſe left! My houſe tumbled as I was in it, and in this cellar was I ſhut by the ruins for nine whole days. I had periſhed with hunger, but for the grapes that I had hung to the cieling. At the end of nine days I heard people over my head, who were ſearching the rubbiſh. I cried as loud as I could; they removed the rubbiſh, and took me out.

I aſked her what were her thoughts in that diſmal ſituation; what her hopes, what her fears. Fears I had none, ſaid ſhe. I implored the aſſiſtance of St. Anthony who was my protector ever ſince I was born. I expected my deliverance every moment, and was ſure of

it. But, alas! I did not know what I was praying for! It had been much better for me to die at once! I came out unhurt: but what ſignifies living a ſhort while longer in ſorrow and in want, and not a friend alive! My whole family periſhed! We were thirteen in all: and now—— none but myſelf!

Hear of another deliverance no leſs uncommon. A gentleman was going in his calaſh along a kind of terrace, raiſed on the brink of an eminence which commands the whole town. The frighten'd mules leap'd down that eminence at the firſt ſhock. They and the rider were killed on the ſpot and the calaſh broken to pieces, and yet the gentleman got off unhurt.

But there would be no end of relating the ſtrange accidents that befel many on that dreadful day. Every body you meet has twenty to tell.

The King had two palaces in Liſbon and they were both deſtroyed. Yet none of the royal family periſhed. They were juſt going from *Liſbon* to (*a*) *Bellém*, and juſt in a part of the road where there was no houſe nigh. Had they ſtayed a quarter of an hour longer in town, or reached *Bellém* a quarter of an hour ſooner, they had

(*a*) Bellém *is a town or village about three miles from Liſbon, where the King and royal family paſs the beſt part of the year.*

probably periſhed, as the royal palace at *Bellém* was likewiſe nearly deſtroyed. King, Queen, Princeſſes, and all their attendants were obliged to encamp in a garden and in the neighbouring fields: and I well remember that the Britiſh Envoy who was there at that time, wrote over to his court, that five days after the earthquake he went to *Bellém* to pay his reſpects to them, but that the Queen had ſent him word ſhe could not receive him, as ſhe was under a tent, and in no condition to be ſeen. Imagine what the miſery of the people muſt have been when even the royal family ſuffered ſo much.

Nor muſt I forget to mention the univerſal conflagration that followed the earthquake. You know that this misfortune fell out on All-Saints day, at ten o'clock in the morning; that is, when all the kitchen-fires were lighted againſt dinner time, and all the churches illuminated in honour of the day. The fires in the kitchens and the lights in the churches rolled againſt the combuſtible matters that could not fail to be in their way, and the ruined town was preſently in a flame. *Lisbon* is furniſhed with water by means of aqueducts; but the aqueducts were broken by the concuſſion: ſo that little or no water was at hand. Yet had it been ever ſo plentiful, ſtill the town would not have eſcaped the conflagration, becauſe (*a*) every body ran away to the fields and other

(a) Mr. Clark ſays, that on the firſt ſhaking of the ground the people "throng'd into the churches." How could he believe thoſe who told him this? He ſays alſo,

open places: and thus more loſs was cauſed by the fire than by the earthquake itſelf, as it conſumed all that people had in their houſes, which might in a good meaſure have been dug out of the ruins if it had not been conſumed by that fire. What a ſpectacle for three hundred thouſand people to ſee their homes burning all at once!

But is it not ſurpriſing, after ſuch an earthquake and ſuch a conflagration, to hear the Portugueſe conſtantly repeat (and they have repeated it every day ſince) that their city is ſoon to be built over again, quite regular, quite fine, finer than ever it was? and all this to be effected in a little time? Indeed they give me no very high notion of their common ſenſe when they abandon themſelves ſo much to their fiery imaginations.

They ſay themſelves that, upon a moderate computation, *Liſbon* contained four and twenty thouſand houſes. Of theſe no leſs than two thirds have been levelled to the ground, and the other third was left in no very good condition. However, waving the neceſſary repairs to that third, and conſidering only the two that are demoliſhed, how is the rubbiſh of ſixteen thouſand houſes to be removed, along with that of ſome hundred of large

alſo, that only "one fourth part" of Liſbon was deſtroyed by the earthquake. He would have ſeen that it was more than two thirds, if he had viſited thoſe ruins. I hope he will excuſe my redreſſing a few more of his miſtakes when I come to ſpeak of Toledo and Madrid.

churches,

churches, two royal palaces, and many convents, nunneries, hoſpitals, and other public edifices? If half the people that have eſcaped the earthquake, were to be employed in nothing elſe but in the removal of that immenſe rubbiſh, it is not very clear that they would be able to remove it in ten years. Then where are the materials for rebuilding ſixteen thouſand houſes and ſome hundred of other edifices? Many of thoſe houſes were four, five, ſix, and even ſeven ſtories high.

It is true, that the country round abounds with marble enough to build twenty Liſbons. But ſtill, that marble muſt be cut out of the quarry, muſt be ſhaped, muſt be carried to town. And is all this to be done in a little time? and by people who have loſt in the conflagration whatever tools they had?

But they will rebuild the town with bricks for the quicker diſpatch. Yet the making millions of millions of bricks) even ſuppoſing the proper clay quite at hand) is not the work of a day. And kilns muſt be erected, and wood muſt be got to burn them. But where is that wood, in which I am told the country is far from abounding? And where are the thouſands of brick-makers to make thoſe numberleſs millions of bricks? Yet give them brick-makers, clay, and wood as much will ſuffice, where is the lime, the iron, and the other materials?

But

But where do they actually dwell? ſome hundred thouſands of people ſurely cannot live in the open air?

This queſtion is ſoon anſwered. Many dwell in thoſe houſes that were left ſtanding, and rendered habitable again by haſty repairs and by propping them on every ſide, and many more dwell in numerous wooden huts and cottages which they have haſtily built round their ruined town. Cluſters of thoſe cottages and huts from various parts of the proſpects commanded by my windows. I muſt add, that many of the pooreſt ſort have ſhifted the rubbiſh, here and there, have cleared many ground-floor-rooms, and many under-ground-cellars; and there they live, if not with convenience, at leaſt under ſhelter. It is needleſs to ſay that thouſands and thouſands have migrated to other places.

However, the Portugueſe have not been idle, and ever ſince the fatal day have been building apace. But what, beſides the mentioned huts and cottages? What, but an Arſenal: and that ſo very large (as I am told) that there will be no edifice of that kind in the whole world to be compared to it when it is finiſhed with the grand Portico adjoining to it, where merchants are to aſſemble at what they call *change-hours* in England.

This is almoſt the only conſiderable building that has been carried on in Liſbon ever ſince the earthquake; and

I will

I will not ſay, that inſtead of a magnificent fabrick it would have been better to build ſome ſcore of good houſes, nor will I remark that ſhips might for a while have been bought ready made, and mercantile buſineſs tranſacted at leaſt for a few years in an humbler place than the grand Portico; but I cannot help ſaying, that, if I were allowed to wiſh in favour of the poor inhabitants of Liſbon, I would rather ſee one of their old ſtreets rebuilt, than the grandeſt Arſenal: rather ſome few ſtore-houſes to ſecure merchandizes, than a great Portico for their owners to confabulate under. But the people, for whom I could form ſuch wiſhes, ſeem to have another way of thinking, and who knows but as ſoon as that wonderful Arſenal is compleated they ſet about to rebuild their inquiſition, their cathedral, or ſome ſtupendous convent?

It ſeems the prevailing opinion amongſt the Portugueſe, that the numbers loſt in the ruins of this town, amounted to more than ninety thouſand. But ſuppoſe they exaggerate by two thirds, as the unhappy are apt to do, ſtill a number remains that makes the blood run cold at the thought!

Nor is Liſbon the only place in Portugal that has undergone this woeful viſitation. I am told that other towns have ſuffer'd ſtill more in proportion. One in particular called *Setúbal* was ſo perfectly deſtroyed that not one perſon eſcaped!

But

But I will quit this ſubject. It fills one with ſadneſs to no manner of purpoſe.

LETTER XXI.

The laying of a fundamental ſtone. A patriarchal pomp. Pied-horſes.

Liſbon, Sept. 3, 1760.

I Have ſeen the King of Portugal and his whole court in great gala, this being a memorable anniverſary, as his Majeſty this day three years narrowly eſcaped being treacherouſly murdered by the Duke d'Aveiro and his aſſociates.

That was a bloody tranſaction, and no leſs incomprehenſible than bloody. It is not eaſily conceived that the Duke ſhould be prompted and ſollicited to take away his Sovereign's life by many relations and friends, and by the whole body of the Portugueſe jeſuits: that ſo execrable a conſpiracy ſhould require the concurrence of many, when at laſt it was to be executed by a few: that the dreadful ſecret ſhould be entruſted with men and women, maſters, and ſervants, eccleſiaſtics and lay-men, and not one out of ſome hundred ſhould be tempted by hope, impelled by terror, or induced by a better motive to diſcover it in time: that ſuch a ſecret ſhould ſo faithfully be kept by

the whole gang of the conſpirators as not even to be ſuſpected by ſo wary and ſuſpicious a government! all this is quite incomprehenſible. But let us come to the gala.

In that village called *Bellém*, already named, a wooden edifice has been erected within theſe few days upon the very ſpot where his Majeſty was fired at by the murderers.

This edifice is eighty of my ſteps in length and five and twenty broad. The inſide of it was hung with a kind of red ſerge ſtriped and fringed with a tinſel-lace. In the middle of it was placed an altar glorioufly adorned. Facing the altar there were two pews, one for the King and the other for the Queen, beſides a ſmaller for *Don Baſtian Joſeph de Carvalho* ſecretary of State. Under the Queen's pew there was a kind of throne for *Cardinal Saldanha* the patriarch. The remainder of the place was occupied pell-mell by the nobility of the kingdom, foreign miniſters, and all ſtrangers well dreſs'd. The patriarch's attendants however, as well as the muſicians, had ſome benches to themſelves.

As the day proved inexpreſſibly hot, the doors and windows of the edifice were kept open during the ceremony, ſo that the numberleſs ſpectators from without enjoyed near as well as thoſe within.

About nine o'clock Secretary *Carvalho* made his appearance preceded by many gentlemen, many ſervants, a drummer, and a trumpeter, all on horſeback. He was alone in a coach drawn by ſix grey horſes, attended by two grooms on foot, one on each ſide of the coach, and by five and twenty of the King's horſe-guards.

He had ſcarcely alighted and got to his pew, when behold the Patriarch! Excepting the Pope, there is no eccleſiaſtic in the world that is ever ſurrounded with ſo great a pomp as this Patriarch. But his revenue, they ſay, amounts to thirty thouſand pounds ſterling, and ſo he may well afford it.

Two coaches full of prieſts began the march. Then followed fifty of his Eminence's ſervants walking two and two in blue liveries trimm'd with a crimſon ſilk-lace, all uncover'd, all well powdered, and all wearing large cloaks that reached the ground. A prieſt on horſeback went before them, holding up a ſilver-croſs fix'd on the top of a ſtick ſilver'd over. Then followed ſeven coaches. The two firſt were occupied by his Eminence's eccleſiaſtical officers. In the third was the Patriarch himſelf with his maſter of the ceremonies who kept his back to the horſes. Two prieſts walked on foot, one on this ſide of the coach and the other on the other. Each bore in his hand an umbrello of crimſon-velvet, fring'd round with gold. They were both ſo tall, that they put me in mind of *Don*

Fracaſſa and *Don Tempeſta* in the poem of *Riciardetto*. The coach of the Patriarch both within and without was lined with blue velvet, gilt and painted very much and very well. Then followed his ſtate-coach empty, ſo rich and ſo fine that Queen Semiramis would not have thought it unworthy of herſelf. Then three more coaches full again of officers; I mean eccleſiaſtics all, even ſome of the fifty that walk'd in proceſſion. Each of the four firſt coaches was drawn by ſix pied-horſes; that is, horſes ſtreak'd with black and white, which, it ſeems, are not ſo uncommon in Portugal and Spain, as they are in other countries. They all galop'd; but their galopping was ſo cloſe and ſhort, that the attendants on foot could keep up with it, though they walked with great ſlowneſs and ſolemnity. The three next coaches, inſtead of horſes, had ſix mules each, much finer than any I ever ſaw in Italy. The Patriarch was dreſs'd in his great pontificals. And how did he look? In Petrarch's words

Stavaſi tutto umile in tanta gloria.

While this noble proceſſion was advancing towards the wooden edifice, more than twenty other coaches, each drawn by ſix mules, appeared from ſeveral parts, and in them the dignitaries and canons of Liſbon-Cathedral. They all alighted at the door of the edifice and walk'd partly to the right and partly to the left of the Patriarch's throne. I had quitted my chaiſe and borrowed *Batiſte*'s horſe, that I might look at all the great folks

folks with better convenience. Was I pleaſed with ſo magnificent a ſhow, or was I diſguſted by ſo vain a parade? I was pleaſed, becauſe I am no moroſe philoſopher. Such ſights are naturally delightful, and I never found my account in counteracting nature. I overheard an Engliſhman damn the puppet-ſhow, and thought him ill-natured or diſcontented.

The King then came in a coach and ſix, the horſes black and white like the Patriarch's, ſurrounded with four and twenty of his horſe-guards. Don Pedro was with him. The Queen followed immediately with her four daughters and an elderly lady, all in one coach, with four more coaches, two before and two behind, full of ladies, all coaches and ſix. Her Majeſty was environed by a troop of her own horſe-guards, who are much better dreſs'd than the King's, and, as I am told, all foreigners, chiefly Iriſh, Scotch, and Germans. She and the Princeſſes were moſt magnificently dreſs'd, wearing moſt ample hoops, their heads, necks, breaſts, arms, waiſts, and feet glittering with jewels. The Princeſſes have very fine ſhapes, fine complections, and the fineſt eyes that can be ſeen. One of them (I think the third, but am not ſure) as far as my wretched eyes could judge at the diſtance of ſeven or eight yards, is a ſtriking beauty. I was pleaſed to ſee them ſo lively and hopping out of the coach with ſo much nimbleneſs.

In the pew they all kneeled for a moment, except the Queen who ſat down and fell a-reading and kiſſing the leaves of her book. As ſhe did this more than forty times in a few minutes I aſk'd what was the meaning of that kiſſing, and was anſwer'd that it was her Majeſty's cuſtom to kiſs the name of God, of our bleſſed Lady, and of all Saints and Angels in any book that ſhe reads. This ſingularity brought to my mind an Engliſh Philoſopher (Mr. *Boyle*, if I do not miſtake) who uſed to bow whenever God's name was mentioned.

The Queen layed down her book, and a great *Te Deum* was ſung with much noiſe of muſic. The *Te Deum* was follow'd by the litanies.

The King then got up, and attended by Don Pedro, Secretary Carvalho, and ſome other gentlemen of his court, deſcended into a kind of hole about breaſt-high, where ſilver-ſhovels, ſilver-hammers, and other implements of maſonry had been placed before hand with ſtones, brick, and mortar. His Majeſty put ſome gold and ſilver medals at the bottom of that hole and cover'd them with a quadrangular ſtone; then both he and his attendants took up their ſhovels, and fell a-covering that ſtone with bricks and mortar, beating the bricks with the hammers from time to time, as they were directed by a gentleman, who, I ſuppoſe, is the King's architect. And thus was placed the fundamental ſtone of a moſt

noble

noble church, which is to be forthwith erected there by way of *Ex-voto* to our bleſſed Lady for the miraculous deliverance the king obtained through her means from the blunderbuſſes of the Duke d'Aveiro and the other aſſaſſins.

In a few minutes the buſineſs of laying the ſtone was over, during which I could not help wondering at ſome vulgar women who, looking through one of the windows, laugh'd immoderately at the maſons, probably becauſe they were ſomewhat aukward at their new trade, and this diſcompoſed a little the gravity of the bye-ſtanders. Yet no body took any particular notice of their impertinence.

The King and his company returned to their places, and as ſoon as they were ſeated, the Patriarch quitting his throne ſtood up to the altar and celebrated a high maſs aſſiſted by his dignitaries and canons with the ceremonies obſerved by the Cardinals to the Pope, when his holineſs officiates in the moſt ſolemn functions. During the maſs the muſicians play'd and ſung moſt gloriouſly. The King has a good many in his ſervice, and, what is remarkable, more than forty Italians, partly ſingers and partly players upon ſeveral inſtruments.

The maſs laſted a full hour, and was followed by the patriarchal benediction, after which the company broke

up

up and every body went home tired and fatigued. The heat without was great, as the ſun ſhone very bright, but within was quite intolerable.

At ſome diſtance from the edifice there was all the while a foot battalion upon guard, the common men ill-dreſſed and ill-comb'd. They were not allow'd to fire as they do in Italy upon the like occaſions; and this I thought judiciouſly ordered, as they would have frighted the horſes and mules, and made them prance over the multitude: and I was alſo pleaſed to ſee ſeveral officers repeatedly command the horſe-guards to keep cloſe and ride ſoftly, that no body might be hurt.

The day before yeſterday at the Amphitheatre I had ſeen a good number of ladies. To-day I ſaw many more at the wooden edifice, and had reaſon to be pleaſed at the ſight in both places. To-day eſpecially they were all richly dreſs'd, thick-ſet with jewels, and many of them very handſome. They are in general much fairer than one would expect in ſo hot a latitude, which makes me ſuppoſe that they take care not to go much in the ſun. Almoſt all have open countenances and ſimpering looks. A good contraſt to their men, whoſe ſkins are rather ſwarthy, and whoſe faces are ſullen and grave, even when they attempt to ſmile, which they do often enough. The ſalutation of men to ladies conſiſts in a ſhort and quick genuflexion, ſuch as we make in Italy to our beſt *Madona's*

dona's when we are in a hurry. But this compliment the ladies ſcarcely return with a nod, eſpecially to inferiors. The gentlemen embrace each other with great reſpect when they meet, and kiſs each other's left ſhoulder.

I am told that no body in Liſbon is allowed to have horſes to his coach, chaiſe, or other vehicle, except the Royal Family, Miniſters of State, Patriarch, foreign Miniſters, and a few others. The reſt make uſe of mules. Portugal, they ſay, does not abound in horſes, and the Portugueſe are obliged to ſmuggle many out of Spain, whence the ſale is forbidden under ſevere penalties.

Female dreſs is no where variated ſo much as amongſt the low women in this country. Some hide themſelves under veils of different ſtuffs and colours, and ſome appear quite uncovered. Some have their hair plaited up, ſome let it flow down their ſhoulders, and ſome confine it in one or more hanging treſſes. Some have coifures after the French manner, and ſome wear hats after the Engliſh. Many adorn their heads with ribbonds, and many with natural or artificial flowers. The earthquake has been the cauſe of ſo great a variety on this particular. As it has deprived the greateſt part of them of their wearing apparel, they dreſs now as well as they can, and have no prevalent or national faſhion.

LETTER XXII.

Another fine Proſpect. Rhime and blank-verſe. Heavenly life at the Jeronimites. Banks of the Tagus again. Sowing of Salt.

Liſbon, Sept. 5, 1760.

AS I was looking yeſterday into a Portugueſe book, I took notice that it was printed *en Lisboa Occidental.* What means, ſaid I, this *Occidental Lisbon?* Is there any other beſides this?

No ſuch thing, quoth the French bookſeller. Some *Luſitanian* Literati affirm, that the ancient *Oliſipo* ſtood on the oppoſite ſide of the river, becauſe an ancient inſcription was once found there in which *Oliſipo* is mentioned. Upon this ſcanty foundation and to make a parade of erudition, ſome of them beſtow that epithet of *Occidental* on this town, without conſidering, that, were their conjectures true, ſtill there would be no room for that diſtinction, as no book was ever printed *en Lisboa Oriental.*

How far the bookſeller is right or wrong I cannot determine. However, thought I, I will go and viſit the oppoſite ſide of the river, and ſee if I can find out any

any thing worth a paragraph in a letter. A place ſuſpected by the learned to have been *Lisbon*, well deſerves a viſit.

In conſequence of this reſolution this morning early I got into a boat with *Batiſte*, and ſailed away to the other ſide of the *Tagus*.

The bank of the river on that ſide I found a great deal higher than this. It is a perfect mountain. But where I landed there is no houſe nor room to build any. I ſaw a path that leads up to the top of the hill, and clamber'd up. The path is craggy and difficult enough. On the ſummit there are two villages, one called *Caſtillo*, the other *Almada*.

Caſtillo has nothing that is remarkable, except the new ruins of an old-faſhion'd caſtle, perhaps Mooriſh, which probably gave name to the village. It is ſituated on a cliff made in the form of a ſugar-loaf, and I am told that it was decay'd and uninhabited even before the earthquake reduced it in its preſent condition.

At *Almada*, which is about a muſket-ſhot from *Caſtillo*, I enter'd a ſmall Dominican convent, whoſe cloiſter-walls are incruſted with tiles painted blue, and ſo very neat and clean, that the very looking on them is

cooling in this hot weather. The church which belong'd to the convent was thrown down by the firſt ſhock of the earthquake, and the ſhatter'd bodies of about twenty men and ſix times more women were dug out of its ruins. The convent ſtood the concuſſion, ſo that none of the friars periſhed but that one who was ſaying maſs in the church.

From the windows on the weſt-ſide you have a proſpect which excels even that of *Mount Edgecombe*, in Devonſhire, as from thence you have Liſbon full in your eyes: then *Bellém*, *Caſcaés*, *St. Julian*, and all the villages, caſtles, fortifications, and other buildings along the river down to the ſea, with an immenſe landſcape ſurrounding all this, bounded on one ſide by the *Rock of Liſbon* already mentioned, and in other places by other hills whoſe names I know not. The proſpect from the eaſt-windows is likewiſe very fine, though not ſo ſtriking, as it conſiſts only of a long range of hills covered with vineyards interſperſed with numberleſs fruit-trees of every kind, eſpecially oranges and lemons, with houſes and cottages from place to place. Charming *Almada!* though not embelliſhed by any better building than the Dominican convent, certainly becauſe there is no means of reaching ſo high a place but on foot or on a mule. Both *Almada* and *Caſtillo* were little leſs than levelled to the ground by the earthquake.

After having enjoy'd the proſpects to my ſatisfaction, I rolled down the craggy path again, got to the boat, and went to ſee an Engliſh hoſpital which ſtands a little lower down on the ſame ſide of the river, and at the foot of the hill, were the ground juts out a little into the water. But there I ſaw nothing worth notice, except the Phyſician to the hoſpital, an old and ill-bred gentleman; perhaps rendered ill-bred by jealouſy, as he has had the weakneſs at ſeventy to marry a pretty Portugueſe girl of eighteen. He look'd very croſs when he ſaw me enter the garden of the hoſpital, becauſe the young lady was then in it gathering ſome fruit. As he had anſwer'd rather uncivilly ſome civil queſtion I had put to him, I was tempted to make him fret a little by addreſſing her and begging a grape out of a baſket. However I reſiſted the temptation, as I reflected that I may myſelf poſſibly be guilty of the ſame folly at his age, if ever I reach it. Therefore, after having taken a tour of the garden, I made him a bow, got again into the boat, and ſailed up the river, ſtill on the ſame ſide, to the houſe of one *O'Neal*, an Iriſh wine-merchant, whoſe ample cellars are worth ſeeing.

I found Mr. *O'Neal* quite the reverſe of the Phyſician. As he ſaw me in a heat, he made me drink ſome of his beſt wine, gave me a biſket, offer'd any other refreſhment I choſe, and was even kind in the ſame way to *Batiſte*

and

and my boatmen, nor would he (*a*) accept of any pecuniary equivalent.

The houſe Mr. *O'Neal* has there, is defended from the encroachments of the river by a ſtrong mole of large flat ſtones. From that mole I enjoyed the ſight of two Negros ſwimming and playing gambols in the water. Had I never ſeen blacks before, I had miſtaken them for ſome particular ſpecies of fiſh. They ſprang out of the water and wheel'd upon it, as tumblers do upon firm ground. For a few reis I made them ſing ſeveral ſongs in their *Moſambique* language, of which I comprehend nothing but that they were in rhyme. I wiſhed myſelf a muſician, only to take down the tunes of what they ſung, though very ſimple with regard to harmony.

Several writers both of Italy and of England have affirmed, that rhyme is a monkiſh invention; but I think them widely miſtaken. It is not to be ſuppoſed that the Africans were taught rhyming by Miſſionaries, who have other buſineſs when in thoſe regions than that of teaching rhyme or blank-verſe to the natives. I heard once in *Venice* ſome Arabian ſongs which were in rhyme, and there is a French account of Arabia (wrote by a traveller whoſe name I cannot at preſent recollect) in which ſome poetry of

(*a*) *I recommend him to thoſe of my Engliſh readers who deal in Portugal-wine. I am poſitive he deſerves cuſtomers for his kindneſs to thirſty people, even when they are perfectly unknown to him, as was my caſe.*

that

that wandering nation is preſerved, all in rhyme. One *Gages* an Engliſhman (who ſuggeſted to *Cromwell* the ſcheme of taking *Jamaica* from the Spaniards) in a printed account of *America* has given us an old *Mexican* ſong (words and muſic) which is in rhyme, and compoſed long before *Columbus* was born. Theſe and a multitude of other ſuch reaſons have convinced me, that rhyme is no monkiſh invention, but one of the natural eſſentials of the poetry of all nations, ancient as well as modern, *Greek* and *Latin* only excepted, whoſe verſes had feet inſtead of rhymes. It is therefore blank-verſe that is to be conſidered as not natural to poetry, and to be deemed an invention, as it really was, and not a very ancient one.

But let me take my leave of the courteous *O'Neal*, and croſs the *Tagus* again as I go down the ſtream. I was ſet on ſhore at *Bellém*, where I enter'd a moſt ſcurvy inn for a bad dinner. Then I viſited a famous convent of Jeronimites; an order we have not in *Piedmont*, and not very common in other parts of weſtern *Italy*.

The church of that convent is actually repairing, as its roof was thrown down by the earthquake. The ſcaffolding erected for this purpoſe did not permit me to ſee much of it. I only could ſee that it is one of the largeſt I ever ſaw, built with fine marble of various colours, and adorned with the richeſt altars. The architecture of the whole edifice was originally gothic, but ſome parts of the convent

vent are ſo no longer. The two galleries or cloiſters which run one over the other, contain a number of ſtatues, ſome of the moſt popular ſaints, and ſome of ſaints whoſe names and character I am not acquainted with, though the legend was my favourite book when I was a boy.

There are a hundred and thirty maſs-friars in this convent, and I don't how many lay-ones. Their cells are very good rooms. Thoſe who are lodged on the water-ſide, may from their windows enjoy the ſight of the ſhips inceſſantly going up and down the river. The back apartments command a ſpacious garden and a piece of uneven ground, wall'd in and full of olive-trees.

Amongſt thoſe trees are ſeveral little cells and chapels belonging to ſeveral paultry ſinners of low condition who have repented, and are allowed to live there in perfect idleneſs; which way of conſuming time is by them termed *Vida celeſte, a heavenly life*; nor is the appellation much amiſs in my opinion, if it be taken in the poetical ſenſe; as the privilege of living without working, is really the chief bleſſing of this life. They ſubſiſt upon mere accidental alms, of which they have plenty by the interceſſion of *St. Jerome*, who like them lived in a cell or cave in the midſt of a deſart, and of courſe makes it his particular buſineſs that his followers be abundantly ſupplied.

As this convent is of royal foundation, you may be ſure that the friars in it have a better chance for their dinners

ners than caſual charities. They live very comfortably and have no other obligation but that of praying ſome hour every day for their original benefactor and his ſucceſſors. This duty they are forced to perform regularly, whether they are inclined to it or not. But the pious founders of religious houſes never thought that frequent and regular praying muſt prove a hardſhip, and always took it for granted that a number of men well fed, warmly dreſs'd, and conveniently lodged, would never repine to ſolicit heaven for their deliverance out of purgatory. They ſuppoſed that when worldly cares were removed, devotion would regularly take poſſeſſion of the heart, and I wiſh that they had never been miſtaken.

The church there, was formerly (and may be ſo ſtill for what I know) the burial place of the Kings and Queens of Portugal. I am told there are in it ſeveral of their ſepulchral monuments; but I could not ſee them becauſe of the ſcaffolding.

One of the *Padres* who ſhowed me the place, encouraged me to eat of the fine grapes of the garden, and I can tell you that you have ſcarce any ſo good in Italy. Their figs are alſo excellent. They have many *Braſilian* plants in their garden, particularly that called *Banana*. They all grow in the open air, and with no particular culture that I could ſee. By this you may judge of the heat of this climate.

As I ſailed up again to *Liſbon*, I enjoyed again from the boat the fine proſpect I had from the packet on my arrival. It is really as enchanting as can poſſibly be conceived. By *Bellém* there is a noble ſtructure called *Paço de Vaca (the Palace of the Cow*, an odd name) where the King's horſes are educated for the manage. It is embelliſhed with buſts and ſtatues, partly placed in niches and partly on the ridge of its walls. Then the palace called the *Vice-queen*'s of the Indies; that of *Marquis Ginges*; that of the *French Ambaſſador*; that of the *late Patriarch*; that of the *preſent Patriarch*; that of the *Secretary of State* for the marine department; the fortreſs called *La Jonqueira*; the palace that was occupied by *Cardinal Acciajoli* the *Pope's Nuncio*, lately driven out of Portugal in a very abrupt and rough manner: then that of *Count Ribeira*; that of *Don Emanuel*, uncle to his preſent majeſty; that of *Secretary Carvalho*, and another which has been degraded to *a jail* for ſtate-criminals, not far from which ſtood heretofore that of the *duke d'Aveiro*, which is now nearly demoliſhed, purſuant to the ſentence that was paſt on its maſter.

All theſe and other ſtructures, whoſe names I have forgotten, would not miſbecome the nobleſt of our Italian towns. They adorn the intermediate ſpace between *Bellém* and *Liſbon*, nor has the earthquake damaged them much. Yet they are not the only decoration of that part of the ſhore. There is beſides a vaſt number of houſes, as I ſaid already, all white, with their windows and win-

dow-

dow-ſhutters or lattices painted green. When the ſtones of the *D'Aveiro* palace are removed (which, by the bye, is done carefully that they may not be ſpoilt, as they are worth preſerving) and the ſpot is made level, ſalt is to be ſowed upon it, that it may never bear any graſs: which to me ſeems a very unjuſt puniſhment inflicted upon a poor piece of ground that certainly had no part in the crime of its owner: and after the ſowing of that ſuppoſed enemy to fertility, a high marble-column is to be erected in the centre of that ſpot with an inſcription upon it, to perpetuate the infamy of that bloody traitor, whoſe character (if I am not miſinformed) was a hateful mixture of the groſſeſt ignorance and the moſt brutal pride. Men will determine according to their different diſpoſitions; and he had a punctilious abhorrence to that ſort of honour which is at preſent generally diſregarded throughout Europe, and thoroughly exploded from France, where even the greateſt Lords are ambitious of being a-kin to a certain ſort of women.

As I was coming back towards evening, I took the *King-George-Packet* in my way, drank a bumper with my ſea-faring gentlemen, and had a touch at the bag-pipe. They have promiſed to come and dine with me before they ſet ſail for *Falmouth*.

LETTER XXIII.

A ſpecimen of poetical ſtyle. An aqueduct.

Liſbon, Sept. 6, 1760.

UPON the report of others I have in a former letter mentioned the Arſenal they are actually building here. But I have been this day an ocular admirer myſelf of its amplitude, and will venture to ſay that if the ſmalleſt cloſet in it was turned into a ball-room, we might have a dance in it of all the giants and gianteſſes ever dream'd of by the noble *Don Quixote* whenever the moon was at the fulleſt. Indeed when it is finiſhed (if ever it is) the poets of this country will be juſtly entitled to ſay in their uſual emphatic ſtrain, that *in the new-built metropolis of the Luſitanian empire (true and aſtoniſhing abridgment of puiſſant Aſſiria, dreaded Macedonia, ſcientific Greece, and all-conquering Rome) there is ſo vaſt, ſo beautiful, and ſo coſtly an edifice, as may without exaggeration be compared to the mountainous temple of the chaſte Epheſian Goddeſs, to the unmeaſurable mauſoleum of the faithful and ſorrowful Artemiſa, to the incomprehenſible Naumachian ſtructures of the moſt magnificent though moſt bloodthirſty Diocleſian, and even to thoſe terror ſtriking pyramids erected on the extenſive ſhores of the ever-fertile Ethiopian*

opian river, whoſe ponderoſity has made the Egyptian provinces groan for centuries and centuries, and whoſe ſharp-pointed ſummits pierce the far-ſpreading darkneſs that environs the adamantine throne of great Jupiter's reſplendent queen, and ſeem to challenge to mortal and everlaſting war the moſt diſtant, moſt numerous, and moſt unpropitious conſtellations.

I will not only ſay that this manner of writing is adopted by all the modern poets of Portugal: but amongſt that infinity of ſonnets juſt publiſhed on the laying of the fundamental ſtone of the church, which is to be dedicated to the *Noſſa Senhora da Liberaçaom*, a good many ran very much in this ſtyle: and I dare to ſay, that if this encomium on the new Arſenal was to be turned into a Portugueſe ode, it would not meet here with univerſal diſapprobation.

To be ſerious, this Arſenal is a huge fabrick, and, in the opinion of many, quite diſproportionate to the uſe intended. However, there is never any great harm in public edifices being too large, becauſe thoſe parts in them which are ſuperfluous one way, may eaſily be made ſerviceable another. Thus many rooms in this may be turned upon occaſion into granaries, ſtore-rooms, quarters for ſoldiers, hoſpitals, and other ſuch receptacles, of which there are never enough in great capital cities.

This edifice I viſited this morning: but I went to ſee another of another kind in the afternoon, which ſurpaſſes it by far in point of bulk as well as magnificence. I mean the *Aqueduct* in the valley of *Alcántara*, by which *Liſbon* is ſupplied with almoſt all the water that is uſed by the inhabitants.

That valley is ſunk between two rocky and barren declivities. The Aqueduct for about a quarter of a mile, which is the breath of the valley, runs tranſverſely over it, from the ſummit of the weſtern declivity to the oppoſite ſummit of the eaſtern. A long range of ſquare pillars ſupports it: and to give you an idea of theſe pillars, it is enough to ſay, that one of their ſides meaſures near twelve, and the other near thirteen times the length of my ſword, which was the only inſtrument I had to take ſuch meaſures; and the ſpace between the two middle-moſt pillars is ſuch, both in breadth and height, that a fifty-gun ſhip with her ſails ſpread might paſs through without obſtruction. However, all the pillars are not of equal dimenſions with the two central. They grow lower and lower, and the ſpaces betwixt them diminiſh gradually on either ſide the valley, as the ground gradually riſes on either ſide.

The pillars ſupport an architrave whoſe middle is formed into a canal, through which the water runs; and there is room enough left for three or four men to walk

abreaſt along the architrave on each ſide the canal which is vaulted the whole length, and adorned from ſpace to ſpace with *Lucarnes* made in the form of little temples, each of which has a door or aperture large enough for a man to get at the water and clean the bottom of the canal in caſe of neceſſity.

The whole of this immenſe fabrick is of fine white marble dug out of a quarry not a muſket-ſhot diſtant: and I am told that about a league further off there are ſome other parts of it which have their ſhare of grandeur, though by no means comparable to what is ſeen in this valley. The earthquake had ſpoilt it in two or three places: but the damage proved inconſiderable and was eaſily remedied. And indeed I wonder not if it withſtood the ſhocks. A concuſſion violent enough to effect its deſtruction, would ſhatter the whole kingdom of Portugal.

When a man has once ſeen ſuch a ſtructure as the Aqueduct of *Alcántara*, there is no danger of his ever forgetting it, as it is the nature of grand objects to force remembrance. As long as I live I ſhall preſerve the image of it, along with that of the valley which is rendered ſo conſpicuous by it.

However, if there was no ſuch thing as that glorious Aqueduct in that valley, ſtill I ſhould never forget the

valley

valley itſelf, becauſe of an adventure I met in it of a pretty ſingular kind. But the viſit to the two edifices, which was performed on foot and in the heat of the day, has fatigued me ſo much, that the account of it muſt be delay'd till to-morrow.

LETTER XXIV.

Lapidation performed in a valley. Good Mothers.

Liſbon, Sept. 7, 1760.

WHILE I am waiting for the barber I may as well tell my adventure of yeſterday in the Valley of *Alcántara*.

After having fully ſatisfied my curioſity with regard to the noble Aqueduct, we turned back the way we went. But as we aſcended one ſide of the valley we met with five or ſix man wrapp'd up to their noſes in their ample cloaks, which it is the cuſtom here to wear both winter and ſummer. They pull'd off their hats, and we pull'd off ours, becauſe this is another cuſtom of the people here, to give each other this token of reſpect whenever they meet about the country. But the cloak'd fellows had not gone twenty yards from us, when, turning ſuddenly back, they began to hurl ſtones at us with ſuch precipitance

cipitance and fury, as could not be deſcribed by the beſt *Balearick* poet of *Majorca*.

What is the meaning of this? cried I to my landlord Mr. *Kelly*.

Run for your life was the anſwer: and he took to his heels wirh ſuch celerity as if he had utterly forgot that he is full ſeventy.

What could I do on my ſeeing myſelf thus abandon'd by my auxiliary troops? Spare me the mortification of owning, that I made my retreat with as much haſte as I could, and thus baffled the cruel intentions of the villains, and the fatal conſequence that might have enſued from that unexpected lapidation.

And now tell me, dear brothers, the motive that induced them to treat me and my fellow-walker in ſo barbarous a manner?

Sir, ſays *Kelly* with an air of triumph, will you ſtill laugh at me when I tell you that you tarry too late at the Engliſh Coffee-houſe? Upon my ſoul, one night or other you will ſee what it is in this country to come home at eleven and alone!

But here is the barber, and I muſt not make him wait.

A Postscript *in the evening*. My Landlord has given you a hint that I am ſo imprudent as to ſpend an hour or two in the evening at a coffee-houſe, where all manner of ſtrangers reſort, eſpecially of the Engliſh nation. Not one of thoſe ſtrangers have I as yet heard ſpeak favourably of the Portugueſe. On the contrary they all join to paint them in the blackeſt colours, and would fain perſuade any new comer, that this is the moſt unpoliſhed, moſt inhoſpitable, and moſt hateful nation under the ſun. But notwithſtanding their invectives I was until yeſterday-evening rather inclined to a contrary opinion, as ſuch aſſertions ſquared not with my firſt curſory obſervations. I had taken notice that the Portugueſe are very reſpectful to each other, and quick to bow to any body they meet out of a croud: that they are enthuſiaſtic admirers of women, and treat them with a pleaſing mixture of obſequiouſneſs and gallantry: that they have a ſtrong muſical turn, and are fond of ſpending the firſt part of the night in ſinging and playing about the ſtreets; nor had I ſeen any thing deſerving cenſure in their general behaviour at church.

Theſe obvious characteriſtics of the Portugueſe I thought rather incompatible with treachery and unprovoked inhumanity; beſides that I know enough of mankind to be tolerably acquainted with their vile antipathies and with their readineſs ſeverally to abuſe and depreciate their neighbours upon the ſlighteſt provocation, and often upon

no

no provocation at all. No nation upon record has yet found grace before another, and each is thought deteſtable by the reſt. This univerſal brutality in the groſs of mankind, made me unwilling to believe the many bad things repeatedly told me of the Portugueſe; and I ſhould have perſiſted unſhaken in my incredulity, had it not been for that iniquitous lapidation, which, I think, has given me ground enough to credit in a good meaſure the uniform accuſations brought againſt them by all men of other nations that have reſided here.

You may poſſibly upbraid me ſtill for my ſeeming facility in adopting this harſh opinion, and inſiſt that my motive is ſtill very ſlight and equivocal. And indeed I really wiſh I could perſuade myſelf that the low part of this nation is not a maſs of villains, and that the fellows in that Valley are by no means to be conſidered as the legal repreſentatives of their peers, but only as a groupe of rogues who met unluckily together by mere chance.

But that I may put you in condition to judge adequately of this matter, I muſt alſo tell you, that yeſterday likewiſe, as we were going to ſee that Aqueduct, a parcel of children followed us at ſome diſtance in a moſt clamorous manner, and loaded us with ſuch execrable contumelies, as generally ſurpaſs the abilities of children in other countries.

The impotent inſult of thoſe growing raſcals, I ſhould have forgot as ſoon as it was over, but for an ugly circumſtance that attended it. The circumſtance was, that ſeveral women, on hearing that ſudden vociferation, ruſh'd out from ſeveral quarters, and joining with the perverſe children, encouraged them to give us more and more of their abuſive language, and made them follow us much longer than they would otherwiſe have done if they had been left to themſelves. Some of thoſe women were apparently mothers to ſome of thoſe children; and what judgment can a man paſs upon a nation, when he ſees mothers abetting their boys and girls in their averſion to ſtrangers, and fortifying them in their barbarous brutality?

Thus far have I already puſh'd my obſervations on the low part of the people within this town. I am willing to believe that the higher ſort are quite the reverſe, and that they know politeneſs and humanity full as well as the higher ſort of all other European nations, though I have not forgot the ſtupid haughtineſs and forbidding look of the two gentlemen and the friar in the box at the Amphitheatre. But whatever I may believe, don't you begin to think that Portugal is rather too much in the neighbourhood of Africa?

LETTER XXV.

Good nuns. A ſcheme for rendering girls ſtill more amiable. Heroiſm of a young Lady.

Liſbon, Sept. 8, 1760.

THIS morning I made a viſit to one of thoſe many religious houſes that are maintained in ſeveral parts of this kingdom at the King's expence. It is call'd *the Engliſh Nunnery*, becauſe no girl is admitted in it but what is born a ſubject of England. Any ſuch girl, either left deſtitute in this country by parents unſucceſsful in trade, or willing to come from the Britiſh Iſles to devote herſelf in this country to chaſtity and confinement, may make ſure of a livelihood in that Nunnery; and the veil once taken, ſhe needs not to fear the approaches of real want as long as her ſoul and body will keep each other company.

The number of the nuns there amounts to little more than twenty, and it is the chief anxiety of this little community to keep the number full, that the Government may not, in caſe of too many vacancies, take upon itſelf to fill them with Portugueſe maidens, which the Engliſh women apprehend would create ſeparate intereſts, and cauſe ſuch feuds and parties among them, as they have hitherto been ſtrangers to ever ſince the firſt foundation.

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Animated by this rare ſpecies of terrour, the poor things ſet their brains upon the utmoſt ſtretch whenever death deprives their community of a member, and all efforts are unanimouſly made towards the raiſing of a recruit. With this diſtant view, you cannot conceive how prettily they flatter all their viſitors, eſpecially thoſe of their own ſex! They keep beſides a large epiſtolary correſpondence with their friends and acquaintance in *England* and *Ireland*, by which means they have not failed as yet to obtain the deſired ſupply.

Whoever can ſpeak Engliſh, no matter whether Catholic or Proteſtant, has a kind of right to viſit them at any time of the day; and all their viſitors are uſed by them with ſuch endearing kindneſs, that their parlatory is in a manner never empty from morning till night. The poor things are liberal to every body of chocolate, cakes, and ſweet-meats, and will take much pains with their needles or otherwiſe to enlarge the number of thoſe viſitors, and allure them to frequent calls.

Nuns in all countries are ſoft and obliging ſpeakers; but theſe are certainly the ſofteſt and moſt obliging that ever fell in my way. Never was I told in a year ſo many pretty and tender words as this morning in half an hour. On my appriſing them of my country, they expatiated on the immenſe goodneſs of Cardinal *Acciaioli* and the gentlemen of his court, who did them the honour

nour of ſeeing them often. No nation, in their opinion, is ſo good as the Italian, none ſo witty, and none ſo wiſe. In ſhort, not a ſyllable iſſued out at their lips but what was dictated by modeſty and meekneſs, humility and benevolence; and I will poſitively ſee them as often as I can while I ſtay here, becauſe it is impoſſible not to be pleaſed with their converſe, though one is perfectly conſcious that they make it a ſtudy to treat every body with this gentleneſs of language and blandiſhment of manners. They certainly give you no reaſon for harbouring the leaſt ſuſpicion to their diſadvantage, and their virtue is to all appearance without the leaſt alloy: but were they in reality quite different from what they appear (which I am thoroughly perſuaded is not the caſe) ſtill the ſtrong appearance of their innocence and goodneſs is irreſiſtibly attracting, and the holy ſimplicity of their behaviour can never fail of making a friend of every man who is once introduced to their acquaintance, though ever ſo much aware of their flattery.

The King, as I ſaid, allows them ſuch a ſum as enables them to find themſelves in victuals, linen, and raiment. Thus they are freed from the anxiety of procuring the chief neceſſaries of life. Yet life, even by recluſe women, cannot be paſſed very comfortably with mere neceſſaries, and ſome addition is wanting to keep it from ſtagnating. Thoſe minute ſuperfluities, which the French call *douceurs*, ſo indiſpenſibly required to render

exiſtence

exiſtence ſupportable, are left intirely to their induſtry; and theſe they procure partly by work and partly by making trifling preſents, which are often return'd with liberality. Theſe are the two means by which they furniſh themſelves with that chocolate ſo plentifully diſtributed at their parlatory to their inceſſant viſitors, and with thoſe other pretty things that alleviate the natural hardneſs of their condition. Some of them have ſmall penſions paid them by their relations and friends, and whatever is got by one, is kindly ſhared by the whole ſiſterhood.

As the reputation of this little community was never ſullied in the leaſt ever ſince their eſtabliſhment (and I am told that this is not quite the caſe with the Portugueſe nunneries) is it not aſtoniſhing that no Portugueſe parent ever thinks of ſending his daughter amongſt them as a boarder and by way of giving her a true maidenly education? A daughter thus placed would amongſt other advantages have that of learning a foreign language very well worth learning; and nothing contributes ſo much to enlarge the ſphere of our ideas, and to render a young woman amiable, as the knowledge of languages. Yet, few are the Portugueſe, as I am told, who care for ſuch an ornament in their daughters, or even in themſelves, excepting thoſe of the higheſt quality; and they have beſides a particular antipathy to the language of England, as the notion prevails amongſt them, that there

is no book in that language but what is againſt religion; nor does their inquiſition allow of the importation of any for fear of hereſy: and it was not without conteſt and bribery that I ſaved the few in my trunk from confiſcation at the cuſtom-houſe.

The viſiting of the *Engliſh Nunnery* has brought a ſcheme into my mind which I ſhall cheriſh long, and put in execution as ſoon as I can. Let me but be rich enough, and I will have four Nunneries in *Turin*, and endow them with a revenue equal to the maintenance of twenty nuns in each. One of them ſhall be filled with Florentine women, one of French, one of Spaniſh, and one of Engliſh.

I will take it for granted that when my Nunneries are erected, endowed, and filled with proper inhabitants, my countrymen will have ſenſe enough to ſend their little girls to them for education; and by a reſidence of about two years in each Nunnery, all the girls in *Piedmont* will be able to ſpeak four languages, beſides their own; which will certainly render them upon the whole the moſt lovely ſet of maidens in Europe.

But as I am not for turning pretty girls into nuns, I intend to make it the fundamental law of my Nunneries, that none of the nuns ſhall be young and handſome. It will probably not prove very difficult to procure out of each reſpective country one ſcore of elderly maids or widows to

fill them at firſt, and to keep ſucceſſively the number quite complete; nor do I intend to ſubject them to the auſtere rule of keeping always within doors. They ſhall have a number of holidays to walk or ride out with their pupils, and be allowed all ſorts of diverſions becoming a ſet of exemplary matrons.

This ſcheme I am confident you will think quite patriotick, and well worth taking place any where. But ſetting it aſide until a properer time, let me tell you a ſtory of *Lady Hill* (the preſent Abbeſs of the *Engliſh Nunnery*) which really deſerves to be ſaved from oblivion.

This Lady took the veil there, becauſe, like the reſt of her ſiſterhood, (as I ſuppoſe) her circumſtances did not permit a more agreeable choice: but ſoon after having made profeſſion, a good eſtate in *Ireland* was vacated by a relation that died inteſtate, and of courſe devolved upon here by right of conſanguinity.

To get the eſtate without going to *Ireland* herſelf, was thought difficult and ſubject to much delay. Her Abbeſs therefore repreſented her caſe to the Patriarch, who alone could diſpenſe with her vow of conſtant confinement; and the Patriarch (not a rigid bigot it ſeems) upon a ſimple promiſe of return gave her leave to ſecularize her dreſs and depart. She did ſo; arrived in *Ireland*; produced her title; took poſſeſſion; and found herſelf at once in a con-

a condition to live in eaſe and even ſplendour in her native country.

The temptation of ſtaying where one is, you will allow to be nearly irreſiſtible in ſuch a caſe, eſpecially when you are additionally told, that ſhe was not yet three and twenty, and handſome enough. However, if ſhe was tempted, ſhe was tempted in vain, for ſhe ſold the eſtate as ſpeedily as ſhe could, and, faithful to her vow and promiſe, haſten'd back to the Nunnery with the money, which ſhe laid out in ſuch a manner as to contribute much to the eaſe and convenience of her beloved community.

This was done by a woman! This ſuperiority to worldly pleaſure, and this fidelity to an onerous engagement, was found in a female breaſt! Would any friar in ſimilar circumſtances have behaved ſo nobly and have returned to his leſs heavy fetters after ſo lucky an eſcape? This queſtion I will not anſwer for the honour of my own ſex. I will only conclude the ſtory of Lady *Hill*, with telling you that her companions, ſtruck with admiration as well as gratitude, choſe her immediately for their ſuperior, and never after ceaſed to pay her the veneration ſo undoubtedly due to her unſhaken virtue.

LETTER XXVI.

Italian Capuchins. Odd fiſhes.

Liſbon, Sept. 9, 1760.

I Need not tell you that the crown of Portugal is poſſeſs'd of ſeveral ultramarine countries, the inhabitants of which are far from being all chriſtians; and that all poſſible endeavours have been uſed for theſe two or three laſt centuries, to bring them all within the pale of the church, partly by moſt deteſtable acts of violence, as hiſtorians tell us, and partly by the more lawful means of ſending friars amongſt them to preach them out of their ignorance and errors.

Amongſt thoſe friars, the capuchins have long enjoy'd the reputation of being the moſt zealous and moſt ſucceſsful converters. But as their order was never eſtabliſhed in this kingdom, the predeceſſors of his preſent majeſty thought fit to procure a number of them from thoſe countries where they are eſtabliſhed, and eſpecially from France and Italy, where indeed there are enough to ſpare.

I ſuppoſe it was no very difficult matter for the firſt King of Portugal who thought of this ſcheme, to put it in

in execution, and to obtain from the Pope and their General the permiſſion of importing as many capuchins here as were wanting. The deſign once formed, numbers of them came over in an uninterrupted ſucceſſion; and as it was neceſſary for them all to learn this language before they were waſted over to their reſpective miſſions, they were for a time, on their arrival here, ſcatter'd about the convents of the Franciſcans, who are in reality little leſs than capuchins themſelves, as the difference in their reſpective inſtitutions chiefly conſiſts in wearing a beard or no beard.

However, to lodge the Capuchins with people who ſhaved their chins, and ſomewhat jealous of their ſuperior reputation for ſanctity, was found productive of ſeveral inconveniencies. Therefore the late King came to the reſolution of building two new convents in this capital, one for the French and the other for the Italian Capuchins, that each of the two bodies might live quite according to its own peculiar rules, depend on its own immediate ſuperiors, and be by them directed to the acquiſition of thoſe means that would fit each friar for his ſpeedy and diſtant peregrination.

On hearing of theſe two convents and their inhabitants, I was preſently kindled by the deſire of ſeeing a number of my countrymen collected together in one of them; and to ſatisfy that deſire I ſent *Batiſte* yeſterday

to

to the *Father Guardian* of the Italians to beg of him, if it was not inconſiſtent with their practices, as I ſuppoſed it was not, to give me a dinner any day he pleaſed at their common table, together with the permiſſion of ſpending a whole afternoon in the company of his community.

My requeſt was immediately granted, and the good *Guardian* pitch'd upon to-day, that I might be the ſooner gratify'd. Accordingly this morning at ten o'clock, I went thither with the box of my chaiſe pretty well furniſhed with French bottles, as by way of return to their civility I thought of forcing them for once to ſome extraordinary jollity by means of ſuch liquors as I know they taſte but ſeldom.

The *Guardian* I found ready to receive me at the gate. He welcom'd me with infinite goodneſs, and ſeem'd perfectly pleaſed with ſo flattering a viſit, as he termed it. In a moment I had the whole brotherhood about me, which conſiſts of about fifteen or ſixteen, all middle-aged, all healthy, and all very chearful. I muſt own that I was quite delighted to ſhake ſo many Italian hands, and to hear my native language uttered at once by ſo many mouths. They took me directly to the church where a *Pater* and *Ave* was ſoon ſaid; then we viſited the convent quite through, from the kitchen up to the library.

The

The convent ſtands upon an eminence on that end of the town which is furtheſt from the ſea, and commands a proſpect not much inferior to that of the Dominicans of *Almada* on the oppoſite ſide of the river.

The habitations of the capuchins in Italy are in general narrow, poor, and unadorned: but this is quite otherwiſe, as the King who erected it, ſpared no expence to render it acceptable to the ſtrangers he invited over. Their church is a noble one, and richly ornamented, their dormitories and refectory are ſpacious and high-roofed, and their cells might as well be called very good rooms. The cieling of their library does not want ſtuccos, nor their ſhelves carvings; and the moſt precious *Brazil*-woods have been laviſhed in it as well as all about the convent.

As to the books in that library, there is not as yet the tenth part of what it might contain; and you may eaſily imagine that the greateſt part of them are ſuch, as can never pretend to the honour of admittance amongſt thoſe of the witty philoſophers of the age. Some Latin Fathers ſimply bound make the firſt figure in the place: then many School-divines and Caſuiſts, with a conſiderable number of Aſceticks, and ſeveral collections of Italian and Portugueſe ſermons. Amongſt which *Segueri* and *Vieyra* hold the firſt rank. A ſmall ſhelf is filled up with manuſcripts, chiefly catechiſms and prayers in ſeveral Indian and African languages, with ſome imper-

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fect Grammars and Dictionaries, or rather Nomenclators of thoſe ſame languages, compiled by former miſſionaries and depoſited there for their ſucceſſors to initiate themſelves in them before they ſet out for thoſe remote countries to which they are to go after a reſidence in Portugal of a few months.

Having ſpent full two hours in that library, the bell called us to the refectory. As we entered it, the friars placed themſelves in two rows, one facing the other, and recited a long Latin grace with a ſonorous tone of voice, thoſe of one row anſwering alternately to thoſe of the other with an edifying ſolemnity of devotion.

We now ſat to a table that runs along the upper part of the place, and is made in the form of a greek Π. They placed me into the place of honour; that is, the middle point, the *Guardian* on my right, the *Vicar* on the left, and the reſt on each ſide, except the youngeſt of them all, who mounted a ſmall pulpit and began to read a Latin compliment compoſed that very morning in commendation of ſome body preſent. That compliment I was obliged to ſwallow up to the laſt ſyllable, in ſpight of my ſeveral attempts to interrupt the peruſal, and repeated intreaties that they would not make ſo prodigious a ſtranger of their own countryman. It was that arrant rogue *Batiſte* who furniſhed the orator with his theme, as I immediately gueſs'd; and he was liſtening all the while

at the door, heartily laughing at the diſcompoſure and confuſion of his old maſter; for which I gave him a good box on the ear while he was felicitating himſelf with old *Kelly* for his pretty contrivance on our return home.

Silence being diſpenſed by the *Guardian* out of favour to me, we all fell to our victuals with a briſk appetite; and though I had been very explicit in my meſſage of yeſterday about the treatment I expected, yet Father Cook thought proper for once to depart from his daily method, and gave us as many Italian and Portugueſe ragoos as he could poſſibly manufacture. We were elevated to high mirth during the whole dinner. Jokes were crack'd by dozens, no matter whether witty or dull, and the bottles went round and round with as much briſkneſs as if the *Guardian* and *Vicar* had been in Aſia. They forced even a ſong out of me in a language of which none of them knew a ſingle word. The banquet laſted an hour longer than it would have done if I had not been there, and ended with another Latin grace.

This great buſineſs being over, they took me to the garden, the circumference of which is near half a mile, perfectly well kept, and full of the choiceſt fruits. It lies on a ſloping ground, and on the higheſt ſide of it there is a pretty large pond inhabited by a ſort of fiſhes not to be found in any other place, as they believe. The crea-

tures, as far as I could ſee, are about two ſpans long, and half as large, with a prominent bunch upon their backs, and not good to eat like other fiſhes. But what will ſurprize you to hear, they are of a nature ſo gay, that they prove quite aſtoniſhing. *Fiſhes, fiſhes,* cried the Guardian, *come to your dinner, come, come.* The fiſhes ſtarted up, ſprang and tumbled about the water, ſeized the many pieces of bread that he threw to them, and then retired out of ſight. The pleaſantneſs of ſuch a ſcene is not to be conceived. I begg'd that ſome of the company would preach them a ſermon, hoping they would come out again and behave quite as well as thoſe of the Adriatick upon a certain occaſion. The Fathers took the joke, and ſmiled, and wondered I had not forgot my pretty Italian ſtories in my long abſence from my native country.

We then play'd at bowls under the grape-bowers, and, above all, chatted inceſſantly. But what took my fancy moſt, was a tranſlation of one of the Cantos of the *Jeruſalem delivered* in the *Genoeſe* dialect which one of the Fathers read to the company. This, he ſaid, was a juvenile compoſition of his; and I thought it excellent in its kind. They are all ſubjects of the republic of *Genoa*, and have been ſucceſſively ſo for many years, as a medley of them, formed at firſt out of the ſeveral Italian ſtates, was judged inconvenient ſoon after their introduction in Portugal.

Towards

Towards evening I took my leave with a million of thanks for their kindneſs and good treatment; went to the coffee-houſe, as uſual; then came home and ſcribbled thus far: and now I have nothing further to tell, but that to-morrow I will begin a journey to *Mafra*, *Cintra*, and ſome other places.

LETTER XXVII.

A ſhort excurſion. Sad accommodations. Thanks to Aurora.

Cintra, Sept. 11, 1760.

THOSE who have never gone twenty miles from home, are apt to fancy that travelling is a very pretty thing. But let him who holds this opinion, come to travel about Portugal, and I will ſubmit to eat thiſtles if he does not ſtagger in his notions about travelling.

I have now been two days out of *Liſbon*, becauſe I ſuffered myſelf to be ſeduced by the deſire of ſeeing *Mafra* and *Cintra*. But I pay dear for my folly, as I have undergone more miſery during theſe two days than ever fell to the ſhare of any man during two centuries. The expreſſion ſounds odd: but you know that extreme pain makes people mad.

The deplorable account of theſe two days hardſhips and torments is now conveyed to you by means of this letter from a room on the ground-floor of a houſe half-ruined, that goes in this country under the appellation of an inn, and would be thought in any other a rendez-vous for witches.

The furniture of this room conſiſts of three things. An ill-hewn bit of a fir-plank, which by means of three crooked ſticks has obtained the name of ſtool; a totter-ing old table as ſmooth as a raſp; and a piece of coarſe and dirty canvaſs ſtretch'd wide upon the duſty floor made of broken bricks: and this is the beſt bed that this inn could afford. Ye unfortunate bones that crack'd ſo many times laſt night upon the ſtony couch at *Mafra!* how ſhall I ſave you from breaking by and by when ex-tended upon theſe uneven bricks, where I muſt lay my-ſelf for wearineſs!

But let me begin the ſad chronicle from yeſterday morning, and bring it orderly down to this woeful even-ing: and while I take a pinch of ſnuff to quicken my narration, take yourſelves a cordial that your hearts may not fail you while you read it.

Yeſterday morning therefore, a little before ſeven, I got into my chaiſe, attended by old *Kelly* on horſeback, and ſet out for *Lafra*: but my brown mules went along with

with ſo ſenatorial a pace, that it was paſt twelve when we reached a village called *Cabeza*, about twelve miles diſtant from *Liſbon*.

At the inn of *Cabeza* we ſtopped with a mind to get a dinner, if there was any to be got. A ſmiling little fellow ſhowed me to a room, which would be a tolerable lodging for a Gypſey or a Jew, was it not that it admits too much light through the chinks of the cieling or roof, and that the floor is not near ſo well paved as the great road.

It preſently occurr'd that the ſmiling little fellow had miſtaken *Kelly* and me for the mules, and the mules for us: therefore I ſtepp'd to ſee how they were accommodated; and indeed I found that they had been received in an apartment much larger and cleaner than ours: however I did not think proper to change places, becauſe if our room had a perforated roof, theirs had no roof at all.

We ſhould have had neither dinner that could be eaten, nor wine that could be drank, if *Kelly* had not deſired his wife at all events to put ſomething better than ſtraw in the box of the chaiſe; and the good woman had dropp'd into it a pigeon-pye, a roaſted turkey, and a Barbary-tongue, together with half a dozen bottles of the beſt wine. By means of ſuch provender we baffled the

deſign of the *Cabeza* hoſt, who wanted to poiſon us with ſtinking lard and with a fowl that my negro found quite as tender as the tail of an old alligator. The ſmiling rogue! Beware of fellows that ſmile for ever!

At night we reached *Mafra*, about eight miles diſtant from *Cabeza*. The whole country from *Liſbon* to *Mafra* (very few ſpots excepted) may very well diſpute the praiſe of ſterility with any deſart in *Nubia*.

The ſupper that was offered us there was not a bit inferior to the dinner at *Cabeza*. But our turkey had yet loſt no more than a wing and a leg, and of the pigeon-pye two good thirds were ſtill in ſtore.

But when the hour came to go to bed, what eloquence could ever expreſs the miſery I was to undergo! I was led into a room, whoſe cieling was open from ſpace to ſpace. In that room there was a bed which, though not quite ſo wide as *America*, had ſtill ſeveral wild nations ſcattered all about, all painted black, and all as nimble as any Indians.

I will leave it for you to gueſs whether I could ſhut my eyes a moment during the whole night amidſt ſo many enemies! Lucid Aurora! I humbly thank thee for thy early coming to call me out of that bed. Whatever fleſh and blood I have ſtill left, I will henceforwards acknowledge

ledge as thy gift; and thy gift likewiſe was that appetite which permitted me to eat half a melon for my breakfaſt.

After breakfaſt I paid my viſit to the Royal Convent, the deſcription of which you ſhall have to-morrow, if ever I get up alive from this piece of canvas, on which I am going to lay myſelf through mere impoſſibility of keeping my body in a ſitting poſture.

LETTER XXVIII.

Promontorium Lunæ. Holes, and Holes, and Holes again. An odd evening walk. A chearful dinner. Coins dropp'd to a Mary Magdalen for a very good reaſon.

Cintra, Sept. 12, 1760.

I Have had the good luck to ſecure ſuch a bed for to-night, and paſſed the day beſides with ſo perfect a ſatisfaction, that the dirty canvas and uneven bricks are already forgotten. And ſo goes this fickle world! A perpetual ſhifting from good to evil, and from evil to good.

And now the natural order of things ſeems to require a deſcription of the Royal Convent: but what I have ſeen to-day preſſes a great deal more upon my fancy, and my impati-

impatience of imparting to you a ſhare of the pleaſure I have received myſelf to-day, makes me invert the laws of narration without any great heſitation.

This morning early I quitted this place along with my truſty *Kelly*. Leaving the mules and the horſe at the inn, each of us got aſtride upon a jack-aſs; and ſo we went up a high and ſteep mountain to ſee a convent of *Jeronimites* which is on the ſummit of it.

That convent could formerly contain near a dozen of inhabitants; yet at preſent there are but four or five, becauſe a part of it has been demoliſhed by the earthquake. What is left of it conſiſts of five or ſix rooms ſupported by a portico that encloſes a court-yard. This yard is paved chequer-wiſe with white and blue tiles of earthenware, and ſo diſpoſed as to collect all the rain-water into a ciſtern under it. The walls of the portico are likewiſe encruſted with ſuch parti-colour'd tiles.

From the windows an extenſive proſpect is commanded, as that ſummit is near a mile higher than the level of the ſea. The eye runs freely over an immenſe tract of country, too much of it quite barren.

The middle parts of the hill ſeem compoſed of numberleſs broken rocks, ſome as big as houſes. Yet between rock and rock the Fathers have cultivated ſeveral ſmall bits

bits of ground, which furniſh their little community with more pulſe and herbage than they want. It is pity that no fruit-tree will grow there, becauſe of the ſharp air and chilling miſts: ſo that whatever fruit they have, is fetched every day from *Cintra* with their other proviſions, and carried up to them upon aſſes of their own. But beſides herbs and pulſe they cultivate Turkey-corn, with which they make ſavoury cakes for themſelves and viſitors, and feed poultry with the overplus.

To the ſummit of that mountain there is no acceſs but by the path we went. Every other ſide conſiſts of cliffs upon cliffs, inacceſſible even to goats.

As the church and the convent were originally built in a moſt ſolid manner, the earthquake had not ſtrength enough to demoliſh them intirely, though it was felt as violent there as in any other part of Portugal: nor did any of the friars periſh, though the whole mountain was horribly ſhaken. The church ſtands on the very ſpot that was formerly occupied by a Roman temple dedicated to the Moon, which had given the name of *Promontorium Lunæ* to the hill. This ſcrap of erudition I got from one of the friars.

We ſtay'd there about two hours; then came down afoot, our jack-aſſes driven before us by the Negro. About mid-mountain I hired a guide to ſhow us the

way to another hill near two leagues from this. The fellow took us about and about through a pathleſs country, partly covered with looſe pieces of rocks, partly heathy, and partly ſandy. Yet from ſpace to ſpace we met with numbers of fir and cork-trees, with ſome ſmall oaks and a few other plants, that contribute to render ſeveral parts of it romantically beautiful.

The place we were going to, ſtands on the ſummit of another mountain no leſs high than the ſuppoſed *Promontorium Lunæ*, called by the Portugueſe *Caba de Roca*, and by the Engliſh *the Rock of Liſbon*. I hope you have not forgot that Rock, and the pleaſure it gave me when I ſaw it for the firſt time. It was the *Cork-Convent* on its ſummit I wanted to viſit, and we reached it with ſome difficulty, as we went to it by a croſs-road extremely rugged and ſteep, and over ſeveral precipices that demanded much attention both from us and from our aſſes.

The *Cork-convent* is properly a hermitage; and you have but one path to it under a kind of arch irregularly cut through a piece of rock by the hand of Nature. That arch is about two hundred ſteps below the hermitage, and all other parts near that ſummit are perfectly pathleſs and not to be clamber'd.

Near that arch we left our aſſes in the cuſtody of our guide, and aſcended the reſt of the mountain a-foot. And here, ye Muſes nine, I invoke your aſſiſtance! Help me

to

to an adequate deſcription of the oddeſt, wildeſt, moſt romantic, and moſt pleaſing place that ever I was in!

The hermits had diſcover'd us from a-far; therefore we found them ready to receive us. We bow'd, ſhook hands, and ſeem'd as pleaſed as if we had long been moſt intimate friends. The Father Superiour aſk'd us whether we had dined, and being anſwered in the negative, diſpatched one of his Friars to make ſomething ready as faſt as poſſible. He then took us to ſee the place which begins with a flat irregular area about forty yards ſquare.

The area is fronted by a huge rock variouſly perforated, and its various perforations, caverns, or holes form the hermitage. The church of it is a hole; the ſacriſty a hole; the confeſſion-room a hole; the kitchen a hole; the dormitory a hole; the refectory a hole; every cell a hole; and the doors and windows of all theſe holes are ſtill nothing elſe but ſo many other holes. But ſo narrow are thoſe which form the doors of the cells, that ſhould a man grow hydropic while in one of them, he never would be able to come out of it; and the cells themſelves are ſo ſmall, that no tall friar when in his bed has room enough to extend his legs. Yet in them they lie at night upon ſtraw-bags, after having taken the precaution to ſhut what they call their doors and windows with ſmall planks.

Not one hole in the whole place deſerves the epithet of ſpacious. The largeſt is that which they term *the Kitchen*.

A French cook would be angry at the proſtitution of ſo noble a word, but the friars are not ſo ſcrupulous. The ſmoke of that kitchen is carried out by a cylindrical perforation over the fire-place.

Dame Nature indeed was in a merry mood when ſhe took it into her fancy to form ſo whimſical a place. You cannot conceive what little help ſhe received from art to fit it for its preſent inhabitants. The earthquake ſhook it to and fro, and, they ſay, with inconceivable violence. Yet that violence proved vain, and I do not wonder at it. The demolition of the hermitage cannot be effected but by the fall of the mountain.

What adds to the ſingularity of this natural edifice is, that every part in it is covered with cork; the walls, floors, and all. And this is the reaſon why the Engliſh ſailors call it *the Cork-Convent*. That cork prevents the bad effects of the dampneſs which would otherwiſe be very inconvenient, as many parts of its walls are cover'd with a thin moſs, and the water diſtils through the pores of the rock in very ſmall drops.

From the hermitage they deſcend by a range of irregular ſteps to a piece of water and to their ſeveral ſpots of garden. Not far from that water there is another hole, in which one of their predeceſſors had the patience to live the laſt twenty years of his life, without ever quitting it

day

day or night. At leaſt you are told ſo by an inſcription over that hole, abſurdly ſupported by the teſtimony of the friars themſelves, who were all born near two centuries after, according to the inſcription, which I wiſh fairly deſtroy'd and the whole filled up for their own ſake, as the place has no need of a lie to induce people to viſit it. No human being could ever live in that hole for ſeveral reaſons that I will forbear to tell.

I ſaid that there is a piece of water on that eminence, which fertilizes ſeveral ſpots. The friars are all gardeners and have vegetables of various ſorts in great abundance, but no fruit. The many ſteps by which they deſcend to that water, they term humouroufly their *evening walk*; and, abating the inconvenience of the ſteps, it is really a pleaſant walk, ſhaded with many trees and buſhes.

After having viſited the whole hermitage we went to dinner. In the midſt of that hole that is called the Refectory, a ſtone ſerves them for a table whenever the rain forces them to eat their victuals under ſhelter. But to-day, as the weather was very fine, we choſe to dine in the area. Being a meagre day we had an ample diſh of ſalt-fiſh moſt ſavourily dreſs'd after the manner of the country with garlick and *pimenta*, a large ſallad, and Dutch cheeſe, with pears, apples, grapes, and figs, ten times more than we could eat, good bread, and excellent wine. During dinner the hermits kept us in chat with

the greateſt good humour; told us of the many Engliſh gentlemen and ladies that viſit them, and help'd us to our glaſſes very briſkly. The wine was good, and we could not help drinking the Engliſh Ladies.

Theſe hermits are of the Franciſcan order; therefore will touch no money: but there is a *Mary Magdalen* painted over a kind of altar in the church; and to Mary Magdalen you drop a coin ſlily. It would not otherwiſe be in the power of this little community to furniſh their numerous viſitors with meat and drink, and entertain beſides a good number of poor people who viſit the place, partly out of devotion and partly to get a meal. They admit ladies to viſit the hermitage when they are in company with gentlemen; otherwiſe not: and as to women of low rank, they are not allowed to aſcend beyond the Arch mentioned before, except on ſome feſtival days.

About an hour after dinner we took our leave and went back to our aſſes, who had leiſurely cropp'd the thiſtles about while our guide and the Negro feaſted merrily upon herrings, cheeſe, and fruit, convey'd to them with a ſufficient quantity of bread and wine by one of the fathers.

And now I may truly ſay that I have ſeen the ſtrangeſt ſolitude that ever was inhabited by men, amidſt the moſt pleaſing aſſemblage of craggs, rocks, trees, and buſhes that can poſſibly be fancied; the whole commanding a moſt

moſt wide and amazing proſpect, as from thence you diſcover a vaſt tract of the ocean with many of the caſtles and habitations at the mouth of the *Tagus*, the tops of the Royal Convent of *Mafra*, ſeveral villages and hamlets, with many ſingle cottages ſcatter'd over a long chain of uneven mountains, ſome of which are perfectly rocky and barren; ſome ſhaded with oaks, fir-trees, and cork-trees; and ſome cover'd with vines, olive-trees, and lemon or orange-groves, beſides numberleſs other plants of every kind and generation.

LETTER XXIX.

Vaſt many teeth a-going in a great houſe. Genealogical books. The excellence of the circular figure. Gallantry of a devout King.

Liſbon, Sept. 13, 1760. in the forenoon.

I Am here again ready to give you an account of *Mafra* and *Cintra*.

Mafra is ſo inconſiderable a village, that the name of it would not be found in a map of *Portugal*, were it not for a vaſt pile which King *John* V, Father to his preſent Majeſty, cauſed to be erected within a muſket-ſhot of it.

That

That pile, which is perfectly quadrangular, conſiſts of a church, two royal apartments, and a convent. The church and apartments take up one half of it, and the convent the other half.

The church is placed in the middle of the chief front towards the village, and is ſpacious enough to contain more than a thouſand people, excluſive of the choir: but it is ſo very dark, that you cannot ſee at one glance all the fine things in it; which is to be regretted, as neither gold, nor ſilver, bronze, precious marbles, nor even the deareſt jewels, have been ſpared to render it an object of aſtoniſhment.

There are ſeveral altars in it, each as rich as art and money could make it. The chief one has a ſtatue of maſſy ſilver, with ſeveral large candleſticks, and ſo many other rich ornaments, that it coſt (they ſay) half a million of cruſadoes *(a)*, and I am inclined to credit the aſſertion.

There are likewiſe ſix organs, three on each ſide, but none of them as yet finiſhed. When they are, it will be curious to hear them all play in concert. People hope that the effect will prove extremely pleaſing, but I am not quite ſure of it, and am afraid of confuſion. The church, as I apprehend, is not ample enough for a collection of ſo much ſound. However I may be miſtaken.

(a) A Cruſado is ſomething more than an Engliſh half-crown.

Of

Of the two royal apartments, that on the right ſide of the church as you go in, is called *the Queen's*, and that on the left *the King's*. Both are large enough to afford a commodious lodgement to their Majeſties and their attendants. Each is formed by a long range of rooms, cloſets, and halls, and each communicates with the other by means of a paſſage over a part of the church. I don't know how they are furniſhed, becauſe the furniture is always laid up whenever their Majeſties leave the place. The two principal ſtair-caſes which lead up to the apartments, are well lighted, ſufficiently wide, and perfectly eaſy.

Each corner of that chief front ſupports a dome ſomewhat in the form of a pavillion. Thoſe domes viewed at a proper diſtance have a fine effect, and contraſt ſurpriſingly well with the cupola, and the four belfrys in the church.

The whole of that chief front is really as noble as art could poſſibly make it. The gate in the middle of it has on each ſide an inſulated column of a kind of granite found ſomewhere in this country which is little inferior to the Egyptian. Each column was cut out of a ſingle, block, and each is about three fathoms in circumference.

On each ſide of that gate there is a portico ſupported by other fine columns, and ornamented with ſeveral gigantic ſtatues made at Rome by excellent maſters. However the porticos ſeemed to me rather too ſmall for thoſe ſtatues, or the ſtatues too big for the porticos.

But what ſtruck me moſt on that ſide of the edifice, is the aſcent to the church. That aſcent takes up the beſt part of the ſpace between the edifice and the village, and the wide ſemicircular ſteps of it make it appear ſo very grand, that I queſtion whether we have in Italy any thing of the kind that can be compared to it.

The roof of the apartments and the church, excluſive of the pavillion, the cupola, and the belfrys, is laid out in a kind of terrace that commands an extenſive proſpect. The belfrys contain a hundred and ſixty bells of various ſizes, and upon them many curious chimes are rung by means of ſome engines which are contained in two towers beneath. But it is impoſſible to give an idea of thoſe engines without a number of drawings. It is enough to tell you, that they have coſt near a million of cruſadoes. They are in fact the greateſt object of curioſity in the whole place, and the art of clock-making was, I think, quite exhauſted in thoſe two towers. So many wheels! So many ſprings, pivots, rods, ſome of braſs and ſome of ſteel! Who would attempt a deſcription? A vaſt deal of thinking has been laviſh'd there: yet both the money and the ingenuity has all been ſquander'd to produce nothing elſe but ſome bell-muſic, which muſt prove diſguſtful if it laſts more than three minutes.

There are, amongſt many fine parts, two court-yards there, that are ſurrounded by the fineſt porticos I ever ſaw;

ſaw; finer than the *Procuratie Nove* at Venice. The porticos ſupport ſeveral apartments for the officers of ſtate when the court is there. Thoſe apartments as well as thoſe of their Majeſties, communicate with that part of the building that has been allowed to the friars.

That part conſiſts of three dormitories, a refectory, an infirmary, a kitchen, a library, and ſome other places.

One of the three dormitories I take to be about three hundred common ſteps in length, and wide enough for ten men to walk a-breaſt. They ſay that the cells on each ſide of the three dormitories are above ſix hundred: nor are they narrow and low as in all other Franciſcan convents, but ſpacious and high vaulted; ſo that each might as well be termed a room fit for any Roman prelate to live in. However the maſs-friars there, are not ſo numerous as the cells. They are but three hundred, and the lay-friars a hundred and fifty.

The furniture of each cell (thoſe of the maſs-friars I mean) conſiſts of a narrow uncover'd bed, (not very ſoft) a table, a few chairs, a ſhelf for books, and very little elſe. The lay-friars have no ſhelves, as the beſt part of them cannot read.

As to the refectory, it is a glorious thing. The table that runs through it, admits of more than a hundred and fifty people on each ſide. By this you may judge of

its length: yet there is room enough left at one end of it for another table, at which the King will ſometimes dine with ſome of his grandees.

As I entered the refectory a little before the friars went to dinner, the cloth was laid; and I could not help taking notice, that for every two they have a mug which contains about two bottles of wine. Thoſe mugs are all alike, of white earthen-ware, with the arms of the king on each. Beſides the mugs, there are trenchers of *Braſil*-wood, one for every two friars, with ſix figs upon it, two bunches of grapes, and two lemons. The reſt of their dinner (I have not ſeen it) conſiſts of three good diſhes, fat or meagre as the day happens to be. Each friar has a wheaten loaf that weighs about a pound. Should they want more they aſk for more.

When the three hundred *Padres* are at dinner, the hundred and fifty lay-friars wait behind with the greateſt reſpect. It is the King that furniſhes them with that food which makes them all look ſo florid and jolly. Such faces I never ſaw in my life, not even in the pictures of *Paul Veroneſe*, who delighted in painting friars handſome.

They ſay that the maintenance of this great family coſts the King no leſs than two hundred thouſand cruſadoes a year: nor do I think it an exaggeration, conſidering that at the rate of thirty-two good teeth for each mouth, there are above fourteen thouſand teeth a-going

twice

twice a day the whole year round. Then there is the additional expence of their morning chocolate, their cloaths, their firing, their great conſumption of wax in the church and in the cells; the candles and lamps in their dormitories and kitchen, beſides many other articles tedious to enumerate. What coſts but little, is their infirmary; but it muſt be obſerv'd that when any of them begins to grow old or turns ſickly, he is ſent to ſome other convent, and one young and healthy ſubſtituted in his room. Their infirmary I have not ſeen, nor their kitchen.

Their library takes up a very large hall, beſides a pretty large room. The hall contains little leſs than ſeventy thouſand volumes, and the room about ten thouſand, as I was told. Amongſt theſe laſt there are as many Portugueſe books as could poſſibly be collected. I looked over the labels of a long quarto-ſhelf on the right hand as you go in, and ſaw that they were all genealogical. If the authors of thoſe quartos have adhered to truth, no nation under the ſun is ſo well appriſed of their anceſtors as this. There is ſcarce a family of any note throughout the kingdom but what can boaſt of an hiſtorian, and many have had more than one. Hence (foreigners ſay) that noble elevation of mind which makes the Portugueſe look with the greateſt diſdain upon all other nations and deſpiſe every thing that is not Portugueſe: and hence perhaps (I ſay myſelf) the ſource of that immenſe rage which invaded the whole ſoul of the Duke *D'Aveiro*, and induced

duced him to commit one of thoſe actions, which never failed to bring ruin upon their perpetrators, as the hiſtories of all times and nations will tell us. That Duke could not bear with patience to have a few pages of his genealogical book blotted by any body.

Beſides that vaſt number of genealogies in quarto and other ſizes, there are in that leſſer library many hiſtories of the Portugueſe conqueſts in various parts of the ultramarine world. Then follow the theological and devotional books, which are far from being few. This to me is a proof that the Portugueſe are pious and ſkilful in divinity. But what abounds there without meaſure, are the lives of Saints, male and female, foreign and domeſtic. They ſay that St. Anthony alone has above a hundred volumes on thoſe ſhelves, each telling his atchievements in a different manner. No Alexander, no Auguſtus, no King of Pruſſia ever was honoured with ſo much biography as good St. Anthony.

According to the Father Librarian, that leſſer library is much more valuable than the greater. And in one reſpect he is certainly right. The books in the greater may be procured for love or money: but not thoſe in the leſſer, becauſe Portugueſe books are become very ſcarce ever ſince the earthquake. The fire that follow'd it, has deſtroyed many public and private libraries in this metropolis,

ſis, and a Portugueſe book of any note is now become as dear as a ruby.

However the loſs of Portugueſe learning will ſcarcely be felt out of Portugal, as it never was in faſhion any where, and will ſcarcely ever be. Few are the writers of this country who ever had a name abroad. *Oſſorio* the Latin hiſtorian is certainly a name much conſidered in the literary world, and that of *Camoens*, the Portugueſe Epic, has travelled beyond *Allentejo* and *Eſtremadura*. Yet the works of theſe two are more commended than read. Our Italian friars extol one of their ſacred orators called *Vieira*, and put him upon a par with our *Segneri*: But I have not the greateſt opinion of our friars' taſte in point of oratory. I have opened one of *Vieira*'s volumes in that library, and chance directed my eyes upon the proem of a ſermon, in which the perfections of the circular figure are pompouſly enumerated; after which the *Luſitanian Cicero* (as his countrymen call him) proceeds to tell his audience, that *if the Supreme Being was to ſhow himſelf under any geometrical figure, that would certainly be the circular in preference to the triangular, the ſquare, the pentagonal, the duodecagonal, or any other known to the geometricians.* What could I do after having read ſuch a proem, but haſtily replace the book on the ſhelf? However *Vieira*'s works muſt have power, as they are much eſteemed by a great number of people, and I wiſh I had time to ſpare, to ſee in what that power conſiſts.

Before I went to *Mafra* I had heard of a Portugueſe verſion of *Metaſtaſio*'s Operas, and aſked of the father Librarian to ſhow is me. But he had it not, nor had as yet heard of it. And what do you think that verſion is? I am aſſured that the tranſlator has given the Metaſtaſian heroes many livery-ſervants, who take poſſeſſion of the ſcene as faſt as their reſpective maſters go off, and have dialogues of their own with the chambermaids and nurſes of the heroines. You laugh! But what fault can you find in *Achilles* having a running footman, *Semiramis* a dry-nurſe, or *Deidamia* a little prating huſſey of a cook-maid who bids the negro-boy to carry the chocolate up to his miſtreſs? If this is the dramatic taſte in Portugal, a verſion of *Goldoni*'s works would make the Portugueſe full as happy, as the text does the Venetian gondoliers.

The Portugueſe have a dictionary of their own language which is much commended both by themſelves and by foreigners. But it was not the work of a native. Father *Bluteau*, a French Jeſuit, compiled it. It is printed in eight or nine large quarto volumes. I wanted to buy it, but ſo many volumes are too cumberſome for a traveller; beſides that the earthquake has put the price of it almoſt out of the reach of my purſe.

I ſkimm'd over ſeveral other Portugueſe books in the ſpace of four hours that I paſſed in that library. In a medical one I read of a remedy for ſore eyes, which ſeems

no

no leſs excellent than ſingular. *The perſon thus afflicted*, ſays the Portugueſe phyſician, *muſt neither read nor look on any white wall.* The good-natured Librarian was in raptures to ſee me ſo inquiſitive about the learning of his country: but if I am allowed to draw inferences from the little I pick'd up there, the moſt fam'd Portugueſe writers are at beſt but equal to our *Achillini's* and *Ciampoli's* in verſe, and to our *Giuglari's* and *Teſauro's* in proſe, whoſe diſtorted way of thinking and turgidneſs of expreſſion have procured the appellation of *Secolo cattivo* to the laſt century, whenever we conſider it in a literary light. Our tumid *Calloandro's*, *Eromena's*, *Dianea's*, *Coralbo's*, and other books of that kind, ſeem tranſlations from the Portugueſe. However, I wiſh again I had leiſure to look for a few months into the learning of this country.

The large library at *Mafra*, I had no time to examine. Yet I have ſeen enough of it to know that it is a very good one. Beſides the beſt books in the learned languages I am told that it contains ſome valuable manuſcripts, particularly in Hebrew and in Arabic; and as I have ſeen ſeveral of the friars ſtudying there, it is moſt probable that ſome of them are learned. But a traveller had need to ſtay a conſiderable time in ſuch places, in order to come away with juſt ideas of the people, and this unluckily was not in my power at *Mafra*.

Let me now take my leave of the Father Librarian and enter the garden of the convent. It is pretty ample, con-

ſidering that it has been in a manner cut out of the ſolid rock, and much of the earth in it tranſported from diſtant places. It has a large reſervoir in the middle, beſides ſeveral fountains. From ſome doors in the walls of it, you may enter the royal park, encloſed likewiſe by a wall, which, they ſay, is fourteen or fifteen miles round. The little I ſaw of that park from the windows of the cells, far from being embelliſhed by that verdure which ſmiles the whole year round in the parks of England, has very much the appearance of a parch'd and rocky deſart thinly ſcattered with trees.

But it is the building that deſerves all one's attention. Few edifices in Europe (perhaps not ten) ſtand ſo majeſtick upon the face of the globe. The original architect was a German who had been bred at Rome; and a very dilated genius he muſt have had to imagine ſo vaſt a fabrick and adjuſt all the parts of it in ſo noble and convenient a manner as he has done. The firſt ſtone of it was laid in 1717, if I am rightly informed; and yet ſome of its internal parts are not quite finiſhed, though more than ſix thouſand workmen were conſtantly employed upon it during the firſt twenty years, beſides numberleſs artiſts in Rome and other parts. It is but lately that the number of thoſe workmen has been conſiderably diminiſhed. At preſent there are but two hundred.

The occaſion of the building of it, was a vow made by the archdutcheſs who married King John V.

On

On her approaching the coaſt of Portugal the firſt land ſhe ſpy'd was the hills of *Mafra*, and the firſt favour ſhe aſked of her royal ſpouſe was, that he would erect a temple there to the Virgin Mary and St. Anthony, to whoſe joint protection ſhe owned herſelf indebted for her ſafe landing in Portugal. His Majeſty, the moſt friar-ridden King that ever exiſted, eaſily granted her requeſt. He went even ſo far beyond it, as to add the palace, the convent, the garden, and the park, that he might duely honour the whole ſpot that was bleſs'd by the firſt glance of his auguſt Bride. An odd piece of gallantry! As there are immenſe quarries of beautiful marbles and hard ſtones all over the neighbourhood of *Mafra*, the good Queen had the ſatisfaction before ſhe died to ſee the edifice far advanced and decorated with more than fifty gigantick ſtatues.

LETTER XXX.

No learning in a ſecond life. Ignorance of knowing men. Organs and clock-work. Mooriſh ornaments.

Liſbon, Sept. 13, 1760. in the evening.

AFTER having leiſurely viſited the royal convent, I was taken back to the church by the King's organ-maker, who wanted to ſhow me the internal parts of one of the ſix organs.

Thoſe parts I have examined with the greateſt attention, and the uſe of each I have heard moſt minutely explained. But my ignorance of the organ-making-art is ſuch, that I dare not venture upon the leaſt ſketch of a deſcription. How negligent have I been not to have beſtow'd a ſingle thuoght in the ſpace of forty years upon tubes, and bellows, that I might eaſily conceive how a vaſt variety of enchanting ſounds is drawn from them! But too many are the things that a man ought to have ſtudied to be properly qualified for a writer of travels.

Moſt people, when they conſider the opportunities they have neglected of enlarging knowledge which it was a thouſand times in their power to enlarge, have got a conceit that, were they to begin life a-new, they would apply with the keeneſt eagerneſs and moſt ſtubborn reſolution to all ſciences, and fill up their minds with whatever was known in this world ever ſince the days of *Pythagoras* and *Ariſtotle*.

But ſuch ſpeculatiſts have no right notions of things, in my opinion. Let our lives be ever ſo protracted, and our application ever ſo unremitted, I think it is providential that we are not early ſenſible of the much that there is for us to learn, and of the little that we can learn. Was this not the caſe, we would be ſcared away from the approaches of knowledge, and, inſtead of acquiring the little which we do, it is my firm opinion that we would never have courage to ſet about acquiring any.

Indeed

Indeed it is lucky that we begin our voyage through the ocean of learning quite unconſcious of its immenſity, otherwiſe our poor hearts would fail us at once, and we would do like the lazy wench, who having the houſe to clean, the beds to make, the diſhes to waſh, and the dinner to dreſs, grew ſo deſperate, that ſhe ran up to the garret, threw herſelf on her bed, and fell aſleep.

Such is the train of ideas that my ignorance about organ-making has produced. What a contempt muſt that artiſt have conceived of me, on his finding me ſo little inſtructed in ſo noble a ſcience! Yet I have this comfort, that his contempt would have reached many a greater man, as many there are, who, like myſelf, are quite ignorant of things much below that of organ-making. How various are the ſcholars in the various univerſities of Europe who eat bread twice or thrice a-day, and yet are utter ſtrangers to the art of baking? How many thoſe, who are perpetually dipping their quills in a ſtandiſh, and yet know not how common ink is made? How many who are ſhaved every morning, and never thought to enquire about the ingredients that compoſe ſoap?

I recollect a ſtory to this purpoſe which ſeems to me worth relating. Three Engliſh wits, *Walſh*, *Wycherley*, and *Pope*, walking together along the ſide of a field, were

were once engaged in a diſpute about a blade of graſs which one of them chanced to pick up. This is a moſt beautiful blade of *wheat* ſaid one of them; I never ſaw a finer! It is no wheat at all, ſaid the other; I take it to be *rye*. Fy upon you both, interrupted the third, it is neither rye nor wheat, but it is *oats* as ſure as I am alive. *Miller* the Botaniſt happen'd to go by as they began to look croſs upon each other. They aſk'd him; and ſo it happen'd that none of the three was right.

The greateſt part of what we call men of learning, are ignorant of the moſt common things, and philoſophers might learn from the very loweſt of the people more than ſome of them imagine; I muſt therefore not fret becauſe an organ-maker has taken me for a blockhead. He was right ſo far as he went.

The name of this man is *Eugene Nicholas Egan*, a native of Ireland. He is ſcarce four foot high; but what body he has is all alive. He has obtained his place at *Mafra* neither by chance nor protection, but by dint of ſkill. The King had cauſed eight famous organ-makers to come to Portugal from Italy, Germany, and other parts; and he whoſe organ ſhould prove beſt, was to have that place. You may well imagine that each ſtrove to conquer his rivals. But the immortal Caſtrato *Caffarello*, together with the celebrated compoſer *David Perez*, having been deputed to judge of their ſeveral performances, unanimouſly decided

cided in favour of little *Egan*'s, and of courſe he had the place. His ſalary proved afterwards not ſo amply as he expected: but what is a ſalary to a genius? He has defeated his enemies; he has ſeen them quit Portugal with ſhame.

After having ſhewn me his organ, play'd a good while upon it; and repeatedly touched a treble which is an invention of his own, he took me to ſee the beſt friend he has in *Mafra*, the man who rings the bells of the royal convent.

You are not to laugh when I tell you that I had the honour to pay a viſit to His Majeſty's bell-ringer, who is as great a man as ever pulled the ropes of a bell, and as eminent in his way as *Plato* was in his own. Beſides that he can make thoſe bells ſound in regular ſubordination, he can alſo ring ſo many curious chimes upon them, that he delights the whole court. But what conſtitutes him a great man and a genius, are two inſtruments he has invented, one form'd of many bits of wood, the other of many bits of brick. Thoſe bits he lays down in a particular order upon a table: then takes up two ſmall wooden hammers, and plays upon them. What ſweetneſs is contained in wood and bricks! Upon both he plays the very beſt overtures of *Handel* and the moſt difficult leſſons of *Scarlati*. Maſter *Egan*, who has himſelf added a new treble to the Organ,

and of courſe is a proper judge of theſe matters, honours and loves this man, though but a Bell-ringer, and is not jealous of his abilities becauſe they do not interfere with his own.

The ſun was going down apace when I took my leave of thoſe two wonderful men. I ſhook hands with the bell-ringer and could not help embracing the pretty dwarf.

The road between *Mafra* and *Cintra* is ſtill ſuch as it was after the flood when the waters ſubſided, and I alighted twenty times from my chaiſe for fear of being overturned. I ſaw on both ſides the road in many places many ſtone-blocks and marble columns, as the quarries are there that have furniſhed the materials for the Royal Convent. It was dark when I reached *Cintra*, and my Negro took me to the *Engliſh Inn*; ſo called becauſe it is chiefly kept up by a ſociety of Engliſh merchants, who go thither from *Liſbon*, either upon pleaſure or to buy up oranges and lemons. When thoſe merchants are there, they get the beſt rooms, and with a very good reaſon, as they have fitted it themſelves for their own reception.

It happen'd that the whole houſe was full on my arrival, and as it was too late to procure any lodging, I was obliged to ſleep upon the mentioned piece of canvas in a neighbouring houſe. But on my return from the

the *Cork-convent* the merchants were gone, and I had an excellent bed.

It is now time to tell you, that, before the earthquake, *Cintra* was very well worth a viſit. A royal palace was there which is now almoſt deſtroy'd. They ſay that it was many centuries ago one of the country-ſeats of the *Mooriſh* Kings that wreſted *Portugal* and *Spain* from the hands of the *Vandals*, who had themſelves wreſted both countries from thoſe of the *Romans*. *Mooriſh* or not *Mooriſh*, I ſee by its ruins, as well as by what remains ſtanding, that it was once a great palace. There are ſtill three of its halls to be ſeen. The cieling of each is divided into little ſpaces that have animals painted in them. But each cieling had but one animal allotted towards its ornament; and thus one contains nothing elſe but ſo many *ſwans*, the other nothing elſe but *ſtags*, and the third nothing elſe by *magpyes*. An odd taſte of decoration, eſpecially as the ſwans, the ſtags, and magpyes are uniform, and the poſture of each the ſame as that of then ext. Each ſwan has a golden chain round his neck; each ſtag ſupports a coat of arms on his back; and each magpye has the words *per ben* written by her ſide; which words, preceded by that of *Piga*, form an alluſive *Mooriſh* quibble I have already forgot.

The walls of the three halls are incruſtated with ſquare pieces of marble of two different colours diſpoſed chequer-wiſe, and ſo are the floors. On the ground-floor

there is a ſmall room where before the earthquake water was made to ſpout from many little pipes concealed in the walls on the touching of a ſpring; and this is almoſt all that is left of that *Mooriſh* palace. They are rebuilding it, and the King will have it reſtored to its ancient form. A laudable thought, as poſterity will ſtill ſee what was the *Mooriſh* taſte in architecture.

From the windows of the hall where the ſtags are painted, there is a fine proſpect; but I am ſick of proſpects, and will give you no further deſcription of any. If you love proſpects, get upon ſteeples.

The royal convent at *Mafra* has not ſuffered much by the earthquake. The friars made me obſerve, that the little round members over the plinths of the two great columns on each ſide the gate of the church, were crack'd and partly broken off. But that was almoſt all the damage the building has undergone, though the trepidation of the ground was ſo great, that ſome of the friars were thrown upon their faces as they were kneeling in the choir, and many people in the church ſtumbled againſt each other. Had the building inclined but an inch or two more, it would probably have gone down all at once and cruſh'd them all in an inſtant.

I take now my leave of *Cintra*, of the beautiful ſpot it ſtands upon, of the remaining halls of the *Mooriſh* palace, and of the high hills in that neighbourhood, where

many

many Engliſh and many Portugueſe have pretty country-houſes. I am told that not far from thence there is a ſpot of ground about a league in length and a mile broad, all planted with oranges and lemons, whoſe flowers in due ſeaſon perfume a vaſt tract of country. They call it the valley of *Collares*, and compare it to the garden of *Eden*. In all probability, had I gone to ſee it, I ſhould have compared it to the territory of *San Remo* on the Ligurian coaſt.

As I came from *Cintra* towards Liſbon I ſaw ſome other parts of that Aqueduct that goes over the valley of *Alcantára*. I ſaw likewiſe ſome agreeable *Quintas*; that is, *Country-houſes* belonging to the Portugueſe nobility and gentry. Yet, in general the country which I have ſeen during this ſhort ramble, is rocky and barren.

LETTER XXXI.

People forbidden to talk. Robbers and not Murtherers. Concuſſion from eaſt to weſt. Barraca's. Blacks and their progenies. Jews and their perverſeneſs. Creaking of wheels.

Liſbon, Sept. 15, 1760.

MY enquiries here have not merely been limited to cuſtoms and manners, to palaces and convents. I have done my utmoſt to collect genuine information about

the ſeveral tranſactions which have lately turned the eyes of all Europe to this country, and you would admire my induſtry if I were to appriſe you of all my endeavours to find the true motive of the Duke *D'Aveiro*'s crime, the expulſion of the Jeſuits, the baniſhment of the King's natural brothers, the unprecedented harſh treatment to Cardinal *Acciajoli*, and the exaltation of Don Baſtian Joſeph *de Carvalho* to the very ſummit of power.

Theſe ſubjects are certainly worth inquiry, eſpecially as care has been taken to throw a veil over them, which will obſtruct future hiſtorians. But my diligence of ſearch has not been much rewarded. This government has forbidden every body to make theſe, and other current matters, the topics of their converſation: the prohibition ſubjects the tranſgreſſors to ſuch ſevere penalties, and ſo many have already been thrown into jail upon this account, that the poor ſouls are quite frighted at the mere mention of ſome names: nor is it eaſy to bring any native to diſcloſe his opinion about any thing that looks political, though forwardneſs to decide and love of talking are two of the chief ingredients in the character of the Portugueſe. As for the few particularities which I have been able to glean from foreigners, they are ſo full of uncertainty, contradiction, and evident partiality, that inſtead of making them any part of my letters, it will be better to ſave them for oral entertainment.

But I cannot quit this country without ſaying a few words more of the Jeſuits. From a brother who writes from *Portugal*, you have a kind of right to expect his opinion of them, as well as of the proceedings of this government againſt them.

As you are well acquainted with my way of thinking on ſeveral particulars, you will poſſibly imagine that I approve of thoſe proceedings, and that I conſider theſe pretended *Companions of Jeſus* as a gang of traitors always ready to ſtab Sovereigns and overthrow kingdoms, as they are conſidered by numberleſs people throughout Europe. But, whatever be the opinion of others, I never could do them ſo much honour as to think them poſſeſſed of that ſteadineſs of ſoul which is required to venture upon ſuch great and bold acts of wickedneſs. I have often watched them as an Order, and have likewiſe been intimately acquainted with a good number of their individuals; but have always found them (as well as all other Friars) ſo poorly puſillanimous, as to be thoroughly perſuaded that a man of common courage might drive a dozen of them to the end of the world with a cudgel. Their conſtant way of life, as it keeps them at a great diſtance from all ſorts of danger, enervates their minds, and, inſtead of enterpriſe and intrepidity, infuſes into them a female ſpirit of meekneſs and obſequiouſneſs, with a plentiful mixture of diſſimulation and hypocriſy. Not one of the many I have known, but partook more or leſs of this character.

With

With ſuch a notion of them, produced by many years of obſervation and reflection, I have read a good many of thoſe books lately written againſt them with a view to make them all be conſidered as Conſpirators, Traitors, and Regicides by principle and ſyſtem. But too much of malicious diſingenuity is contained in thoſe books. Far from having been convinced by the reaſons offered in them, I do not even believe that they have had a hand in the attempt of *D'Aveiro*, for which I can very well account in a ſimple manner, and without having recourſe to marvellous complicated plots. The very proceedings of this Government againſt them have rivetted my incredulity as to their having partaken in that attempt; nor is it poſſible to conceive, that a large body of ſuch men as I know them to be, cunning, cautious, and fearful, would enter into a conſpiracy headed by a haughty, imprudent, and deſperate man ſuch as *D'Aveiro*, and compoſed of men and women of different ages and conditions; which conſpiracy, had it even proved ſucceſsful, would ſtill, and at the very beſt, have left them juſt where they were and as they were.

But let us grant for argument's ſake that ſome few (or many, if you will) have entered into that conſpiracy. Where was the difficulty to hang thoſe few (or many) after a trial not ſecret, not myſterious, but fair and open to the whole nation? Not one Jeſuit has as yet been put to death upon this account, but all have been exported out of

of the country and baniſhed it for ever, without the leaſt diſcrimination between the innocent and the guilty, which levelling execution I cannot at all reconcile with my ideas of equity and juſtice. It is true that old *Malagrida* and two or three more (none of them Portugueſe, but all Italians, which is remarkable) have been detained and thrown into jail. They have now been above two years *(a)* in the inquiſition. But what has the inquiſition to do with regicides, if this government is perſuaded that regicides they are? Why have they not been hanged with the Duke *D'Aveiro* and the other conſpirators? The power that could eaſily baniſh thouſands, could as eaſily hang a dozen or two, or as many as you will. Why was this not done? Who could hinder it? The pope? The people? Some foreign power? No. The whole world would have approved of the puniſhment inflicted upon convicted regicides. And why is recourſe had to the pens of mercenary writers, and ſo much pains taken to blacken the whole order, when its guilty individuals were completely within the reach of avenging juſtice? Why are ſuch efforts made *abroad* to make the world believe that they are a ſet of villains, when *at home* no body is allowed to ſpeak either good or ill of them? That each jeſuit is a downright villain, always ready at the nod of his general,

(a) Long after the date of this letter poor Malagrida has been burnt as an Heretick, charged amongſt other things of having written while in the priſons of the Inquiſition, that the Virgin Mary ſpoke Latin when ſtill in St. Ann's womb. I know not what is become of his brother regicides.

his

his provincial, his rector, or his prefect, to turn traitor, to turn conſpirator, to turn King-killer, is an aſſertion that may be credited by enthuſiaſts, and by thoſe who hate without knowing why, whoſe number is larger than vulgar obſervers are aware of; but never will be credited by men of ſober thinking, by men acquainted with the varieties of our tempers and inclinations, by men who have remarked how perfectly impoſſible it is to bring a vaſt number of individuals to think and act as one man.

My opinion of the Jeſuits' ſociety is therefore this, that they are obnoxious to the great ſociety of mankind, not becauſe they are traitors and regicides by principle and ſyſtem, but becauſe they are indefatigable accumulators of riches which they do not want. Their maintenance requires but little, as they live in community, feed poorly, dreſs poorly, and lodge poorly. What need have they to plunder their neighbours with their trade and banking, and hoard up treaſures and treaſures, when they lead a mean life and cannot by inſtitution lead a better? Why are they for ever hunting after inheritances, always (or almoſt always) to the prejudice of lawful heirs? What will they do with thoſe treaſures? Or if they have any good reaſon (which is inconceivable) for acting in this manner, why do they not tell it aloud?

Indeed if they are to be annihilated, this avarice of theirs is more than a ſufficient motive. But inſtead of going

going this way to work, and call them *Robbers*, which may be done with juſtice, as the deſire of robbing is the true and notorious ſpirit of their order, great trouble is taken by means of the preſs at *Lucca*, *Venice*, *Lugano*, and other places, to cry them down as *Murtherers*, which in the nature of things cannot be the ſpirit of a large body.

Beſides the ſpirit of robbing, there is that of domineering, which might have been an article of accuſation againſt them. This is another of their true and notorious characteriſticks, that has long made them odious to all men of ſenſe and probity. What need have they of influence and authority in the ſtates where they are eſtabliſhed, and even in the ſtates where they have no eſtabliſhment at all; that is, in thoſe countries, which we, perhaps with two much acrimony, call heretical? How are influence and authority in any ſtate to be reconciled with that profeſſion which obliges them to eat, dreſs, and lodge poorly, as I ſaid, and to tread in the footſteps of HIM whoſe *companions* they call themſelves? Why do they ever ſhun the houſes of the poor, where religious men ought always to be aſſiſting and comforting? And what buſineſs have they in the palaces of the great, where they are perpetually intruding? What are they doing in the courts of princes, where they are inceſſantly endeavouring to get a greater and greater footing? Many and many times has my indignation been raiſed to ſee them

there, ſmiling, bowing, whiſpering, fawning, caballing, and intriguing ten thouſand times more than the meaneſt courtiers.

But of theſe and other matters *Ragionerem piú adagio inſieme poi*, as the Evangeliſt ſaid to *Aſtolfo*. Mean while, as the hour of departure is approaching, I have employed yeſterday and to-day in viſiting over again and a-foot the ruins of this metropolis, and thoſe many cluſters of habitations, which have been built for the reception of thoſe unfortunate creatures whom the earthquake has bereft of their homes.

Of thoſe ruins I have already tried to give you ſome idea: but I muſt again recommend to you not to forget when you read that deſcription, that words cannot come up to ſo vaſt a ſcene of horrible deſolation.

By comparing the topography of theſe ruins (both in the town and country) with a map of Portugal, it appears that the main force of that memorable concuſſion was collected in a narrow line from Eaſt to Weſt; and that the chief miſchief cauſed by it, fell upon thoſe buildings that happened to lie along that line: ſo that it was not the ſolidity of its walls that ſaved the great edifice at *Mafra* from deſtruction, but its being at ſome diſtance from the courſe of the motion. Had this not been the caſe, that edifice could never have eſcaped the violence

which

which ſhattered the ſtony ſides of the high hill near *Cintra*, and made ſome of its cliffs roll down into the ſubjacent plain.

When the fury of the earthquake ſubſided, and the univerſal diſtraction was in ſome meaſure appeaſed, the inhabitants of *Liſbon* haſtened to raiſe all about the neighbouring hills ſuch temporary walls and roofs, as could immediately ſcreen them from the ſevere weather that ſucceeded the immenſe calamity, and have progreſſively built ſeveral ſmall villages compoſed of ſmall houſes and cottages, ſome of wood and ſome of brick, which are very pretty to look at, as they are regularly diſpoſed, and as it is the general cuſtom here to whitewaſh the outſide of all their dwellings.

Thoſe ſmall houſes and cottages they call *Barraca's*: a very proper appellation, as this word, which has got admiſſion in almoſt all the languages of Europe, means in them all *A very ſmall habitation for man.*

In croſſing thoſe parts of the town which have not been demoliſhed, it was impoſſible not to take notice of the naſtineſs of the ſtreets. The abominable ſtink and the vaſt heaps that cauſe it, render many of thoſe ſtreets impaſſible. I am told that there are rigid laws againſt the infamous practice of throwing any filth down the win-

dows: but what are laws when there is no power to enforce their execution?

One of the things that moſt ſurpriſe a ſtranger as he rambles about this town, is that great number of Negroes who ſwarm in every corner.

Many of theſe unhappy wretches are natives of Africa, and many born of African parents either in Portugal or in its ultramarine dominions. No ſhip comes from thoſe regions without bringing ſome of either ſex; and, when they are here, they are allowed to marry not only among themſelves, but alſo with thoſe of a different colour. Theſe croſs-marriages have filled the country with different breeds of human monſters. A black and a white produce a *mulatto*. Then a mulatto joins with a black or a white, and two other creatures are engender'd, both called *meſtices*. Then the *meſtices white* join with the *meſtices black*, or with true blacks, true white, or mulattos; and all branch out into ſo many and various kinds, that it becomes very difficult, if not impoſſible to diſtinguiſh them by peculiar names, though they are all diſcriminated by their peculiar hues.

To ſuch a degree the original breed is here depraved, that to be *a Blanco*; that is, *a perfect white*, is become a title of honour: ſo that when a Portugueſe ſays that he is *a Blanco*, you are not to underſtand that he is *a white man*,

man, which is the real ſignification of the word; but that he is an honeſt man, a man of honour, a man of family, a man of conſequence and importance.

To all theſe mongrel mixtures you may add the Jewiſh. Portugal abounds with Jews who perſonate Chriſtians, and often intermarry both with the white and the other generations. You will eaſily comprehend that this cannot much contribute towards the farther improvement of thoſe genealogies which make ſo good a figure on the ſhelves of the library at *Mafra*.

Theſe ſtrange combinations have filled this town with ſuch a variety of odd faces, as to make the traveller doubt whether *Liſbon* is in Europe; and it may be foreſeen, that in a few centuries not a drop of pure Portugueſe blood will be left here, but all will be corrupted between Jews and Negroes, notwithſtanding their moſt holy tribunal of the ſacred inquiſition.

To obviate one of the two evils (which might both be removed by a ſecular tribunal) the inquiſition is always upon the watch to diſcover the Jews; and when any is found out, you know how he is treated. Tell an inquiſitor that you are a Jew becauſe it has pleaſed God to make you a Jew, and that you do not think yourſelf entitled to undo what God has done, the good Father will throw you into the fire as ſure as if you were a chip.

But

But as one evil breeds another, the inceſſant diligence of the inquiſition to detect the Jews, makes them redouble their arts of concealment, and (what completes the bleſſing) multiplies ſuperſtition and encreaſes hypocriſy. Hence it happens that numbers of both ſexes, and of all ages and conditions, go about with long roſaries between their thumb and fingers, muttering *paters* and *aves*, that they may be deemed Chriſtians if they are Jews, or not be miſtaken for Jews if they are Chriſtians.

How the Jews can bear to live amidſt inceſſant danger, is utterly inconceivable. There is a ſtubborn perverſeneſs in their defying the law of Portugal that almoſt juſtifies the inquiſitorial rage. Would you not fly into a paſſion and roll down-ſtairs the impudent fellow who was reſolved to ſtay in your own houſe in ſpight of your teeth?

In my long walk of yeſterday and to-day, I have enter'd a good number of artiſts' ſhops, and found to my no ſmall ſurpriſe that they belong moſtly to ſtrangers. One would be apt to ſuſpect that the induſtry of this nation is not great; and the ſuſpicion will increaſe, when you are told that linen, woollen-cloth, ſilk-ſtuffs, and almoſt all other productions of the loom, are by the Portugueſe imported from abroad, though they have at home many of the materials. This is alſo the caſe with regard to all ſorts of ſteel, copper, and braſs-work, ex-

cept what is uſed in mean houſes; that is, what does not require much perfection of workmanſhip. Would you believe that even their ſhoes they procure from England and from France? I am told that the few who will have ſhoes made on purpoſe for their own feet, muſt apply to the few foreign ſhoemakers ſcattered about this town, and ſubmit to pay exorbitant prices. Even taylors are foreigners for the greateſt part; at leaſt thoſe who are moſt in vogue; and as to French barbers and hair-dreſſers, they ſwarm here as well as in England. Statuaries, architects, and engravers they never had of any note. As to painters they can boaſt but of one, *Alonzo Sanchez Coello*, a diſciple of our great *Raphael*, and a favourite of Philip II. who uſed to call him *Titian the ſecond*. He was employed by that King in the *Eſcurial*, which he contributed to adorn. His name is more known to the Italians than to the Portugueſe.

I will not omit to ſay that I wanted a plan of this town to help myſelf in my excurſions; but was aſſured that ſuch a thing had never been thought on, though conſidering its extent and the great reſort of ſtrangers, one would think that many by the probability of profit might be tempted to make it.

To range about ſuch a wide ſcene of curioſity as this metropolis and its neighbourhood, gives certainly much ſatisfaction to an inquiſitive pair of eyes. But if my eyes are pleaſed, my ears pay for it by a torment peculiar to

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the country, which I have ſuffered every day ſince my arrival, holidays excepted.

This torment is cauſed by the creaking of the cart-wheels. I queſtion whether the ſtink of the dirtieſt ſtreets is not more ſupportable to the noſtrils than that ſhrillneſs to the ears. The cart-wheels here are made out of two boards nailed together, and clumſily cut in a circular form. Yet the painful noiſe they make might be obviated, would carmen but greaſe their axles: but they ſay that the devil would then do miſchief to their oxen, and that noiſe frightens him away. Did you ever hear a better reaſon for ſparing greaſe? *Saavedra*, in his *Don Quixote*, takes notice of his countrymen's opinion about the noiſe of cart-wheels, "*de cuyo chirrio aſpero y continuado ſe dize che huyen los lobos y los oſſos*," *by whoſe grating and inceſſant ſhrillneſs they ſay that wolves and bears are put to flight.* If this Spaniſh notion is not warranted by experience, probability will render it excuſable: but the Portugueſe have ſtill higher expectations from the noiſe of a cart-wheel.

Theſe and many other obſervations have as yet given me no great idea of the common ſenſe of this nation; and as I have brought no recommendatory letters to introduce me to the higher claſs, where I might find ſomething to make me amends for the little pleaſure I have in obſerving the lower, I have reſolved to ſtay no longer here;

here; and I hope that not more than one of my letters will be dated from this metropolis.

I will conclude this with an exclamation made by an Italian friend of mine on his landing here after an abſence like mine from his native country. *Quanti preti! Quanti fratri! Quanti Muli!*

LETTER XXXII.

An important dialogue. Parade of Knowledge. Jeſuits way of teaching.

Liſbon, Sept. 16, 1760.

I Quit Liſbon to-morrow. My paſſports are diſpatched, and I have juſt ſigned the bargain with the *Caleſſeiros* who are to carry me to Madrid in fifteen days. I take Batiſte with me. My farewell compliments to the Britiſh Ambaſſador, the Engliſh nuns, the Genoeſe capuchins, and ſome other people, are all paid, and my things are pack'd up: ſo that to-morrow-night I ſhall ſleep on the other ſide of the *Tagus*. Let me now write my laſt letter from *Liſbon*.

I have already given you to underſtand, that my opinion of the Portugueſe literature is very low; and a few additional obſervations, which I have had occaſion to

make this morning on this ſubject, have not heighten'd that opinion. But before I give you thoſe obſervations, let me tranſlate a *Dialogue* out of a Portugueſe book.

QUESTION. *Don Joſeph the firſt, whoſe ſon is he?*

ANSWER. *Of King John V, and Queen Maria Anna of Auſtria.*

QU. *In what year was he born?*

ANS. *In* 1714.

QU. *On what day?*

ANS. *The ſixth of June.*

QU. *When and by whom was he baptized?*

ANS. *Aug.* 29, *of the ſame year by Cardinal de Cugna.*

QU. *Whom has he married?*

ANS. *Being ſtill Prince of Braſil, he married the moſt ſerene Infanta of Spain Dona Mariana Victoria.*

QU. *Who brought about this marriage?*

ANS. *Antony Guedes de Pereira while he was envoy at the court of Madrid.*

QU. *Who went to fetch in due form the moſt ſerene lady Infanta?*

ANS. *Don Rodrigo Eanes de Sà Marquis of Abrantes.*

QU. *When did this Lady reach Portugal?*

ANS. *On January* 19, 1729.

QU. *When did ſhe enter Liſbon?*

ANS. *On Feb.* 12, *of the ſame year.*

QU. *When did King Joſeph the Firſt begin to reign?*

ANS. *On the laſt of July,* 1750.

QU.

Qu. *When was he proclaimed?*

Ans. *On Sept.* 7, *of the ſame year.*

Qu. *How many children has he?*

Ans. *He has four daughters, who are the Lady Princeſs of Braſil Dona Maria Frances Iſabel; the Lady Infanta Dona Maria Anna Frances; the Lady Infanta Dona Maria Frances Dorothy; and the Lady Infanta Dona Maria Frances Benedicta.*

And with this find Dialogue ends a Portugueſe book printed in 1750, intitled *Inſtruçaõ de Principiantes*, &c. that is, "*An Inſtruction to Beginners, and a new Me-*" *thod by which the firſt Letters are to be learned, for* " *the Uſe of Schools*, &c.

This book was compoſed by the profeſſors of the royal ſchool which goes by the name of *As Eſcolas de Noſſa Senhora das Neceſſidades*; that is, *The Schools of our Lady of the Neceſſities*; to which ſchools (or ſchool) the Portugueſe parents who intend to give a liberal education to their children, muſt ſend them, as no other ſchool is here permitted either public or private.

Soon after my arrival I inquired whether in *Liſbon* there was an univerſity; and was informed that theſe ſchools were here in the ſtead of an univerſity. Being

deſirous to form ſome acquaintance with the profeſſors there, I ſent (directed for the heads of the ſchools) a large ſheet of ancient Greek characters, collected and methodically diſpoſed by a very learned Engliſhman called *Morton*, and publiſhed in London not long before my departure.

The ſheet was accompanied with as civil a letter as I could poſſibly put together; and it proved an agreeable preſent, if I am to believe two of thoſe profeſſors who came to me three days after, to return me thanks in their own and their collegue's name.

You may well think that I received them with very ſubmiſſive civility, and my reſpect prevailed upon them to ſtay dinner with me. During a good part of the afternoon they prattled with a volubility, which (as far as I have obſerved) is characteriſtical to the Portugueſe. It was pretty viſible that they both wanted to impoſe themſelves upon me for mighty learned men, and to make me conceive a great opinion of their ſchools, of their country, and of themſelves. However, their learning ſeem'd to me not great, and their manner of conveying it by much too pompous. Their diſcourſe was plentifully larded with ſuch Latin ſentences as are in every ſchool-boy's mouth, and the names of *Tully* and *Virgil* graced too many of their periods. They had ſome diſtant glimmering of the French literature, and had heard the

the names of Moliere and Boileau; but with regard to that of Italy and of England, neither of them knew more than my negro. The ſheet of Greek alphabets, which I had ſent them, is hung up, they ſaid, in one of their ſchools; but they honeſtly own'd that none of them meddled much with Greek.

My patience was nearly worn out when they left me, fully perſuaded I ſuppoſe, that they had amazed me with the variety of their knowledge and the fluency of their elocution. Hearing that theſe were two of the chief profeſſors *das Neceſſidades*, I found means to return the viſit when I was ſure of not finding them at home, and thought no further about them. However this morning they called on me again, on purpoſe to thank me again, as they ſaid, for my preſent, which had been examined by their collegues, and found to be *huma valeroza compoſiçaō (a noble compoſition,)* and as they had taken notice of my ſollicitude to inform myſelf of whatever was relative to their ſchools, they deſired my acceptance of the book, out of which I have extracted the above dialogue, aſſuring me that it was one of the moſt elegant and learned *compoſiçaoms* in their language.

They were no ſooner gone than I fell to reading it. It is divided into two parts nearly equal. The firſt is a moſt jejune abridgment of their hiſtory, from count *Dom Henrico* of Burgundy (who liv'd in the eleventh century)

down to the preſent reign incluſively. The ſecond part is no more than the ſame abridgment thrown into dialogues, of which I have given you the laſt. The ſtyle of theſe is plain, becauſe no art could make it otherwiſe; but as for that of the hiſtory (or abridgment) there are few things more thickly ſown with over-ſtrained thoughts and puerile conceits.

By the title I had miſtaken it for a new-year's-gift to a child; yet I ſee by the preface, that they put it into the hands of thoſe young men who from the ſchool of humanity are advanced to that of rhetorick. How it can contribute to make young men rhetoricians, is beyond my comprehenſion; and if you review my faithful tranſlation of the dialogue, you will agree with me, that ſuch trifles ought to have been taught in the nurſery, and not in a royal ſchool of rhetorick. *Kelly*'s boys, who are pupils to the younger of my viſitors, have told me, that this and their other ſchool-books muſt be learned by heart in each reſpective ſchool; for ſuch is the method: and the ſcholars who neglect to commit their daily leſſons to memory, are ſure of puniſhment.

What I have further to remark on this ſubject is, that *as Eſcolas das Neceſſidades* is a Philippine convent, and of courſe the profeſſors are Philippine friars. The Jeſuits were formerly poſſeſſed of the excluſive privilege of teaching the youth of *Liſbon*; but ſoon after their expulſion this

this honour was conferred by the government upon the Philippines; and I am much miſtaken if the poor lads are not fallen from the frying-pan into the fire.

It is a poſitive fact that in Italy the Jeſuits have endeavoured to root out all literature. Before the inſtitution of their order we had ſuch a number of men eminent in various branches of ſcience, from *(a)* Dante down to *(b)* Galileo, as few, if any, of the modern nations can ſhow. But as ſoon as the Jeſuits got poſſeſſion of our ſchools under the pretence of teaching our youth *gratis*, there was almoſt an end amongſt us of hiſtorians, politicians, philoſophers, and poets. The Jeſuits began by diſcrediting the Greek tongue, and perſuaded us that it was unneceſſary. Then by means of their voluminous Latin grammars they rendered the acquiſition of the Latin next to impoſſible, as it is almoſt impoſſible to learn a thing unknown by means of a thing equally unknown. They corrupted even our language, and cauſed ſuch a deluge of equivocal wit to be poured over our writings of all kinds, that during their reign, that is, during the laſt century, we excited the ridicule of the neighbouring nations, in whom long before we had raiſed aſtoniſhment.

It was lucky for us that the Jeſuits could never obtain admiſſion into the univerſity at Piſa, and that they were

(*a*) Dante *was born in* 1265.
(*b*) Galileo *died in* 1642.

no

not even allowed to teach in the inferior ſchools of Tuſcany; ſo that it was at laſt in the power of the Tuſcans and of *Galileo*'s diſciples and followers, to reſcue us from barbarity, and reſtore the learning of Italy to purity and ſplendour. *Rinaldini*, *Aggiunti*, the two *Del Buono's*, *Viviani*, *Bellini*, *Torricelli*, *Redi*, and ſeveral other men, deliver'd us in a good meaſure from our falſe inſtructors; falſe with regard to us, though not to themſelves, as they taught each other very well, and were themſelves almoſt the only men of ſcience throughout the country.

And here it may not be amiſs to record, that amongſt our Italian princes, it was our glorious king *Victor Amadeus* who firſt detected the deep-laid ſchemes of the Jeſuits, and who firſt had the courage to ſtrip them throughout his dominions of the excluſive privilege of teaching us. And it is originally to him that the greater part of the Italian ſtates owe the great bleſſing of having at preſent but a very few Jeſuits for teachers.

In this country, however, it was not very judicious to ſubſtitue the Philippines to the Jeſuits, if the Philippines are for ignorance like thoſe of Italy, as I am perſuaded they are. But it is to be hoped that theſe reverend fathers have been only temporarily entruſted with this important charge, until the preſent diſturbances are ſomewhat quieted. I am told, that this government intends to put the public ſchools into better regulations, and that a

good

good number of truly learned men are ſoon to be procured from other countries: nay, I am poſitively aſſured, that old *Facciolati* the philologiſt, father *Friſi* the mathematician, and ſome other eminent men from Padua, Milan, and other parts of Italy, are expected to be ſoon here; that a new univerſity is to be inſtituted in this town, into which ſome of the *Cohimbra*-profeſſors are to be incorporated, and that ancient univerſity totally ſuppreſſed.

How much of truth there is in theſe reports, I have not been able to aſcertain. Perhaps the day approaches, that the Portugueſe will emerge from ignorance and ſuperſtition, and come up to a level with ſome other Catholic nations.

LETTER XXXIII.

Fleas, rats, and other conveniencies. Love in one place and liberty in another. Devotion here and devotion there.

Aldeagallega, Sept. 17, 1760.

THE poor traveller has quitted Liſbon to-day in the afternoon, in order to journey on to his native land.

The river *Tagus*, not three miles broad at the mouth, is full nine miles where I croſſed it to-day: but the wind

proved ſo favourable, that in about three hours I ſailed over it in an open boat.

And here I am in the beſt inn (*Eſtallage* they call it here) of *Aldeagallega*. My apartment is nothing more than a large room hung all round with fine broad cob-webs, and furniſhed with a narrow mat for its inhabitant to ſtretch his limbs upon, whenever he ſhall wiſh to go to ſleep. Glaſs-windows this room has none; but inſtead of panes there are ſhutters ſo full of chinks, that all the children of Eolus may paſs them. As for a bed, tables, chairs, pictures, and other things in uſe amongſt Chriſtians and Mahometans, here are none; and through the various clefts of the boards which form this floor, I expect that a multitude of rats will come out to-night to peep at me, and eat me perhaps, as the *Eſtallageir* has no victuals either for them or for any body elſe.

Such is the lodging I have got for to-night. But although the danger from the rats may be rather imaginary than real, yet it is evident that I ſhall not eſcape with a whole ſkin from the fleas, which run on all ſides of this room in numerous ſquadrons, and ſeem impatiently to wait for my putting out the light that they may come and eat me.

However, upon this mat I ſhall not ſleep. Batiſte, who has travell'd much up and down this country, has bought

bought me a large bag, which is to ſerve me inſtead of a bed as long as my journey through Portugal will laſt; and he is this minute come to tell me, that he has found dry ſtraw ſufficient to fill it; ſo that he is ſure I ſhall paſs a comfortable night upon it, with the help of the ſheets and coverlet that he has likewiſe provided. As to food, we have brought with us fowls, hams, ſauſages, pies, cakes, and cheeſe; therefore neither of us ſhall meet with the diſmal fate of *Jugurtha* after he fell into the hands of the mercileſs Romans.

And now, ye Queens of Parnaſſus, as a reward for my long paſt ſervices, for which you never paid me, I beſeech you to obtain from your friend Apollo, that tomorrow he be ſo kind as to bring day over this region betimes, that I may early ſee the way which leads travellers from the moſt paltry inn of *Aldeagallega*.

A POSTSCRIPT.

Supper being over, and finding in myſelf an invincible reluctance to fall down upon the ſtraw-bag, I went to take a ſhort walk. The air is quite ſoft and calm, and the moon ſhines bright. As I was moving on with weary ſteps and buſy imagination, I found myſelf by the ſide of the *Tagus*, which is within piſtol-ſhot of the *Eſtallage*. There I ſaw many a happy couple, ſome ſitting on the bank, ſome walking backwards and forwards,

all whiſpering, all hugging, all enjoying each other in the cool of the evening.

Good folks! ſaid I to myſelf. What ſort of ſupper they have had I know not, and probably their beds are no better than that which Batiſte has provided for me! And yet they are happy in each other's kindneſs. Why do the Engliſh ſtun foreigners with their liberty? Is it not liberty to wander by the river-ſide at *Aldeagallega*, telling a gentle maid whatever comes uppermoſt, without a thought of miniſtry, politics, or faction?

Happy *Aldeagallegans!* go on in this way for ever, and never think nor enquire how the money of the nation is ſpent!

I had already taken notice that the Portugueſe are of a diſpoſition much more amorous than the Engliſh, and waited for an opportunity to tell you ſo. The inhabitants of this village walking thus lovingly *chacun avec ſa chacune* have now given me that opportunity. But this is generally the caſe with all nations in warm climates. The natives of a cold region can ſcarcely have right notions of the effect of a warm temperature. In northern latitudes a good deal of cloathing and firing is required to paſs life away with ſome comfort; and where cloathing and firing are much wanting, much thought and much time muſt be ſpent to procure them. The caſe is ſomewhat

what different in thoſe countries where fewer things are neceſſary to life. This is the reaſon why in England there are multitudes who have ſcarcely been in love once in their lives. Many a debauchee have I ſeen in England during ten years, but very ſeldom a true *innamorato*. In Portugal all are in love from the day of their nativity to that of their deceaſe, and *Camoens* knew what he was about when he ſaid

Venus bella
Affeyçoada a gente Luſitana.
" *Fair Venus cheriſhes the Portugueſe.*"

Love is the predominant paſſion on the *Tagus*, as *Liberty* on the *Thames*.

There are many more ſtriking differences between the Portugueſe and the Engliſh; but that amongſt other which is moſt remarkable, is their different way of being devout, when by devotion we mean the outward ſhow of religion, independent of its ſpirit. See the Engliſh at church. They ſit or ſtand with a compoſed look; ſing their pſalms and anthems with an even tone of voice; and not one in an hundred betrays the leaſt enthuſiaſm, except a few of thoſe two ſects called *Methodiſts* and *Quakers*, who might be termed the Luſitanick part of the Britiſh nation.

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The Portugueſe on the contrary when at church, are devout to a ſuperlative degree. They are almoſt all the time upon their knees; raiſe their eyes wiſtfully up, fix the fingers of one hand cloſely between thoſe of the other; ſing very loud, or utter ejaculations with great earneſtneſs, and often ſtrike their breaſts with their hands. Leave their churches and look at their houſes. You will ſee many croſſes painted on their outward walls, or a Madona, or a St. Francis, or a St. Anthony. Look at one of their friars coming in. Men, women, and children will haſtily get up, run to him, and humbly kiſs his hand, or his ſleeve, or the hem of his garment, or the beads that hang from his waiſt. Every evening you ſee them in numbers kneeling round a high crucifix planted in the middle of a ſtreet, ſinging litanies with their utmoſt power of voice. Then none of them dares to die without going through many preparatory rites, which is not the caſe in England: and when they are dead, they are buried dreſs'd up in a habit that muſt be bought of a Franciſcan or a Dominican Friar, of whoſe ſanctity they had a good opinion. I remember an impudent Portugueſe Franciſcan I met once in a boat as I was going down our *Po*, who looked upon all Italians as little leſs than hereticks. What led him into this opinion was, that no body in Italy would give him a farthing for his coat, which in Portugal, he could ſell at will for forty or fifty crowns.

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What words can expreſs the devotion of the Portugueſe to the Virgin Mary? The ſouthern Italians ſcarcely rate her ſo high as the Portugueſe: but the Engliſh never think of her. You may eaſily imagine that thoſe who make nothing of the Virgin, make leſs than nothing of the Saints, which is not the caſe either in Italy or in Portugal. Yet the Portugueſe revere them a great deal more than we do; and above all you cannot conceive what ſublime notions they have of St. Anthony! The twelve apoſtles all together have not the hundredth part of the prayers directed to them that are to him. St. Anthony was a countryman of theirs; and as ſuch, they take it for granted that he will mind them more than any of the apoſtles or any other. But what buſineſs have they with St. Francis, who was our countryman, and, I think, never viſited Portugal in his life? Yet they put him upon a level with their own St. Francis, and even a degree higher, if we may judge by their *Franciſco's* and *Franciſca's*, who are much more numerous throughout their country than the *Antonio's* and *Antonia's*. You may have a ſpecimen of the Portugueſe fondneſs, firſt for our Lady, and then for St. Francis, if you will look back again to the dialogue out of the Philippine-book. There you will find that each of the King's four daughters was chriſtened by the name of *Mary Frances*.

But the great devotion of the Portugueſe does not interfere at all with their love of the other ſex, or their

love of dancing, which is another of their mighty loves. As ſoon as they have done with evening-ſinging of litanies before their crucifixes in the ſtreets, and at their windows or balconies, if you take a ramble about the ſtreets, you ſee in houſes and ſhops numbers of them dancing merrily at the ſound of a guittar or two, while ſome of the company, or the guittariſts themſelves, ſing a ſong to the tune. None of your *minuets* and your *aimables*. Their dances are not of ſuch a cold, inſipid, and frenchified kind. They chiefly conſiſt in jumps and jerks, in languid poſtures and languid falls, in a quick and inceſſant ſtriking of their heels on the ground, perfectly calculated to kindle the mind with joy and the heart with deſire.

Thus live the Portugueſe in an uninterrupted round of devotion and pleaſure. They are neither gluttons nor drunkards, though their country wants neither food nor drink. Their beef and veal indeed are not ſo generally good asin England, or in the weſtern and northern parts of Italy; but their pork, mutton, and lamb are excellent; and ſo are their chickens, fowls, ducks, turkeys, and game. As for fiſh, the Liſbon-market is perhaps the moſt plentifully and moſt variouſly ſupplied in Europe; and all their fruit and garden-ſtuff is ſuperlatively good. The low people ſeldom taſte fleſh; but the beſt ſort keep very good tables and have French cooks. To keep a table, however, muſt require a conſiderable expence in Liſbon,

Liſbon, if to live at home coſts proportionably as much as to live at an inn. My table at Kelly's, which was far from being a ſumptuous one, coſt me above a guinea a day. But I know nothing as to the manner of living of the great in Liſbon, becauſe I have ſeen none. By what I have ſeen of the inferior claſſes, they ſeem to like a good houſe, if they have one that is good: but if they have it not, a *Barraca* will do quite as well. As to houſhold furniture they have no refined ideas. A hard matraſs in a corner, or a mat, or their own cloaths, will ſtand them in ſtead of as good beds as down can make, for which reaſon they look generally dirty. Almoſt any thing with them will ſupply the place of victuals; and water is excellent to quench the thirſt, eſpecially ſuch good water as they have here.

Thus live the Portugueſe, without thinking much of to-morrow; that plaguy *to-morrow*, which, along with *liberty*, is always uppermoſt in the head of an Engliſhman. In general they are healthy and full of ſpirits, and live long, if we may judge by the great number of old people that one ſees in their metropolis. Whether the proportion of happineſs is greater in Portugal than in England, or the contrary, I have no means of calculating; but the Portugueſe do not look as if they were diſturbed by deſire of change or fear of want.

The ruin of their capital was a misfortune eternally to be commiſerated. Speaking of it, the Portugueſe would ſay: *Quem naõ ha viſto Liſboa nao ha viſto coſa boa*; "*he who has not ſeen Liſbon, has ſeen nothing that is good.*" Of ſuch partial ſayings almoſt every nation has one, if not more. *Quien no ha viſto Sevilla, no ha viſto maravilla.* "*He who has not ſeen Seville has not ſeen a* "*wonder.*" *Qui n'a point vu Verſaille, n'a vu rien qui vaille.* "*He who has not ſeen Verſailles has ſeen nothing* "*worth ſeeing.*" I could give you many more ſayings of this ſort, if I had a mind. That of the Neapolitans is the moſt energetick of them all, though not in rhyme. *Vedi Napoli e po' mori.* "*See Naples and then die.*"

It is now time to end my *Poſtſcript*. I go to lie down on my ſtraw-bag, and ſet the fleas and rats at defiance.

LETTER XXXIV.

Slowneſs of mules. Yago and Dom Manuelo. A deſart. Eſtallages *alias* Stables. *Female coyneſs. The conquering barber. Fools and thieves.*

Vientaſnuevas, Sept. 18, 1760.

GO late to bed and riſe early, and a ſtraw-bag will prove as comfortable as any matraſs. I have ſlept five hours on that ſtraw-bag; and as to the vermin of

Aldea-

Aldeagallego they only put one in mind of the *Paſquil-makers* at Rome, or the *Monthly and Critical Reviewers* of England, who would do miſchief if they had power.

It was near ſeven this morning when I ſtepped into a chaiſe drawn by a ſtout pair of black mules. The *Caleſſeiros* were obliged to ſhackle that of the ſhafts, becauſe he is *a new mule*; that is, a mule who never was between the ſhafts. The moment they let him looſe he ran as if his intention had been to perform in a day the taſk of a fortnight. Yet mules are like other people. They will begin an undertaking with a great ſhew of vehemence: but their ardour ſoon abates and languor enſues. The mule ſoon ceaſed gallopping; ſo that Batiſte in the other chaiſe, and a Dominican Friar in a third, ſoon overtook me, and the three vehicles ſlowly following each other, in about ſix hours time brought us to a place called *Peagones*.

But before I go a ſtep further I muſt bring you acquainted with my good friends the *Calaſſeiros*. One of them is a Portugueſe named *Dom Manuelo*, the other a Galician plainly called *Yago*, without any *Dom* or *Don*. Which is the greater rogue I cannot as yet determine. A ſhop-lifter was once hang'd in England whoſe phiz bore ſome reſemblance to that of *Yago*, and I remember a fellow in the gallies at *Villafranca* who had juſt ſuch a crooked noſe as *Dom Manuelo*. They may be very

good men, ſaid *Kelly* when he ſaw them firſt, but beware of *Caleſſeiros*.

As there are neither poſt-chaiſes nor ſtage-coaches between the capital of Portugal and that of Spain, thoſe who do not chuſe to go on mule-back or a-foot from either town to the other, hire ſuch voitures as ours, which are pretty well hung and tolerably neat; but ſo leiſurely drawn on by the mules, that a man lately uſed to the poſt-chaiſes and flying-machines of England, has time enough to exert patience.

During the two firſt miles I ſaw the land all covered with vines on each ſide of the road. Then the ſcene changed, though not for the better, and a country begun which called back to my memory the deſcription given by *Lucan* of *Cato*'s journey to *Utica* through the ſands of Africa. To ſay the truth, I did not ſee as I went on any *aſp*, *cenchris*, *hemorrhoid*, *chelyder*, or any other ſerpent: but in all other reſpects *Lucan*'s verſes might do as well for the country I croſſed to-day. A heavy, deep, and wide-ſtretched ſandy plain, thinly ſcattered with low buſhes, and here and there a ſmall thicket of fir-trees.

A little after twelve we reached the above-named *Eſtallage* of *Peagones*, fifteen miles from *Aldeagallega*. It is with great reaſon the Portuguefe call their inns *Eſtallages*;

lages; that is, *Stables.* There is room enough in them for mules, aſſes, and other quadrupeds; but there is no room at all for the reception of ſuch bipeds as I.

They ſay that Peagones was formerly a conſiderable town, nor have I any difficulty to believe it. But time ran away long ago with that town, and together with its name has left but two buildings behind: which two buildings cannot properly be called *houſes*, as they do not reſemble any thing that goes by that name in other countries, having ſcarcely any roof or cielings left, but brick-walls full of ſuch large holes, that kites and vultures might eaſily paſs through.

At that where we ſtopped, a kind of landlady offered us a meſs of chick-peas and ſome ſalt-fiſh by way of dinner. The chick-peas ſeemed ſeaſoned with rank oil, and I think that the fiſh has been ſalted after it was rotten. What a ſmell! It would have poiſoned the Trojan horſe! Yet *Yago* and *Dom Manuelo* fell ravenouſly upon both diſhes, while Batiſte, the friar, and I, made ſhift with madam *Kelly*'s proviſions. Nor did we want a deſert, as, while I was running away with the *new mule*, my two meſs-mates had ſtopped at the vineyards, and filled a baſket with excellent grapes.

At *Peagones* we reſted full two hours; then paced it again for twelve or thirteen miles more (ſtill through the ſandy

ſandy deſart like ſo many *Cato*'s) and came to this *Vientaſnuevas* where we are to paſs the night.

During the whole afternoon we met with no living creature, except a ſmall flight of birds, half a dozen ſheep, with a goat, and two men following three wretched aſſes heavily loaded. As to rivers, ponds, ſprings, or any other ſort of water, none is to be ſeen from *Aldea-gallega* here, look which way you will. Pleaſant travelling! An inceſſant mournful ſinging of the *Caleſſeiros*, accompanied by the inceſſant tinkling of the mules' bells, together with an inceſſant ſun hotly reverberating from the inceſſant ſand through an inceſſant ſolitude! But what increaſes the delight of ſuch a journey are thoſe charming *Eſtallages* where you ſtop to bait at noon and to ſleep at night.

How long I am to enjoy theſe manifold bleſſings I cannot preciſely tell, as I never croſſed this country before. But this I know, that I have weakly yielded to a fooliſh ſpirit of curioſity when I came to viſit the Portugueſe kingdom. However, let us go on without loſing our temper. A man needs but have patience, and time will put an end to any diſtreſs. Soon or late we ſhall make a fire of the ſtraw-bag, and the hour will come when my journey through the province of *Allemtejo* will be a good ſtory to tell. If I fret now, I ſhall then blame myſelf for having fretted.

Juſt by this wretched village of *Vientaſnuevas*, there is a royal country-houſe that was built, they ſay, by *Philip* III. King of Spain, when Portugal belonged to his crown. It is one of the longeſt edifices that ever I ſaw, but has nothing remarkable beſides that great length. The back-windows command an extenſive proſpect over naked ſtones and ſandy plains. The King of Portugal never comes here, as he has other country-houſes much better built and ſituated. The Dominican Friar tells me, that about twenty leagues further his Majeſty has another rural manſion called *Villa Vizoſa* very well worth a viſit; but to go and ſee it, would force me to ſtay a day more in Portugal, which I am loath to do. Of my journey through this diſmal region, though it is but begun, I am already quite ſick.

At the ſeveral *Eſtallages* where I have alighted; that is, at *Cabeza*, *Mafra*, *Cintra*, *Peagones*, and here, you cannot conceive how I was teazed by begging women. There are always ſome that come about you with a ſimpering look; hope you have had a good day's journey; wiſh you may live a thouſand years; then aſk you ſomething to buy themſelves *Alfileres*, that is, *Pins*. Comply with the firſt demand, and they have a ſecond ready. Pleaſe *Voſſa Senhoria* or *Voſſa Meſſé* to give me ſomething for a little babe I have at home. Well: here is for the little babe. But pray, good ſir, give me ſomething for my dear mother, for my younger ſiſter, for my couſin,

couſin, for my niece. There is no end of their languid coquetry and of their demands, eſpecially if the wenches happen to be ſomewhat young and ſightly. At *Peagones* one of them came in while I was at dinner, and firſt begged for ſome pin-money as uſual; then for a loaf of bread; then for a bit of the paſty; then for the wing of a fowl; then for a ſlice of cheeſe; then for a bunch of grapes. Having complied with each demand, ſhe ſat down by me on the floor and ate heartily: then returned to the attack and ſmiled prettily again, and aſked for ſome more money. Well: take this, ſweet *Senhora*. Have you enough now? *Oh Senhor, Voſſa Meſſé he tam querido (Sir, you are ſo gentle)* that I hope you will give me that little trunk to put my things in. Matchleſs impudence! A new trunk covered with Ruſſia-leather! But give me this fan. The weather, ſir, is ſo intolerably hot! For this reaſon I muſt keep it: but come next winter, ſweet miſtreſs, and you ſhall have it. I verily believe, had I given her an eye, that ſhe would have aſked for the other.

Take this as a ſpecimen of female Portugueſe coyneſs. As for the *Eſtallageiros*, *Caleſſeiros*, and in general all men of low condition, they will ſpeak to you uncovered; but always with a familiar ſmile on their faces, nor do they appear at all baſhful or timid. In *Liſbon* I ſent once for a barber. The fellow came with a handſome ſimper on his plumb cheeks. Sir, I give you joy of your ſafe arrival in Portugal, ſaid he, while placing the napkin under my

my chin. Then aſked leave to take a pinch of ſnuff out of my box. While he was ſhaving he informed me of many things of which he ſuppoſed me ignorant, as, that in Portugal the weather is very hot; that there are figs and grapes in abundance; that there is likewiſe plenty of fiſh becauſe the ſea is near. His razors, he ſaid, he always got from *Barcelona*, becauſe in Portugal they make none good. He ſtopp'd when the right ſide of my face was done, and aſked me what opinion I had of his countrymen; and upon my anſwering that as yet I knew them not, being but juſt come, he ſeized that opportunity to inform me that *os Portuguezes ſam muilto valerozos*, and, flouriſhing with his Barcelona-weapon, added with a lofty tone that the Spaniards tremble at the name of the Portugueſe, and that one Portugueſe is ſufficient to put to flight half a dozen Spaniards: nor was I fully ſhaved before he had quite conquered both the *Caſtiles*. Of ſuch rodomonts I am told that Portugal has even a larger number than of idlers, which is ſaying a great deal.

Neighbouring nations have in general a ſtrong antipathy to each other: but that of the Portugueſe to the Spaniards (I ſpeak of the Portugueſe rabble) is carried to ſuch a degree that borders upon madneſs. The reaſon is obvious. What chance the Portugueſe have of conquering Spain is next to nothing; and people will always hate thoſe who muſt ſometimes be fought againſt without any hopes of final victory. On the contrary were the Spani-

ards to be left unmoleſted by the other European powers, Portugal would ſoon be theirs if they had a mind; and for this reaſon I ſuppoſe they deſpiſe the Portugueſe ſo much, as proverbially to ſay of them that they are *few and fooliſh*, *Portugueſes pocos y locos*. How far this Caſtilian ſaying is juſt, let thoſe determine who know the Portugueſe better than I.

If I am to believe *Yago*, there are thieves enough in this country. As I was getting this morning into my chaiſe I aſked him why he had no ſtep to let down, that I might mount with leſs trouble. *En eſta tierra furan todo*, anſwered *Yago*; that is, *in this country, people ſteal every thing*; and ſo they had broken and ſtolen the ſtep of his chaiſe. *Avis au Lecteur*, ſaid I to myſelf. Hark ye, Batiſte: mind what *Yago* ſays, and take particular care of our things, at leaſt until we are out of *eſta tierra*.

LETTER XXXV.

An adventure in a wilderneſs. Names of great towns. Uſeleſſneſs of lyes. An honeſt curate. Pack-ſaddle-ſtuff to invite ſleep.

Arrayolos, Sept. 19, 1760.

I Believe that of Portugal ſeveral parts are very fine: but amongſt them we muſt not reckon any of the forty miles I have croſſed yeſterday and to-day, which are little leſs than a continued wilderneſs.

In

In this wilderneſs, however, I have met this morning with as pretty a love-adventure as any in *Amadis de Gaula*, or *The Proweſſes of Splandiano*, and was within an inch of having a battle with two knights for the ſake of a lady.

I had ſcarcely raiſed my weary limbs this morning from my ſtraw-bag, when a dirty woman (call her a fair lady for romance-ſake) entered my room without any previous meſſage or embaſſy. I preſently knew her for that ſame wench who laſt night had gotten ſome pieces of money out of me by dint of importunity; that is, one piece for herſelf, one for her little girl, another for her little boy, and ſtill another for another little boy or girl.

On ſeeing her again, I preſently gueſſed at her errand, and raiſing my voice haſtily and peeviſhly, *Teneos*, ſaid I, *otros muchachos y muchachas, cara de puta?* That is, *Have you got any more boys, and girls, you frontleſs huſſy?*

I wiſh I had never uttered the *cara de puta*; becauſe the wench (the fair lady, I mean) ungratefully forgetting my repeated kindneſs of laſt night, and hating perhaps to hear truth as well as her betters, broke out into ſuch a terrible vociferation, that her cries brought directly up-ſtairs two barefooted raſcals, (for romance-ſake we will call them knights) who, hearing from her I had called

her *cara de puta*, looked ſo ſternly at me, and opened their diſcourſe with ſuch a tone of voice, that I thought it neceſſary to draw a ſhort piſtol out of my pocket and cock it.

So unexpected a reception, and the few ſweet words I uttered with a tone full as high as theirs, filled the two heros with ſuch a panick, that they ſprung out of the room, and tumbled on each other down ſtairs along with the woman. Batiſte was with me in leſs than a moment, and brandiſhing his ſhining hanger, gave me an opportunity of ruſhing down, not to follow the two men, but to leap into my chaiſe; and before they or the heroine had time to recover from their ſudden terror, the mules had trotted half a league from *Vientaſnuevas*: and this was the glorious end of that frightful encounter.

We dined at a town called *Montemór*, where the Dominican Friar left us to go another way. We parted very great friends, as he had been pleaſed with the ſhare he had had of our Engliſh victuals, and I much obliged to him for his ſtaying a while behind at *Vientaſnuevas* to quiet the woman, and hinder the bravos from following my chaiſe. We came to paſs the night here at *Arrayolos*. What fine poliſyllabical names in this Portugal! *Arrayolos*, *Peagones*, *Vientaſnuevas*, *Aldeagallega!* One would think they are names of great capitals.

At this *Arrayolos* we found ſo perfidious an *Eſtallage*, that I looked quite diſmayed. I ſent Batiſte to try if he could induce the ſuperiour of a neighbouring convent to give us a lodging for this night, offering a fair number of maſſes for the poor ſouls in purgatory. But the pitileſs friar did not chuſe to have an Heretick under his roof. Fooliſh Batiſte, to give me importance, had told him that I was an Engliſh *Fidalgo*; and the importance which I got by his lye, was the appellation of *Heretick*. Never did I ſee any body proſper by petty lyes. Yet ſervants and the ignorant rabble never will be perſuaded of their uſeleſſneſs. I ſent likewiſe to the curate, who, far from proving ſo hard-hearted as the Friar, put himſelf to the inconvenience of coming to me through the rain that fell copiouſly, only to aſſure me that he abſolutely had no ſpare-room. Not ſatisfied with ſo pretty an act of politeneſs, he went to ſhow Batiſte another *Eſtallage* that had a floor and a roof, and thither I had my things preſently carried after a ſhort but warm altercation with the firſt *Eſtallageiro*, who thought it a great affront that I ſhould leave his houſe for that of another in order to avoid ſleeping under a cieling that admitted the rain. Did he not ſleep there himſelf with his wife and children? Surely we are as good Chriſtians as any *Eſtrangeiro*.

After ſupper I fell a writing, and thus I divert every night that ill humour which otherwiſe might make me

mad

mad on reflecting what an error I committed when I reſolved to come and viſit theſe diſmal *Arrayólos* and *Montemórs*, theſe *Peagónes* and *Aldeagallégas!*

From *Vientaſnuevas* hither the country is not ſo flat as from *Aldeagallega* to *Vientaſnuevas*. At ſome diſtance from the road on either ſide, there are ſome ſmall hills with a few trees. All the houſes in *Montemór* are painted white, which makes that town look very neat: but by what I could ſee as I ſtrolled about it while dinner was making ready, there is not an inhabitant there that has an opulent look.

The earthquake has not done any great damage to *Montemór*; and no wonder, as the town is built after the *Chineſe* manner. I mean that the beſt part of its habitations have but the ground-floor. This *Arrayólos* I could not viſit becauſe of the rain. If I do to-morrow, I ſhall tell it at night.

A POSTSCRIPT, *at four o'clock in the morning, Sept.* 20, 1760.

I thought myſelf very lucky laſt night when by means of the honeſt curate I got intelligence of this *Eſtallage*; and my comfort was great when, entering this room, I ſaw in a corner a heap of matraſſes that had a tolerable clean appearance. Batiſte, ſaid I, do not fill the ſtraw-bag to-night; but form me a bed out of half a dozen of theſe

theſe matraſſes. Take notice, ſaid he, that each matraſs here is conſidered as a *cama* or *bed*, and you ſhall pay for as many *camas* as you make uſe of. No matter for that ſaid I: It is an odd cuſtom this; but ſtill, do as I bid you: and when the time came of lying down I undreſſed with as much hurry as *Ruggiero* when he alighted from the Hippogryff with the fair *Queen of Catajo.* But alas! The matraſſas which in other countries are filled with wool, here are filled with a kind of pack-ſaddle-ſtuff as hard as ſtones. Such penitential couches no Anchoret ever had in the deſarts of *Thebais.*

LETTER XXXVI.

No botaniſt. Maſquerades and their various wit. Pictures drawn with the pen. Pretty dancing. A proclamation.

Eſtremór, Sept. 20, at night, 1760.

THE robber's wife does not always laugh, ſays the proverb, nor does he always cry who travels through Portugal. I have to-night ſomething pleaſant to tell after ſo much pain endured. But, that I may proceed methodically, I muſt begin my ſtory from my ſetting out this morning.

As

As I croſſed *Arrayolos* I ſaw an old caſtle on an eminence, the battlements of which are all broken.

The hills that ſurround *Arrayolos*, look very well at a diſtance. As far as *Vienta do Duque* you ſee many green-oaks ſcattered here and there, and even ſome olive-trees in the lower parts of thoſe hills. At ten we reached that *Vienta do Duque*. *Vienta* in Portugueſe (as *Venta* in Spaniſh) means *an habitation that ſtands alone in the midſt of the country for the reception of travellers*. To that called *Do Duque* I have a notion that famine and wretchedneſs repair very often. Why ſuch a lodgment is dignified by the appellation of *the Duke*'s I cannot gueſs. Perhaps it was the lurking place of *Duke Gano*, the famous traitor in *Charlemaine*'s days (according to *Pulci*, *Boiardo*, and *Arioſto*) that uſed to ſide with the the Kings of Spain and Portugal, who were then Mahometans, againſt his lawful ſovereign who was a Chriſtian.

To that *Vienta* we alighted to eat ſome of our proviſions, which (as it is cuſtomary in this country) we then paid to the *Venteiro* as if they had been his. After dinner, without waiting for the *Caleſſeiros* who had not done gnawing the bones of a lean rabbit, I went onwards a-foot, and had ſlowly walked two leagues before the mules could overtake me. The ſun proved very hot, and would have burnt me alive, but for a ſoft breeze that tempered his ardour. Going through by-paths I took

took notice of ſeveral plants which as far as I can remember do not grow in England, nor perhaps in Italy. However I am not poſitive. Amongſt others, a ſmall-leaved ſort of roſemary in great quantities, that has a moſt pleaſing ſmell, and a ſtinking kind of herb which feels as viſcous as a rag dipped in tar. What a pity not to be a botaniſt when a man travels a-foot! Signor *Allione* of Turin, and doctor *Marſili* of Padua, were they appriſed of my journey, would envy me the good luck of wandering about the deſart in the neighbourhood of *Vienta do Duque*. In England I uſed once to walk about *Chelſea* garden with Doctor *Marſili*, and often aſked him the name of this and that plant, but forgot them as ſoon as heard, having unluckily miſſed in my younger days to habituate my mind to this ſort of recollection: ſo that I cannot now regiſter here the name of the viſcous and ſtinking plant, which I was afterwards told is uſed by tanners inſtead of bark.

From the height of each hill that I mounted ſucceſſively, I could imperfectly ſee ſomething on another diſtant height that appeared like a range of buildings. I look'd and look'd as I advanced, and at laſt knew it to be a fortified town. To him who goes for three live-long days through ſuch a wild region as this, ſees nothing but ſuch places as *Peagones* or *Vienta do Duque*, and meets with no body but two or three aſſes, goats,

and ſparrows, you cannot conceive how the ſight of a town proves rejoicing.

About four we were at the gate of *Eſtremór* (ſuch is the name of the fortified town) where a little officer coming boldly up to the chaiſe-ſide, aſked me with a peremptory tone of voice *O Paſſaporte:* and it was lucky the Britiſh Ambaſſador had been ſo good as to procure me one from *Dom Luis da Cunha*, otherwiſe the little fellow would have taken me to a jail. You cannot even go from Liſbon to one of the neighbouring country-houſes but by a paſſport from that ſecretary of ſtate without incurring the danger of being impriſoned. *Todas as peſſoas que quizerem ſahir da corte e cidade de Liſboa, ſeraõn obrigadas a tirar paſſaportes*, ſays an edict publiſhed here on the 19th of laſt Auguſt; that is, "*every* "*perſon going out of this town, ſhall be obliged to provide* "*himſelf with a paſſport.*" Such is the jealouſy of this government, and ſuch is the conſequence of wicked *Aveiro*'s treacherous attempt.

On entering this town of *Eſtremór* I ſaw ſeveral hundred maſks, a group of which ſurrounded my chaiſe hallooing, roaring, and playing anticks. Many things they ſpoke with a ſqueaking voice that I did not underſtand, but ſuppoſe they were witty. The noiſe drew the women to their windows, and I was pleaſed to ſee them laugh

no

no leſs than the men in the ſtreets. I look'd at them through my glaſs, and they did not ſeem to take offence at my way of looking. Our Italian ladies are in the wrong when they angrily clap their fans before their faces if look'd at through a glaſs, as if the beholder was a baſiliſk. It is not my fault if I am near-ſighted, and I do not ſee why I am more to be deprived of the bleſſing of looking at the fair than thoſe who have good eyes.

The women at their windows and the maſks in the ſtreets, all laughed their full, and I with them for company. At the *Eſtallage* I was taken up ſtairs into a room, the floor of which was ſo cracked, that I could ſee the folks below through ſeveral chinks, and its windows had ſhutters as uſual, inſtead of glaſs. I look'd down in the ſquare before the *Eſtallage*, and there were maſks in abundance. One was dreſſed like a bear, and one like a monkey. One wore horns on his head, and one had a tail hanging behind. One had tied his cloak round his waiſt petticoat-wiſe, and one wore ſtockings of different colours. Some had the *Golilla* after the Spaniſh manner, ſome large breeches after the Swiſs. Some ſhook the caſtanets, and ſome played on the guittar. Several ſtooped down in a row that others might jump over them, and ſeveral ran round the ſquare, throwing their hands and legs about like madmen. Two of them came under my window and raiſed up their long ſticks, on which they had faſtened wooden parrots ill-ſhaped and

ill-painted : then laughing moſt immoderately, cried to me *Monſú, Monſú.* What their parrots or their cries meant, I cannot tell, but think that this is one of their witty ways to turn the French into ridicule, and they probably miſtook me for a Frenchman. Many ſhowed their humour by pulling off their hats to me and bowing to the ground with a mock reſpect. In fine they made themſelves very merry at the expence *do Eſtrangeiro.*

Batiſte returned with my paſſport from the governor, to whom he was ordered at the town-gate to go with it. A kind of gentlemen came with him (ſent by *his Excellency)* who was to take down the marks that diſtinguiſh my figure from thoſe of my fellow-creatures. That gentleman ſat himſelf down at a table, pulled a bit of paper and an ink-horn out of his pocket, and bidding me ſtand up before him, looked at me ſeveral times. I ſuppoſe that he regiſtered down the moſt remarkable parts of my perſon, noted the plainneſs of my face, the colour of my hair, the ſize of my noſe, the ſmallneſs of my eyes, the height of my body, and other ſuch things. The ſame ceremony he performed with Batiſte ; then marched off with much compoſure after having clapped in my hand a permiſſion for us to go out of *Eſtremór* tomorrow. None of this petty policy in England, and yet it is a pretty well-governed kingdom.

To ſuch methods every foreigner muſt ſubmit. There is a rigid law, publiſhed in Liſbon on the 26th of laſt June, which orders every maſter or captain of ſhip not to land any body on Portugueſe ground without giving previous information to a magiſtrate newly created (called *O Intendente geral da policia da corte e do reino)* of the quality and profeſſion of the people whom he is to land. Should he neglect to give it, he would be liable to have his ſhip confiſcated and himſelf ſubject to ſuch puniſhment as that Intendant general thought fit. Captain Bawn landed me without conforming to that law, and no body gave him or me any trouble, poſſibly becauſe Engliſh packets go under the denomination of ſhips of war, and their captains are conſidered as exempt from the laws of other countries. However, had I been appriſed of that law, I would certainly have gone to acquaint that *Senhor Intendente geral* of my arrival, in order to avert all poſſible moleſtation. Strangers who enter this kingdom by land, are by that law ſubjected likewiſe to many troubleſome formalities. But this government, like all others, has a right to enact what laws are thought proper, and it is a traveller's buſineſs to obey them rather than find fault with them.

When the gentleman was gone that had painted me with his pen, I put myſelf in ſome order and went about to ſee the town. Its houſes are all ſmall and low, and all white-waſhed like thoſe of *Montemór*. I met with maſks

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at every ſtep, and none would let me go by without a mock-bow. A number of them ſtopp'd in a ſtreet where ſome ladies ſat in a balcony, and there they began a dance. A young fellow amongſt them ſingularly attracted my attention, and indeed that of the whole company with his nimble capers and graceful motions. I have already ſeen the Portugueſe dance in *Liſbon*, and to give them their due, no nation (of thoſe that I have ſeen at leaſt) has any dance performed by two perſons, ſo exhilarating as their *Fandango*. The *Treſcone* of the Tuſcans, the *Furlana* of the Venetians, the *Corrente* of the Monferrines, and the *Minuet* or the *Aimable* of the French, are flat performances in compariſon of that gallant one which I ſaw executed before that balcony by that young man and a boy dreſſed in woman's cloaths. But dances cannot be deſcribed by words, nor can I convey to you any idea of the *Fandango*, but by telling you that every limb was in ſuch a motion as might be called with propriety *a regular and harmonious convulſion of the whole body*. I have heard a French-maſter in *Liſbon* blame it much, and ſay it was no dance at all: but what dance will be approved by a Frenchman that is not a production of his country? He has no idea of gracefulneſs but what is practiſed on the opera-ſtage at *Paris*.

The inhabitants of this country as well as the *Andaluſians* and the *Granadans*, were famous for dancing ſo far back as the times of the Romans, and their young women

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uſed then to go and dance at Rome and in other parts of the Roman empire, where they eaſily captivated the hearts of conſuls and proconſuls, as the female dancers of France go now to Italy, Germany, and England to enamour *Signors*, *Minheers*, and *Mylords*. *Martial* mentions with ſatyrical peeviſhneſs the *Betick* and the *Gaditan* female-dancers; and the eldeſt *Scaliger*, ſomewhere in his poeticks, ſays ſomething of the dancing anciently uſed in the provinces that lie this way. You are lucky, my brothers, that I travel without a *Martial* and a *Scaliger*. Had I their books, I would not let this opportunity ſlip without making as great a waſte of erudition as our *Bartoli* the antiquarian does ſo often.

The dance being over and the maſks diſperſed, I went to viſit the two principal convents in the town, but ſaw nothing worth noting in either. Only from ſome windows of the Auguſtine there is a proſpect over ſome hills pretty well ornamented with trees, which one of the friars called *the fineſt proſpect in the world*.

As I was returning home I met with another maſquerade; nor was it difficult to know it for a military one. The ſoldiers of the garriſon had diſguiſed themſelves as well as they could with handkerchiefs, towels, and cloaks. Some of them had ornamented their hats with abundance of hen-feathers: Yet the men of war broke through the

diſguiſe. Their pipers and drummers made a horrid noiſe on their inſtruments.

As the whole maſquerade came to the ſquare, one of them (a corporal or ſerjeant, as I thought) commanded a halt and a ſilence: then read in a loud tone of voice a proclamation, which ordered the inhabitants of *Eſtremór* to maſk and be merry for a whole week in honour of the *Princeſs of Braſil* who about two months ago was married to her uncle *Dom Pedro*.

I could not well comprehend the whole import of that proclamation, in which the King, Queen, Princeſs, and *Dom Pedro* were repeatedly named, along with the bleſſed Lady, St. Anthony, St. Francis, the friars, the nuns, the peace and liberty of the kingdom, the maſks and the dances, with I know not what.

Night at laſt came on, and I went to a ſplendid ſupper which Batiſte had got ready, to make himſelf amends for the poor dinner we had made at the *Vienta do Duque*.

I go now to ſtretch my limbs on the ſtraw-bag: but I have ſeen a joyful maſquerade, and am pleaſed. I wanted to know why theſe rejoicings were delayed ſo long after the marriage, but no body could tell me.

After

After ſome debate with myſelf I have at laſt reſolved to go to-morrow to *Villa Vizoſa*. This will keep me a day longer in Portugal: but what ſignifies an inconvenience that will be over in a day? It is therefore probable that my letter of to-morrow night will prove pretty long. Yet you are not to thank me for the length of my letters, as I write rather to divert the diſagreeable effect my diſagreeable journey might produce on my ſpirits, than with a view to prove inſtructive or entertaining. It is to this neceſſity that you will owe the knowledge of a thouſand trifles and a thouſand remarks, which I let flow from the pen, though I am pretty ſenſible of their unimportance.

LETTER XXXVII.

A military cuſtom. Whiſkers. A palace. No travellers expected. A hog-ſty. Fine dancing and fine eyes.

Elvas, Sept. 22, 1760. in the morning.

VAIN have proved the efforts I made to procure a copy of the proclamation that was read the other day at *Eſtremór*, and you muſt do without the tranſlation, which I intended to give you as a ſpecimen of the Luſitanic eloquence, had I been able to get it. I offered a pretty piece of money to a poor ſoldier, on condition he could obtain it for me from his corporal. But nothing can be done when we have no time to ſpare.

Yeſterday morning at five I was awaked by the drummers and pipers of that garriſon, who came to wiſh me a good journey with a noiſy march on their inſtruments; that is, to get a little drink-money: a cuſtom introduced here by military poverty, which ſhines forth through the ragged coats of this wretched infantry. Indeed the poor fellows have nothing about them that may be called good, except their wiſkers. If they were better dreſſed, ſuch buſhy and curled ſcare-crows would have a fine effect. It was once uſual for ſoldiers in all countries to wear that virile ornament; and I know not why it has been left off, as a thick pair of whiſkers gives a moſt intrepid air to the followers of Mars.

I am told that the troops kept up in this kingdom, amount to no more than eight thouſand; and if the private men are all like thoſe whom I have ſeen at *Eſtremór* and *Liſbon*, there is no where in Europe an equal number that look ſo wretchedly *(a)*. The greateſt part of them are abſolutely in rags and patches, and in *Liſbon* many of them aſked my charity not only in the ſtreets, but even when they ſtood centinels; nor did their officers appear to any great advantage when I ſaw them on duty before the wooden edifice, (ſee p. 112.) though

(*a*) *I have been lately informed that the effective troops in Portugal amount now to twenty thouſand; that they are all pick'd men, all very well dreſſed, and full as well diſciplined as the Pruſſians themſelves. The laſt unexpected war has forced the Portugueſe government to form and keep up ſo conſiderable an army.*

they

they viſibly endeavoured to put on a martial look and ſet their legs in poſtures of defence. As to their generals, it is ſaid that not one *(b)* has the leaſt reputation for military ſkill. But we muſt not wonder at the great neglect of this government with regard to the army. This country is ſo ſituated, as to be almoſt quite out of danger of any war, if they keep but fair with Spain; and Spain is poſſeſſed of too many dominions to think much of this. The Portugueſe navy, they ſay, is in much better order, having ſailors in good plight and commanders of great capacity.

(b) In a ſpirited reply given by the King of Portugal on April 5, 1762, to a memorial preſented by the Spaniſh Ambaſſadors, there are the following words.

" Foi precizamente neceſſario prezervar ſua mageſtade fideliſſima o ſeu " real decoro contra os clamores dos ſeus vaſſallos, e contra as criticas que " em toda a Europa redundavam, até encherem as meſmas novas publicas; " ſabendo todo o mundo que em Portugal *naõ havia generaes nem officiaes* " que *tiveſſem experiencia das companhas*, mandou convidar para o ſeu ſerviço o " Lord Tyrawli; aſſim como ſe praticou ſempre neſte reino, e ſe praticou " agora a reſpeito de outros differentes officiaes, naõ ſo Inglezes, mas de " todas as outras naçoens da Europa, para diſciplinarem as tropas Portu- " guezas.

In Engliſh thus. " It was incumbent on his moſt faithful Majeſty to take " care of his own honour againſt the clamour of his ſubjects and the cenſures " of all Europe, which were even conveyed to the publick Gazettes. It is " notorious to the whole world that in Portugal *there are neither Generals nor* " *Officers of experience.* Therefore the King invited *Lord Tyrawli (thus is* " *this name ſpelt)* to his ſervice, and the ſame has been done with regard to " other officers who are not all Engliſh, but of other nations of Europe; " and it has always been the cuſtom in this kingdom ſo to do whenever it " was thought proper." *This ingenuous confeſſion does great honour to the Portugueſe miniſtry, in my humble opinion.*

I went yeſterday morning to *Villa Vizoſa*, which is not far from *Eſtremór*, and ſent from the *Eſtallage* a meſſage to the *Sceriffe*, begging the favour to have the palace ſhewn me. *Sceriffe* they call the gentleman, to whoſe care that palace is entruſted; and a very polite gentleman he is. He ſent a man to me with the keys, and met me at the gate.

My viſit did not laſt long, becauſe there is but little to be ſeen. In a great hall there are portraits of Kings and Queens. Some cardinal virtues are painted in the cieling of one room, and Hercules fighting the lion in another. Indifferent performances, this laſt eſpecially. There is nothing ſurpriſing in the diſpoſition of the apartments within, no more than in the architecture without, which at the firſt glance looks Gothic, though not ſo at the ſecond, being a bad *Tuſcan* or *Ionick*, I have already forgot which. The furniture is rather mean than old, and there are a hundred houſes at *Genoa* incomparably better. However we muſt not conſider it as a royal villa. It was not built by any King, but by an ancient duke of *Braganza*, from whom his preſent Majeſty is deſcended; and during the time that Portugal was only a province of the vaſt Spaniſh monarchy under the ſucceſſive reigns of three Philips, *Villa Vizoſa* was one of the country-ſeats of the *Braganza* family. No perſon of the royal family ever goes there, except ſometimes *Dom Pedro* for a few days, and on ſuch occaſions he does not lodge in the palace, but

in a ſmall houſe adjoining, which I am told is elegantly fitted up. The moſt remarkable thing I ſaw there, are ſome old lamps and candleſticks, in what they call the Royal-chapel, which are of pure ſilver and heavy enough. Before *Dom Pedro*'s houſe there is a ſmall and neglected *parterre*, and behind the palace a large kitchen-garden very well ſtocked with fruit and legumes. The village adjoining is likewiſe indifferent, and on a neighbouring hill there is a citadel whoſe walls are tumbling down into the ditches like thoſe of *Eſtremór*. Many Roman coins, inſcriptions, and other antiquities, have been found in this place. In ſhort, the *Sceriffe* is the beſt thing there, and I am much obliged to him for his urbanity. He was ſo good as to give me leave to croſs the park with the chaiſes to ſhorten the way. That park runs round ſeveral miles, but looks more like a wilderneſs than a park. There are ſome few deer in it, which *Yago* and *Dom Manuelo* took great delight in frightening with their vociferations and claps of their whips.

Having got out of the park we came (up and down many rugged and pathleſs hills) to this town of *Elvas*, or *Yelvas*, and reached it late at night. About a league from it an aqueduct begins, which made me alſo forget that magnificent one over the valley of *Alcantara*. What I ſaw of it appeared very grand, and had it not been too late I would have ſtopped and taken more notice of it.

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They ſay it is a *Mooriſh* work. If it is true, it does them much honour.

Elvas, like *Eſtremór*, ſtands on an eminenee. It is fortified after the modern faſhion; but the fortifications are going to ruins. Happy Portugueſe that want neither fortreſſes nor ſoldiers!

Out of the gate at which we entered, there was a great concourſe of people. I aſked the reaſon of it, and was informed that a fair is this week kept there for horſes and black-cattle. On both ſides of the road there were many cloaths ſpread by way of tents, and the ropes which ſupported them, croſſed the road in ſuch a manner, that we had not a little to do to paſs under them with the chaiſes. The merchants who had erected thoſe temporary conveniencies, expected not that any carriage would come that way, as it is but very ſeldom that they ſee a traveller going by, either towards *Madrid* or towards *Liſbon*; therefore they had made no ſcruple to embarraſs the road.

On ſeeing ſo many people my heart miſgave me, as it occurred immediately that no room ſhould I be able to get at the *Eſtallage*: nor did my conjecture prove wrong, which puzzled me the more as it began to rain very hard. However plucking up a courage and truſt-

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ing to the laced-coat I had put on to viſit with decency the palace at *Villa Vizoſa*, and taking it for granted that the *Eſtallageiro* would be better pleaſed to give a room to a laced ſtranger than to ſome bare-footed native, I had him called at his gate as I alighted, and muſtering up all the Portugueſe I poſſibly could, repreſented to *Sua Meſſé* in a very ſerious and pathetic tone of voice, that *Sua Meſſé* could not refuſe me a room in *Sua Meſſé*'s houſe, if *Sua Meſſé* would but conſider that I had an ample paſſport (I pull'd it out) from his moſt faithful Majeſty; ſubjoining that I hoped *Sua Meſſé* had too much good ſenſe to oblige me to go and carry any complaint againſt *Sua Meſſé* to the governor, who I was ſure would compel *Sua Meſſé* to be hoſpitable to a foreign *Fidalgo*.

This nonſenſe, delivered with a ſlow monotonous ſound of voice, procured me many advocates with the *Eſtallageiro*, as perfect a tatterdemalion as ever was ſeen; and a dealer in cows who ſtood by, had ſagacity enough to find, that I had an undiſputable right to puſh out of the place any body I pleaſed, and put myſelf in the ſtead, upon the mere ſtrength of my paſſport. Such is the power of rhetoric even on dealers in cows.

But the fact is, that the *Eſtallageiro* wanted only the colour of a reaſon to act in favour of my coat; and partly with good, partly with bad words, forced a poor aſs-driver out of a cloſet,

a cloſet, which any ſow might have miſtaken for her mother's habitation. Poor aſs-driver! Drink thou the little money I gave thee, to make thee ſome amends for the great injuſtice I was indirectly guilty of, when thy profound quiet was diſturbed! Have patience for this time, and reflect that although the greateſt part of the modern poets be but comparable to thy beaſts in point of genius, yet when it pleaſes fortune to put a little lace on the coat of any one of them, not only aſſes muſt give him the wall, but even aſs-drivers get out of hog-ſties to make room for him!

With that apartment I was obliged to put up and be thankful. Batiſte found ſome mats, which he laid on its floor; then turned his thoughts towards getting me a ſupper.

A man would be ridiculous, ſhould he dream of any eatables ready at any *Eſtallage*. No ſuch cuſtoms in this country. But little did we care, as we had a turkey in ſtore ready for the ſpit, a Liſbon-ham, and other things. Liſbon-hams are in high reputation, and it has long been decided by connoiſſeurs in epicureiſm that they are ſtill ſuperiour to thoſe of *Bayona* and *Weſtphalia*.

I was ſhewn up ſtairs into a kind of gallery, which opened into ſeveral rooms full of people. This gallery was ſpread with men who ſlept wrapped up in their cloaks.

cloaks. As I advanced amongſt them I felt the floor ſhaking: and as my head has been filled with earthquakes ever ſince I reached Portugal, it occurred on a ſudden that the ground was ſhaking; but preſently was ſenſible that the concuſſion was cauſed by my moving along that ill-conſtructed floor.

As I was walking and waiting for my ſupper, ſome young muleteers came out of the ſide-rooms. One of them began to tickle his guittar, and another produced a ſong to the tune. They had ſcarcely gone on three minutes with their performance, when the ſleepers ſtarted up, while more than thirty people came out of thoſe ſide-rooms; and a dance was begun. A man cut a caper by way of reverence to a woman, and the woman advanced immediately to dance the *Fandango* with him. There is no poſſibility of conveying to you any juſt idea of their hilarity, nimbleneſs, and elaſticity. There were four Spaniſh and ſix Portugueſe females. Out of the ten I took only notice of three. One was a browniſh girl called Tereſuela, whom I ſoon found to be the beſt ſinger of them all. The other two were ſiſters; the younger ſo renowned in the towns around for a beauty, that ſhe goes under the appellation of *la bella Catalina*. The eldeſt is not ſo handſome, but has ſuch eyes! What a pity the compariſon of the ſtars is no more in faſhion!

The dreſſes of theſe women were all gaudy, eſpecially the Spaniſh, who are come from *Badajóz* with ſome male friends to ſee Elvas-fair. I muſt repeat it, that I have ſeen various dances from *Parenzo* in *Iſtria* to *Derby* in *England*; but none of them is comparable to what I ſaw here to-night. It is true that their geſtures and attitudes are ſometimes not ſo compoſed as one could wiſh: yet, if I was poſſeſſed of the abilities of Martial, inſtead of running down the *Fandango* and the *Seguedilla*, which I ſuppoſe were the dances he ſatyrized, I would write a thouſand epigrams in praiſe of them, of *Tereſuela*, of *Catalina*, and moſt particularly of *Paolita*, who has thoſe eyes I mentioned! Oh this Paolita!

Both the *Fandango* and the *Seguedilla* are danced either at the ſound of the guittar alone, or the guittar accompanied by the voice, which is an advantageous addition when the guittariſt happens to have a good voice. Both men and women, while dancing, give a double clap with their thumbs and middle-fingers at every cadence, and both dances (the *Fandango* eſpecially) are rather made up with graceful motions and quick ſtriking of their heels and toes on the ground, than with equal and continued ſteps. They dance cloſe to each other, then wheel about, then approach each other with fond eagerneſs, then quickly retire, then quickly approach again, the man looking the woman ſteadily in the face,

while ſhe keeps her head down, and fixes her eyes on the ground with as much modeſty as ſhe can put on.

I had ſlept but poorly for three nights together, and was ſo much tired with this day's journey, performed a-foot for the greateſt part, that I was juſt debating whether I ſhould, or not, go ſupperleſs to-bed. But this unexpected feaſt changed my thoughts inſtantly, and inſtead of going to reſt, I ſtood there gazing with my whole ſoul abſorbed in delight.

The fellows who but a moment before were ſleeping on that floor, without the leaſt ceremony, or the leaſt ſhame of their rags, danced away with the gaudy, as well as with the dirty women (for ſome of them were dirty enough); nor did any of the company ſhow the leaſt partiality to age, to dreſs, or to beauty, but all ſeem'd to dance merely for dancing-ſake. I was a little ſurpriſed to ſee a ſhabby raſcal take up ſo clean a girl as *Tereſuela*, who was the fineſt of them all, and look ſweeter upon her than any *petit maître* would at *Paris* upon a rich and tender widow. This would not have been allowed in any of the countries I have viſited, where the ill-dreſſed keep company with the ill-dreſſed, and the fine with the fine, without ever dreaming of ſuch mixtures as are practiſed in this part of the world.

In a corner of this gallery there is a large table. Upon the table the cloth was laid, and my ſupper placed. There I ſat down to eat without ceremony or ſhame in my turn.

Having almoſt done, Batiſte put before me a large Engliſh cake made by Madam *Kelly*. This cake I cut up into ſlices, and placing them pyramidically upon a plate, I went to preſent it round to the ladies, paying them a Caſtilian compliment that I had been a quarter of an hour in compoſing. Each of them with the moſt diſembarraſs'd countenance picked up her ſlice, ſome with a bow, ſome with a ſmile, and ſome with a kind word.

The cake being thus diſpoſed, I turned to the gentlemen (muletteers, aſs-drivers, and all) and calling them *Fidalgo's* and *Cavallero's*, invited them to drink the health of the *amables Baylarinas (amiable ſhe-dancers)* which they all did with the nobleſt freedom and greateſt alacrity; and much was the general joy encreaſed by this ſudden piece of outlandiſh manners. Several of them, who till then had ſcarcely deigned to look on the *Eſtrangeiro*, or ſeemed afraid to ſpeak to him, now ſhook him by the hand, and each had ſomething to ſay to me either in Spaniſh or Portugueſe.

To the ladies after the cake I ordered glaſſes of water, becauſe I knew that to offer them wine would have ſpoiled all the good I had done, and the offer conſtrued into a groſs affront; in ſuch eſteem is ſobriety amongſt theſe people. One of them who was with child, ſent to aſk a ſlice of the ham, and her example was followed by the reſt.

About midnight the dance was interrupted by a bonfire which was out of the town in honour of the *Princeſs'* marriage. We all went to ſee it from a baſtion: but to my great ſatisfaction the rain ſpoiled it, ſo that we came back to the *Eſtallage* where the dance began again with a greater fury than before, and laſted two hours longer. *Catalina*'s ſiſter, together with the beſt eyes had alſo the moſt pliant body and the nimbleſt heels, and being willing (as her ſignificant looks told me) to repay me my little civility to her company, danced a dance without a partner, and diſplayed ſo many graces in it that never was my poor heart in ſo imminent a danger.

When ſhe had done, I clapped hands with ſuch violence, and was ſo powerfully ſeconded by *Batiſte*, *Yago*, and *Dom Manuelo*, that the ſpectators were forced out of their cuſtomary phlegm on ſuch occaſions, and with a moſt formidable ſhout of applauſe gave her the reward ſhe had ſo well deſerved. A young *Fidalgo* took then her place, and diſplayed his ſurpriſing agility, clapping thumbs,

thumbs, cutting capers, and throwing his body into a thouſand pictoreſque attitudes. *Tereſuela* then gave us ſome *Caſtilian* ſongs, her voice ſo ſweet, and her manner ſo eaſy, that it would have done honour to the beſt of our theatrical queens. Fair *Catalina* ſung likewiſe, but not ſo well as her friend.

When they had done I ſent word to *Paolita*, that I ſhould be obliged to her if ſhe would favour me with a copy of her ſiſter's laſt ſong. This I did, not only becauſe I had liked ſeveral things in that ſong, but alſo becauſe I wanted to try whether it was poſſible to enter into ſome converſation with her, and ſee whether her ſenſe and wit bore any proportion to her eyes. The anſwer ſhe returned was, that ſhe would not fail to ſend me a whole book of ſongs the next day at the *Poſada* (the *Inn*) at *Badajóz*, as next day they were to go there as well as myſelf.

To make this requeſt I had employed one of the company, who by his familiarity with her I judged a proper meſſenger. But, brother, could'ſt thou not go to her, and talk to her thyſelf? No, I could not. Had this been feaſible, I had not waited for your encouragement. In theſe regions the manners are different from thoſe of England, France, and Italy, and I can aſſure you that I would have given I know not what for the ſatisfaction of

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interchanging a few words with that *Paolita*, whoſe eyes in the fortieth year of my age I could hardly reſiſt.

It was near three when an end was put to the feaſt, and each went to lie down on the ground. Yes, all on the ground, ſome on mats, ſome on ſtraw-bags, ſome on the naked floor, all without taking off their clothes, *Tereſuela*, *Catalina*, and her black-ey'd ſiſter not excepted. All on the ground after the manner of the golden age.

I was the only perſon that did not do like them. My ſpirits had been ſo raiſed by this unexpected pleaſure, that having not the leaſt inclination to ſleep, inſtead of going to my couch I called for pen and ink, and have now been full three hours writing this account. It is broad day, and I am ſtill here in this quaking gallery, which I expected every moment to go down: and it had been a ſingular adventure if the muletteers, aſs-drivers, caleſſeiros, the browniſh girl, fair Catalina, her ſiſter, and every male and female there, had tumbled all in a confuſed heap into the ſtory below.

It rains now very hard; and as every body round me is aſleep, I will go and try if I can get ſome reſt. The next ſtation to *Badajóz* is but three ſhort leagues, and I don't care how late I ſet out this afternoon.

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LETTER XXXVIII.

Love-matters, white cows, a cardinal, an old friend, and a Portugueſe letter.

Badajóz, Sept. 22, 1760, in the evening.

IT is lucky that I am going from theſe regions. Were I to make the leaſt ſtay, I ſhould infalliby grow mad, though I am old enough to be wiſe. Yes: was I to tarry here ever ſo ſhort a time, my philoſophy, which has bravely withſtood for ten years the repeated hoſtilities of Britiſh beauty, my poor, my ſilly, my contemptible philoſophy would ſurrender to a power I am aſhamed to name. But let me follow the thread of my ſtory with my uſual method.

It was nine o'clock this morning when I had not yet cloſed my eyes. The ſight of dancing and the hurry of writing had inflamed my mind too much. I got up and went into the ſhaking gallery, where ſeveral of the men were eating ſalt meat and pickled olives with the four Spaniſh women. An odd breakfaſt, I thought. The women bowed and ſmiled as I entered, and the men invited me to do as they did, which I declined. People ſay that the Spaniards conſtantly breakfaſt on chocolate. Perhaps

haps they do when they are at home; but here the general report was effectually contradicted.

After breakfaſt they had another touch at the *Fandango* in compliment to me, having ſeen how much I had been pleaſed with it: a piece of Spaniſh civility that ſhould not paſs unnoticed. But while ſome where thus dancing, others were ſhaving in the ſame room. This in other countries would be deemed an intolerable want of manners; but here it is nothing. Theſe people live truly *ſans façon*, or to ſay better, *à la Tartare*.

That ſhort dancing being over, the women would go to maſs though it continued to rain hard. The Spaniſh women, it ſeems, like the Portugueſe, love to hear a maſs every day in the year: The Italian only on Sundays and holidays, eſpecially when young. They went accordingly to fetch their *mantillas*; that is the *white veils* with which they cover their heads and the upper part of their bodies. I need not tell you, that during the night I had looked rather too often at *Paolita*'s eyes, and that ſhe had given me clearly to underſtand ſeveral times, that ſhe was not diſpleaſed at the preference I gave her to the browniſh *Tereſuela*, and even to her own handſome ſiſter: and, ſince, I am about it, I may as well tell you, that when we went to ſee the bonfire, ſomebody in the dark gave me a ſlight pinch in the arm, and ran her hand againſt mine.

Well, both men and women quitted the gallery and went to church. But they had ſcarcely reached the bottom of the ſtairs, when back returns *Paolita* to fetch a glove. The ſteps ſhe mounted with ſuch celerity, and ſtood before me ſo unexpectedly, that I almoſt loſt my ſight in the ſurprize. *Dios te dea mil años de bien, Eſtrangero*, ſaid ſhe, throwing up her veil and ſpeaking in my ear. I had no other anſwer ready but a kiſs on her right eye, and another on her left; and before I could recover my thoughts, off ſhe was flown.

She is gone! and has left me, I cannot tell in what condition! What buſineſs had ſhe to forget a glove, or to come back and wiſh me well! I wiſh her well too, and with a thouſand hearts if I had them: but I am a mere traveller in this country; and, what is worſe, I have already travelled beyond my fortieth year. Why then did ſhe think of her glove! Oh ye Seneca's, ye Boetius's, ye ſages all, whoſe pages I once read with ſome attention, I humbly beg your pardon for having read them, as I now find, to very little purpoſe! A glance, a pinch, a nothing, has proved ſtronger than any dozen of you, and has inſtantaneouſly thrown topſy turvy that vaſt collection of wiſdom, which I have been making for years and years out of your volumes! But let me think of her no more, and go on with my narration.

The long vigil had made me reſolve to ſet out late, and thus I left *Elvas* at three in the afternoon. The rain

conti-

continued pouring. Having gone on about two hours, we croſſed a torrent called *Caya*, which is the boundary on that ſide between Portugal and Spain. Though that torrent may be paſſed with a dry foot almoſt the year round, it was was now ſo ſwollen by the rain, that it waſhed the bellies of my mules; ſo that I loſt all hopes of having the ſongs that *Paolita* had promiſed, ſeeing plainly that the aſſes on which the two ſiſters are to ride back to *Badajóz*, will not be able to wade the *Caya* to-night. But ſee! Here ſhe is again. Begone, girl, be-gone! I will think of thee no more. I am forty years of age!

My thoughts had not been agreeably employed from *Elvas* to that torrent: Yet I felt a fluſh of joy as I reached the oppoſite ſide of it. Portugal at laſt was be-hind me, and the *Caleſſeros* (no more *Caleſſeiros*) aſſured me that travelling would now prove much better. No more *Eſtallages* in Spain, but *Poſadas*. No more lying on the floor and upon mats and ſtraw, but in *camas altas* ſtuffed with wool, and *ſavanas limpias cada noche, ſi uſted quiere*; that is, *high beds* and *clean ſheets every night at choice.*

Badajoz, anciently *Pax Auguſta*, is a fortified town built on a ſmall eminence about a league from the *Caya*. We entered it by a ſtone-bridge over the river *Guadiana*. That bridge is one of the longeſt and moſt magnificent I

have as yet ſeen. Were it a little wider it would do honour to the *Thames* itſelf. 'Tis the favourite evening-walk of the Badajozians, I was much pleaſed on my reaching the *Guadiana* to ſee along the bank oppoſite the town a large herd of milk-white cows. Their number amounted to no leſs than five hundred, which is more than *Allemtejo* and the *Eſtremadura Portugueza* contain. At leaſt I can aver, that I did not ſee one from *Aldeagallega* to *Villa Vizoſa* incluſively. At *Elvas* indeed I ſaw a few: but that was becauſe of the fair which was kept there. Where do the Portugueſe get thoſe many bulls they ſlay in the amphitheatre at *Campo Pequeno* on ſundays? and where the oxen that draw their creaking carts, or the butcher's meat that is eaten in their metropolis? I ſuppoſe they have ſome province on the weſtern-ſide of the Tagus more fertile than the two above-named, and abounding in paſtures.

At the north-end of Badajoz-bridge there is a gate flanked by two round ſtone-towers or dungeons. Behind that gate I was welcomed to Spain by two fellows, whom at firſt ſight I miſtook for two Jeſuits, as they were both covered with black cloaks that reached the ground, and wore flapp'd hats on their heads. But their errand to me made me preſently ſenſible that they were cuſtom-men. They begged I would order the Caleſſeros to drive to the *Aduana (Cuſtom-houſe)* where my trunks were opened and ſearched; but not in the ſavage manner that is practiſed

tiſed in England, where a rude ſcoundrel diſcompoſes all your things without any diſcretion, unſews even your coats, if he has the leaſt ſuſpicion of lace concealed between the lining and the cloth; and when he has vexed you much, extorts from you ſome ſhillings as a reward for his coarſeneſs and brutality.

This, amongſt numberleſs other, is an inconvenience which diſhoneſt travellers have brought upon the honeſt. The groſs of mankind are thieves; and many of them are perpetually endeavouring to defraud ſovereigns of their rights by what is called *ſmuggling*. Thoſe who are deputed to levy theſe rights, cannot read honeſty or diſhoneſty in the faces of goers and comers, and diſtinguiſh the ſmuggler from the gentleman: Therefore they put every body indiſtinctly to the trouble of being ſearched. Theſe ſearches are more or leſs rigorous in this and that ſtate. In England they are quite inſufferable. There I have been often ſhocked to ſee even ladies treated with an indecency that the rougheſt Barbarians would be aſhamed to practiſe. The Spaniſh government, it ſeems, acts with more generoſity in this reſpect than the Engliſh, and does not think ſuch contrabands as travellers may conceal in a trunk, an object of much attention, or a diminution worth minding of the public revenue.

The *Poſada* of *Santa Lucia* where I alighted, is not much better than a Portugueſe *Eſtallage*. However its walls

walls are ſound, the roof not cracked, and the floor not paved with pebbles like a ſtreet. Here, as in Portugal, the windows have no panes, but only ſhutters, which exclude the light if you exclude the rain, the wind, or the cold. No drawers, wardrobes, or looking-glaſſes. Here, quoth Batiſte, ſuch pieces of furniture are not *a la mode comme en France*. Here the chairs totter and the tables are greaſy, exactly as in the *Eſtallages*. But the *Camas altas* are ſomething that the *Eſtallages* had not; and as to this *Señor* (no more *Senhor*) *Poſadero*, we ſhould be the beſt friends in the world, was I to fix my reſidence in *Badajoz*. He plays upon the guittar better than any body I have as yet heard, and his civility is equal to his ſkill in muſic. He would play while I was ſhaving *para deſenfadar a uſted*, ſaid he; that is, *to divert me the while*. Could he puſh politeneſs further?

As ſoon as alighted I diſpatched Batiſte with a note to Cardinal *Acciaioli*, informing his eminence of my arrival, begging leave to be admitted *al bacio della ſacra porpora*, and to offer my ſervice for Italy, whither I was going forthwith. While I waited for an anſwer, a gentleman ruſhed into my room and threw his arms about me before I was aware, crying *ben trovato*, *ben trovato*. I ſtared, and look'd, and knew him not. How? Don't you know your old Milaneſe friend *Meroſio?* Ah Doctor, is it you? Indeed it was himſelf, one of the favourite companions of my youth. He had met with Batiſte

in the ſtreet, whom he had known in Liſbon. What do you here, Batiſte? Sir, I am with my old maſter Mr. Such a one, and we go to Italy. What? My old friend from Turin? Yes, Sir, he is of Turin. If you are his friend, ſtep to the *Poſoda*, and you will ſee him. This proved a delightful ſurpriſe to the Doctor and me, as you may well imagine. We aſked each other numberleſs queſtions in a moment, and could not recover from the amazement of ſuch a *bell' incontro* in ſo remote a corner of the world as *Badajoz*.

The cardinal, to whom my name happened not to be quite unknown, ſent me word that he would be glad to ſee me, and to him I went with *Meroſio*, who is his phyſician. He received me with affability, and ſeemed much pleaſed at the pleaſure that ſparkled in the eyes of two friends who had unexpectedly met on the banks of the *Guadiana*. There I paſſed a moſt agreeable evening, and Portugal, Rome, and England furniſhed us with topics of converſation for five hours. With his eminence there is a young *Monſignore* his nephew, and ſeveral other Italian gentlemen, all heartily tired with their long ſtay here, and all wiſhing to exchange it for Rome. *Badajóz*, they ſay, is no very cardinalitian reſidence. Excepting the governor *Conde de la Roca*, and two or three officers of the garriſon who have ſeen the world, there are no people in it much fit for converſation. The Badajo-

dajozians, who perhaps never ſaw a Cardinal within their walls ever ſince they were built, pay his eminence a ſort of reſpect, that approaches adoration, or *idolatry*, as he termed it himſelf, which he returns with numberleſs benedictions whenever he goes out. But this interchange of kindneſs does not mend matters with him, and his days paſs on in languor rather than in quiet. And how does he paſs the nights? Happy we, obſcure mortals, who have nothing to diſturb our ſleep, but the hardneſs of a mattraſs, and a thought of *Paolita!* It is not always a bad thing to be an obſcure mortal, and below the notice of Kings and Popes.

I need not tell you by what accident a man of his importance was brought to this town. The public papers have informed you of the treatment he met at Liſbon, and how roughly he was driven from thence with all his retinue. I was bold enough to aſk him the reaſon of it. I verily think, ſaid he, that thoſe who did it, know it no better than myſelf. An order was brought me in writing to quit Liſbon in an hour; but the fifty ſoldiers who brought that order, did not allow me a minute. Their commander hurried me into a boat without giving me time to ſhut my writing-deſk, made me croſs the *Tagus*, and ſaw me to the *Caya* in four days. On the road I had no bed, and ſcarce any thing to eat; and all this without my knowing why. But come to ſee me

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when I am in Italy, and then I will tell you more. Here, added he with a ſmile, I muſt be a great politician, and hold my tongue.

To-morrow I intend to do as I did to-day, and go no more than three leagues. I ſhall paſs the whole morning with my friend, who, like a true Milaneſe, grieves at his maſter's ſituation, though he knows no more of his affairs than my-ſelf.

I will end this with the letter written by *Dom Luiz da Cunha*, Secretary of State, to the Cardinal, and ſent by the officer that was to accompany him ſo far as the *Caya*·

" C A R T A.

" *Que de Ordem de S. Mageſtade eſcreveo o ſecretario de eſtado Dom Luiz da*
" *Cunha ao Cardinal Acciaioli para ſahir da Corte de Liſboa.*

" *Eminentiſſimo e reverendiſſimo Senhor.*

" *Sua Mageſtade, uſando do juſto, real, e ſupremo po-*
" *der, que por todos os direitos lhe compete, para conſervar*
" *illeza a ſua authoridade regia, e preſervar os ſeus vaſ-*
" *ſallos de eſcandalos prejudiciaes á tranquilidade publi-*
" *ca dos ſeus reinos: Me manda intimar a Voſſa Emi-*
" *nencia que logo immediatamente á appreſentaçaõ deſta*
" *carta haja Voſſa Eminencia de ſahir deſta corte para a*
" *outra banda do Tejo, e haja de ſahir via recta deſtes*
" *reinos no precizo termo de quattro dias.*

" *Para o decente tranſporte de Voſſa Eminencia ſe achaõ*
" *promptos os reaes eſcaleres na praya fronteira á caza da*
" *habitaçaõ de Voſſa Eminencia.*

" *E para que Voſſa Eminencia poſſa entrar nelles, e*
" *ſeguir a ſua viagem e caminho, ſem o menor receyo de*
" *inſultos contrarios á protecçaõ que Sua Mageſtade quer*
" *ſempre que em todos os cazos ache em ſeus dominios a*
" *immunidade do caracter de que Voſſa Eminencia ſe acha*
" *reveſtido : Manda o dito Senhor ao meſmo tempo acom-*
" *panhar a Voſſa Eminencia até a fronteira deſte reino*
" *por huma decoroza e competente eſcolta militar.*

" *Fico para ſervir a Voſſa Eminencia com o maior ob-*
" *ſequio. Deos guarde a Voſſa Eminencia muitos annos.*
" *Paço a 14 de Junho de 1760. De Voſſa Eminencia*
" *obſequioziſſimo ſervidor,*

D. LUIZ *da* CUNHA.

In Engliſh thus.

" A LETTER,

" Which by order of his Majeſty Dom Luiz da Cunha Secretary of State,
" wrote to Cardinal Acciaioli, that he may forthwith depart from the court
" of Liſbon.

" Moſt eminent and moſt reverend Sir.

" His Majeſty, making uſe of the juſt, royal, and ſu-
" preme power which he has all ſorts of right to, that
" he may keep inviolate his royal authority and preſerve

" his ſubjects from ſuch ſcandals as might prove prejudi-
" cial to the public tranquility of his kingdoms, orders
" me to let Your Eminence know, that, on your hav-
" ing this preſented to you, you quit immediately this
" court, and croſs over to the oppoſite ſide of the Ta-
" gus, to depart ſtrait from theſe kingdoms, within the
" term of four days.

" For the decent tranſport of Your Eminence, the
" royal barges will be ready before the houſe inhabited
" by Your Eminence.

" And that Your Eminence may enter them and con-
" tinue this journey without the leaſt fear of inſults con-
" trary to the protection which his Majeſty on every oc-
" caſion grants in his own dominions to the immunity
" of the character inveſted in Your Eminence, the ſaid
" lord orders at the ſame time that Your Eminence be
" accompanied ſo far as the frontier of this kingdom by
" an honourable and competent military eſcort.

" I am at Your Eminence's ſervice with the utmoſt
" obſequiouſneſs. God guard Your Eminence many
" years. From the palace, June 14, 1760. Your Emi-
" nence's moſt obſequious ſervant,

D. LUIS *da* CUNHA.

LETTER XXXIX.

A leſſon to itinerant writers.

Badajoz, Sept. 23, 1760, early in the morning.

LAST night I had the curioſity to read over all thoſe of my letters that have *Portugueſe dates*: then ruminating a while on their contents, "Well, ſaid I to "myſelf, let us ſuppoſe that you ſhould take into your "head ſome time or other to print theſe letters, what "do you think that people would ſay to them? You "know, Mr. Traveller, that, before he ventures to preſs, "every conſiderate man ought to aſk himſelf this queſ-"tion twice. Therefore give me leave to aſk you again, "*what will people ſay to your work when it is printed?*"

Self-love anſwers without heſitation, that every mortal will be glad of this publication. That the moſt buſy men and the moſt attentive women will quit their affairs as well as their pleaſures to enjoy ſo delightful a performance. That all will unite in chorus to extol the elegance of my language, the rapidity of my ſtyle, the variety of my thoughts, and the juſtneſs of my remarks. That every body will call me a pleaſing painter of material objects, conſider me as a ſkilful indagator of cuſtoms and manners, and infallibly rank me amongſt the neat-

eſt,

eſt, brighteſt, and moſt inſtructive writers that Italy or any country ever produced.

But ſelf-love, brothers, ſelf-love is a treacherous raſcal whom nobody ought ever to truſt. Self-love will ſeize every opportunity to ſooth and flatter and lead a man into error, and there is no one living but who has had many reaſons to miſtruſt his ſuggeſtions: and now that I have calmly inſpected the *tout enſemble* of my Portugueſe letters, and foregone an hour the effect they may produce in the minds of the generality of my readers, I own I am not quite ſo pleaſed with that *tout enſemble* as I was with each letter ſingly, when I wrote them at intervals four and twenty hours diſtant from each other. I am under ſome apprehenſion leſt any reader ſhould think me too ſarcaſtical, and, what would be worſe, that he ſhould be led into opinions with regard to the Portugueſe that I do not intend to give him.

Was each of theſe letters to be read abſtractedly from the reſt, I am pretty ſure that nobody would ſuſpect me of malignity and ill-will to the Portugueſe and their country. The deſcription of bad inns in a region unfrequented by travellers, the account of a barber's abſurdity, or a wench's impertinence, and other ſuch things, would perhaps prove diverting during the ſhort time employed in the peruſal, and leave no impreſſion behind to the diſhonour of Portugal and the generality of its inhabi-

tants,

tants. Each letter would have no other effect than is produced in the mind of him who reads the burleſque *Capitolo*, written by our poet *Berni* to his friend the famous *Fracaſtorius* in diſpraiſe of *Settignano*, *(a village in the Veroneſe territory)*; and every man would poſſibly laugh at the ſubject of the picture as well as at the humour of the painter, as it is the caſe in that *Capitolo*. But I fear leſt my burleſque accounts, taken all together, ſhould produce a different effect from that which would be produced by only one, and bring me upon a level with thoſe peeviſh and inſolent travel-mongers, who in the countries they deſcribe look only for ſubjects of blame and diſapprobation.

That my reader therefore may not form from my letters (if I print them, as it is my intention) more unfavourable ideas of the Portugueſe then I intend, I will warn him here to take notice, that, though the proportion of cenſure and ridicule may prove greater in them than that of praiſe and commendation, yet he mnſt not be too quick to infer upon my teſtimony, that both the country and the nation of the Portugueſe are undeſerving his eſteem. I have ſeen but little of either, and have had no means of giving any judgment of the middle or of the higheſt claſs. Therefore if any reader ſhould find himſelf diſpoſed to take my word and give implicit credit to my letters, let him reſtrain his imagination, and not confound thoſe two claſſes with the loweſt. Cardinal *Acciaioli* (whoſe

(whoſe ſincerity is much greater than his politics) and the gentlemen of his retinue, who have no great reaſon to be in love with the Portugueſe, have aſſured me that, both of the high and middle rank, there are many eſtimable perſons in *Liſbon*; and the little I have ſaid of the hermits of the *Cork-convent*, the curate of *Arrayolos*, the ſheriff of *Villa Vizoſa*, and ſome others, ought to convince my readers that I do not intend to make them look on Portugal as a country quite deſtitute of politeneſs and hoſpitality. I certainly have no great opinion of its literature and arts, or of its populace; and my contempt is the natural conſequence of my obſervations, though quite curſory, quite ſuperficial. Let us however not forget, that arts and literature can never be greatly cultivated in countries of ſmall extent, as Portugal is; and with reſpect to the low part of any nation, there is always a wide difference between the manners prevailing in a large metropolis and in the country depending on it. Every metropolis abounds in vices almoſt unknown to the inhabitants of petty towns and villages; and this reflection muſt ſerve as a counterballance to thoſe I have made in condemnation of the rogues who flung ſtones at me in the valley of *Alcántara*. I am perſuaded that with ſuch an adventure I ſhould not have met, but in the neighbourhood of a metropolis.

I wiſh it had been in my power to go and viſit the univerſity of *Cohimbra*, and the kingdom of *Algarve* mentioned

tioned almoſt no where but on the Portugueſe coin. An account of that kingdom and that univerſity would poſſibly have raiſed my ideas of the Portugueſe people: and I wiſh alſo, that it had been conſiſtent with the plan of my preſent journey to go and wander a while on the banks of the *Minho* and the *Douro*, and carefully examine the cuſtoms and manners of thoſe that drink of their ſtreams. But what avails wiſhing, when we are not rich enough to ſatisfy either our own or our friends' curioſity? However, ſince I am about wiſhing, I will wiſh that ſome future traveller, poſſeſſed of ſufficient leiſure, wealth, and ſagacity, may come to this part of Europe, and give a more ample and more circumſtantial account of it. The literary world wants a complete information of a country, of which not even the capital has been yet deſcribed.

LETTER XL.

A ſketch of the adventures of a lady. Come to ſee the watch. Talaverolan poetry.

Talaverola Sept. 23, 1760.

MEROSIO came early this morning to me, and informed me moſt minutely of what has happened to him ſince we parted at *Milan*, and by what ſucceſſion of accidents he was at laſt brought to *Badajóz* with Cardinal

dinal *Acciaioli*. Beſides his own, he related the adventures of his wife, an Engliſhwoman whom he married in *Liſbon* ſome years ago. I had indeed heard her mentioned at the Engliſh coffee-houſe there; but did not ſuſpect that ſhe was my friend's wife, as his name had been inaccurately pronounced by thoſe who ſpoke of her. She is a moſt wonderous being, it ſeems. She has been in the four quarters of the world, and ſpeaks ſeveral languages, amongſt which that of the Indians in the neighbourhood of *Goa*, where ſhe reſided as a maid of honour to the unfortunate vice-queen marchioneſs *Távora*, who was beheaded in *Liſbon* with the duke of *Aveiro*. She has alſo been in *Japan* with her firſt huſband, a Dutch phyſician, to whom ſhe was married at Batavia: and it is but lately that ſhe was redeemed from a long ſlavery, and paſſed from *Morocco* to *Gibraltar* in the Engliſh ſhip that went to *Barbary* to fetch many captives of the Britiſh nation, ſhipwrecked laſt year (if I am not miſtaken) in a man of war called the *Litchfield*. Madam Meroſio had been taken three years before in a Portugueſe veſſel by a *Saleteen* pirate, and would probably have paſſed her whole life in captivity, had ſhe not been an Engliſhwoman. As ſuch, ſhe was redeemed along with the crew of the *Litchfield*. Soon after ſhe had been ſold at *Morocco*, ſhe became a great favourite with a favourite Sultana there, and ſtayed there long enough to learn that language. She has informed her huſband from Gibraltar, that the preſents her miſtreſs made her when

forced to part with her, will prove more than ſufficient to live the remainder of their days in quiet. He has deſired her to take the road of Italy, and meet him at *Genoa* or *Milan*. A narrative of her life would make a fine book, and if I ſee her any where in Italy, I will ſpirit her up to it, and offer her my ſervice towards the work.

The Cardinal has obligingly drawn from me a promiſe that I will pay him *(a)* a viſit when we come to be all on the good ſide of the Alps. I really was ſorry to leave him in a place, which muſt on many accounts prove very diſagreeable to a man of his parts, habits, and ſocial temper. I am afraid the croſſes he has met with in Liſbon will impair his health. I took my leave about one in the afternoon of him, of my friend, and of *Paolita*'s native place with a heart full of the moſt ſincere ſorrow, and after two hours riding croſſed a torrent called *Guadixa*. Only one cottage have I ſeen to-day in the ſpace of three leagues. This village of *Talaverola* is but ſmall, and the only thing pompous in it that I have obſerved, is the ſhort inſcription on the gate of the Poſada. *Meſon por los Cavalleros*. It would be properer if it ſaid, *por los Muletteros*. However, it may be conſidered as an enchanted caſtle built by *Armida* for *Rinaldo*, when compared to the *Eſtallages*.

(a) I kept that promiſe in the year 1765, *and paſſed a few months at Ancona with him. He died ſoon after I left the place, and univerſally regretted, as my Anconitan friends wrote to me.*

As I was loitering before that *Meſon* waiting for my ſupper, a parcel of poor little girls came to look at the *Eſtrangero*. Aſking them their names and other ſuch important queſtions, I happened to look at my watch. One of them on ſeeing it aſked me what it was. *Un relox*, ſaid I, *que me dize las horas*. " A watch that tells " me the hour." *Habla el relox?* replied the pert thing. " *Does the watch ſpeak?*" Look here, my dear, ſaid I. When this hand points at this mark, it is *one*: when at this, it is *two*; and ſo on. But how does the hand, ſaid the girl, go from one mark to the other, and tell you the hour you want to know? The queſtion was ſomewhat puzzling, as I knew not what words to uſe to ſatisfy her curioſity. To ſpare myſelf the trouble of a long explanation, which might at laſt prove incomprehenſible, I put the watch to her ear, and made her take notice of the clack within it. You cannot conceive how ſhe was ſtruck on hearing it. No ſurpriſe was ever ſo ſtrongly marked in any face. All her little friends would have the watch clapped at their ears, and it was very diverting to ſee the effect it produced in their little minds. Unable to contain the aſtoniſhment cauſed by that little noiſe, ſome of them ran along the ſtreet, called the infantry of the village, and brought it all about me to ſee and hear *el relox del cavallero*. Happy the boy or girl that could hear it twice out of my princely condeſcenſion! Who could ever have thought, that I had with me the ready means of making them all ſo happy! And ſeveral of the

men and women who ran at the creatures' buſtle, took me for a moſt reſpectable *Hidalgo* upon the mere credit of my watch. Thus I beguiled an hour, immenſely delighted with their aſtoniſhment and innocent joy. Meaſure you now the proportion of knowledge that there is between *London*, *Paris*, or *Rome*, and the village of *Talaverola* in the Spaniſh *Eſtremadura*.

Re-entering the *Meſon*, and inſpecting its furniture, I ſaw in a corner an alms-box fixed to the wall with this inſcription upon it:

O tu honrado Cavallero
Que llegais a eſte Meſon,
Da un ochavo a las almas,
Y ponlo en eſte Cajon.
Mira que la obra es buena
Del divino Conciſtorio,
Y lo admite de mano ajena
Para que ſalgar de pena
Las almas del Purgatorio.

In Engliſh thus: *Ye noble cavalier, who have reached this inn, give a half-penny to the ſouls, and put it in this box. Take notice that this act will prove acceptable to the heavenly conſiſtory, and it will be worth the liberality of any foreigner to deliver the ſouls out of Purgatory.*

There

There are no watchmakers here, ſaid I, but there are poets: and to paſs another moment I tranſlated theſe verſes into Italian thus:

Signor dabbene e bello
Quì giunto a ſuo grand' agio,
Deh laſci un quattrinello
Dell' anime in ſuffragio!
Voſſignoria Illuſtriſſima
Farà coſa gratiſſima
Al ſanto Conciſtorio
Con pecunia pochiſſima
Per chi ſta in Purgatorio.

And with this I take my leave of the *Pindar* of the *Guadixa*, or the *Talaverolan* bard; call him as you like.

LETTER XLI.

Tedioufneſs of uniformity. Leanders. Melon-ſeeds. General Muza.

Mérida, Sept. 26, 1760.

THE Engliſh Spectator adviſes us to keep a minute account of our daily doings, that by reading it a while after, we may ſee how our time has elapſed, be aſhamed of the manner in which we ſpent it, and employ it better for the future.

Why

Why of the many that have heard of ſo good a piece of advice, not one perhaps would ever take it, many reaſons may be given. But the beſt in my opinion is, that ſuch a journal would prove uniform, and uniformity is a moſt wearisome thing. Each page of it would be like the former, becauſe men in general do to-day and will do to-morrow, what they did yeſterday and the day before. Very few are the lives ſo diverſified as to afford quick paſſages from actions of one kind to actions of another; and to write and to read over and over the ſame ſtory, would only aggravate the tediouſneſs of uniformity.

It is however providential that uniformity is diſguſting. Were not man actuated by an invincible averſion to it, he would certainly ſit down in idleneſs after having provided for the preſent neceſſity, and his care would ſcarcely ever preclude the wants of to-morrow. Our averſion to uniformity makes us hate a jail above all other things, becauſe life is paſſed with a greater uniformity in a jail than any where elſe. And why do we all wiſh for an inceſſant increaſe of riches, but becauſe we know that riches afford the readieſt means of varying life? Indeed all our efforts tend to this end, and I think that all men would, if they could, devote part of their life to travelling, becauſe they ſuppoſe that it affords a great deal of variety. But I, who have tried it ſeveral times, am not quite of this opinion. What am I doing now,

but

but the ſame thing over and over? I get up betimes in the morning from a bad couch, enter a chaiſe, go on till dinner-time; then alight and eat; then enter the chaiſe again, go on till ſupper-time; then alight and ſup; then go to lie down upon another bad couch. Nor do I converſe more, or ſee more objects, than when I was in the immenſe metropolis of England, where a man may live a hundred years, and yet ſee every day many and many things which will prove new to the man that has moſt ſeen.

Amongſt my expedients to deſtroy as much as poſſible of this uniformity, I have betaken myſelf to that of writing a minute narrative of this journey: but, amongſt the many inconveniencies of my expedient, one is, that I can ſcarcely help beginning my letters uniformly with *This morning*. To avoid ſo diſguſtful a ſameneſs I am driven to the hardeſt ſhifts. I put my mind to no ſmall torture every night, and have recourſe to various flouriſhes in order to eſcape it both for your ſake and mine. Sometimes the flouriſh will be gay, ſometimes will be dull. Dull or not, I muſt now ſay that this morning I ſat out from *Talaverola* at eight, and that I have neither ſaid, nor ſeen, nor done any thing in this whole day that could relieve me from weariſome uniformity. I have only obſerved that the *Leandro (laurel-roſe)* which is cultivated with ſo much care in our Italian gardens for its beautiful flower, grows ſpontaneouſly on the banks of the *Guadiana*.

diana. Next to this unimportant information I muſt give you another, quite as unimportant; and it is, that about noon we ſat down, Batiſte, the Caleſſeros, and I, upon the bank of the *Guadiana*, to eat a dinner we had brought with us, as there is no kind of habitation between *Talaveróla* and *Mérida*, though ſix leagues diſtant from each other, except one called *Lobón*, which I have already forgot whether it is a *Venta* or a hamlet.

About eight at night we entered this *Mérida* by a bridge near as fine as that at *Badajóz*. Few rivers in Europe can boaſt of two ſuch noble bridges as decorate the *Guadiana*. Not far from *Talaveróla* we bought of a peaſant ſome melons, which proved as good as the very beſt at *Cantalupo* in Romagna, *Malamocco* near Venice, *Caravaggio* in Lombardy, or *Cambiagno* in Piedmont: and this is another of to-day's unimportant tranſactions. I had charged Batiſte to ſave the ſeeds, which I intended to have ſowed at home, in order to contribute my mite towards the propagation of the good things of this world: but the hair-brained fellow forgot my order and has thrown them away.

I have taken a tour about the ſtreets of *Mérida*. Father *Mariana* ſays in his hiſtory, that *Muza*, a general of *Morocco*, taking a view of this town from a diſtance, was fired with a deſire of making himſelf maſter of it, which he effected by a ſtratagem after this manner. As the

the inhabitants defended themſelves with the greateſt obſtinacy, knowing him to be old, and hoping he would ſoon die, and the ſiege be raiſed of courſe, General *Muza* tinged his white hair to black; then ſent them word he would be glad to treat with them, and put an end to the ſiege. They *(a)* complied with his deſire, but their deputies, ſeeing him grown young, were ſo terrified that they adviſed a ſurrender.

I believe *Mérida* to have been a noble place in former ages, when it was called *Auguſta Emerita*, and was the metropolis of *Luſitania*; but time has changed it. Many antiquities are here to be ſeen, as this was once a flouriſhing colony of the Romans. The Méridans ſeem to care but little for thoſe remains, and are nevertheleſs proud of them. At leaſt the *Poſadero* ſeem'd ſo to me. He is what they call in Spaniſh, *un agradable hablador*. "*A fair ſpoken man, a ſpecious prater.*" And has told me that even their bridge is a Roman work. I have not time to verify his aſſertion; but indeed it is a noble bridge, long, ſpacious, and all of free-ſtone.

(a) Abulcacim Tarif Abentarique, *Muza*'s contemporary, in his Arabick *Hiſtory of King Rodrigo*, tranſlated into Spaniſh by *Miguel de Luna*, does not mention this ſtratagem, though he takes particular notice of that ſiege, and deſcribes ſeveral particularities of it. *De Luna*'s tranſlation was printed for the fourth time at *Valencia* in 1646. I ſhall ſpeak of it in another place.

LETTER XLII.

An odd colonel and a kind curate. Boys and girls jumping at my quartillos.

Meaxaras (*or* Miajadas) Sept. 27, 1760.

WHEN I ſhall have told you that I am in a village ſcarcely containing four hundred ſouls, you will preſently conclude that my letter of to-day will prove quite as inſipid as that of yeſterday. I wiſh I could fill up my daily accounts with intereſting matter: But conſider that I travel on without ſtopping through a country very thinly peopled, and that little can be ſaid when but little is to be ſeen. However this day's letter will prove more entertaining than my laſt.

This morning (I cannot avoid this expreſſion) we croſſed early the eaſtern part of *Mérida*'s territory, which is pretty fertile in ſome places, and ſtopped at a hamlet called *San Pedro* about two leagues diſtant, and there dined, though it was but nine o'clock, becauſe we were ſure to find no more habitations from thence to this *Meaxaras*, which is five long leagues diſtant from *San Pedro*.

While

While we were employed in taking off the rind of a large Merida-melon, (whoſe ſeeds ſhall be certainly preſerved) a moſt ugly coach, drawn by two half-ſtarved jades, entered the *Poſada*. An old gentleman was in it, who is colonel of a regiment of cavalry called *De la Reyna*. He was preceded by half a dozen of his horſemen. As ſoon as alighted he came into the room where I was at dinner with my people; that is, Batiſte and the Caleſſeros. I got up, offered him a ſeat, and invited him to partake of my fare, which was not bad, as partridges and other game are very plentiful in theſe deſarts, and to be bought of the country-people or the *Poſaderos* almoſt for nothing. But the colonel was in a pet, thanked me coldly, turned his back, went to wait without for my going, that he might take poſſeſſion of the room, which is the only one in the *Poſada*. Then growing impatient, as I ſuppoſe, he ran to the ſtable; and that he might do ſomething towards diſcharging his ill-humour, he ordered that my four mules ſhould be inſtantly driven out of it, to make room for his two jades and for the horſes of his cavaliers. It was lucky that he ſtopp'd there, and did not likewiſe think of driving me out of the room. Had he thought of that, and commanded his warriors to inveſt it, I had certainly ſurrendered at diſcretion as well as Batiſte, as we are quite ignorant of the art of attacking and defending places. However his indignation was all vented againſt the mules: and here I would have you take notice by the by, how ſkill prevails over bodily ſtrength.

The four beaſts have certainly ten, if not twenty times, more ſtrength than he and any of his fellows put together; yet they were preſently turned out into the yard, though the *Caleſſeros* ran to tell him in a moſt ſubmiſſive ſtrain, that they had juſt *acabada la cevada (eaten their chopp'd ſtraw)* and that *el Cavellero* (meaning me) was going in three minutes. In England this would not have happened, as the common people there are more upon a par with colonels and generals than that of Spain. An Engliſh *Yago*, or a Welſh *Dom Manuelo*, would upon ſuch an occaſion have ſhewn a clenched fiſt to the peeviſh old fellow; and his ſoldiers would no more have thought of touching than of eating the mules. But all countries have conſtitutions of their own, which are productive of this and that good, and ſubject to this and that evil.

My poor conductors, each of their limbs ſhaking with terror, came running to tell me, that they had put to; and begged I would inſtantly run away from that formidable enemy to mules. But I had ſeen from the window the whole regiment advance towards the *Poſada*, and being willing to view it, bad them go ſlowly on and wait for me at ſome diſtance. The regiment is indeed very fine. Fine horſes, fine men, all well armed, and very well dreſſed.

Having ſatisfied my curioſity and looked at ſome of the officers' ladies who came on in chaiſes and alighted at the

the *Poſada*, I went to join my timid Caleſſeros, and, continuing our journey through a deſart, we reached *Meaxáras* pretty late in the evening. Here I ſupped in compliance with that unavoidable uniformity of which I talked yeſterday. Then I went to take a walk about the village. I ſpied the ruins of a caſtle, and thither directed my ſteps. Near thoſe ruins a clergyman was ſitting on a ſtone quite alone. I bowed, he bowed. *Criado de voſted, Senor Cura : Criado de voſted, Cavallero.* Pray, what are theſe ruins? Thoſe of a Mooriſh caſtle, ſaid the curate with an air of affability; and without any further ceremony he entered upon the hiſtory of it, and informed me of the riſe and fall with as rapid a volubility of ſpeech as ever I heard, to my no ſmall ſatisfaction. I wiſh I could meet often with ſuch men during the remainder of my journey. We parted after a full hour's confabulation about the Mooriſh people that were once powerful in this very province of *Eſtramadura Eſpañola*. He thinks that ſome of their deſcendants are ſtill lurking in ſeveral parts of the country, openly living like chriſtians, but ſecretly practiſing ſome Mahometaniſm. Yet, ſaid he, their fear of being diſcovered has always been ſo great, ever ſince the edict of general expulſion in 1610, that, daring not to ſpeak Arabick even amongſt themſelves for fear of being overheard, they have loſt it, and with it the greateſt part of their religion, which will totally periſh of itſelf before it is long,

and

and all of us be (*a*) *Chriſtianos Viejos*, probably before another century is elapſed. Could I viſit the moſt unfrequented parts of *Granada* and *Andaluſia*, I would enquire more about theſe *Moriſcos* and their remains. By the monuments they have left in all parts of this kingdom they ſeem to have been a brave breed of men.

As the moon ſhone bright, I rambled about the village a while, after having parted with the good curate. In turning a corner I met with ſome men and women who ſat on benches talking together and enjoying the freſhneſs of the night, while ſome children of both ſexes were playing in the midſt of the ſtreet. *Mucchachita*, ſaid I to a ſprightly girl who curteſied to me of her own accord, will you tell me my way to the *Poſada* of *Tia Morena*? In this country they give the appellation of *Tia (Aunt)* to all old women of low rank. Turn that corner, ſaid the girl, and it is the ſecond houſe on your left hand. Take this for your kindneſs, ſaid I, giving her a ſmall coin.

Her play-fellows who ſaw me reward an anſwer, were preſently about me. *Señor*, *Señor*, *deame un quartillo tambien*, "*give me a farthing too.*" I diſtributed as many as I had, and each of them would have had one but that

(*a*) OLD CHRISTIANS, *is a title which Spaniards give themſelves, to let others know that they are not deſcended from Jews or Moriſcos who, when converted, are called* CHRISTIANOS NUEVOS, NEW CHRISTIANS.

their cries drew more boys and girls from the neighbourhood in an inſtant. *Y a mi tambien, Señor, y a mi, y a mi.* One pulled me by the coat, one took me by the hand or arm, one called me by a ſoft name, one by another. Finding my coins run ſhort of their numbers, I told them I had none left; but that I would find more if they would come with me to *Tia Morena.* Do you think I ſpoke to the deaf? No. One and all ſhewed great joy at the unexpected offer, and environed by them I went to the *Tia.* She had heard the noiſe at a diſtance, and trembled to hear it approach; and Batiſte, who diſtinguiſhed my voice amongſt fifty, preſently concluded I had brought myſelf into ſome diſtreſs, and ran up ſtairs for his hanger. I called the *Tia* out with a moſt imperious voice, and ordered her to bring me inſtantly all the *Quartillos* ſhe had in her till. Then puſhing the boys and girls pell-mell into the Court-yard, bid two tall fellows to ſhut the gate and leave only the wicket open for my little folks to go out one by one, giving them a ſtrict charge not to let any in of thoſe I ſhould ſend out. The boys and girls preſs'd all upon me for a *Quartillo,* and each would be firſt to receive it. However, beckoning to one of them, Who art thou? ſaid I in a thundering tone of voice. *Yo ſoy Phelipito, Senor.* Well: Phelipito, ſalta y *grita, Biva el Rey.* "*Jump and cry, Long* "*live the King.*" Little Philip jump'd and cried, had the *Quartillo,* and was turned out at the wicket. Who art thou? *Soy Tereſita, ſoy Maſſia, ſoy Pepito, ſoy Antonieto,*

nieto, *ſoy* this and *ſoy* that. (*ſoy* means *I am*) *Salta y grito.* They all told their names one after the other, all gave a jump, all cried *Biva el Rey*, and all were ſucceſſively turned out with a *Quartillo* a-piece, eſpecially the boys; becauſe as to the girls, and the taller ones moſt particularly, I have ſome notion that they had more than one. Alas! It is impoſſible to keep one's integrity, when maidens tempt; and to be perfectly impartial is no innate quality in man when they are in his way!

Be this as it will, ever ſince *Meaxaras* was ſo named by the Moors in *Alderhamen*'s days, never have its inhabitants had ſo joyful a night as this. Great was the tumult, and many were the ears both of boys and girls that I pulled, as the little rogues creeping between the legs of the men that guarded the wicket, came back again for another jump, another *Biva*, another *Quartillo*. I caught ſeveral of them that were thus ſtealing in, and they pretended they were but juſt come and had not had their due: but it was not difficult to find inſtantly out thoſe who told a lye, becauſe aſking abruptly their names, thoſe who had already given theirs, could not immediately offer another; and I caught their ears as they heſitated, and pull'd, and made them ſqueak like pigs. It is true that out of tenderneſs to the girls I did not hurt them much, and even ran a *Quartillo* into their hands while I held them by an ear; but the wicked little wenches cried as loud as if I had flead them, and thus con-

concealed to the boys the diſtinction they received. Upon my credit, you would have been aſtoniſhed at their ſagacity, and how readily they caught my meaning. Some of them would even ſqueeze the hand of the donor, and look up to him with a ſweet ſmile without ceaſing their mock ſcreams. Muſt I tell you all? One of them had more than ten *Quartillos* at once; and why? Becauſe her name was *Paolita*. That name was too powerful for my impartiality.

The *Quartillos* being at laſt all gone, I diſmiſſed them with a ſhort exhortation to be all good boys and good girls, and the feaſt ended with a univerſal ſhout to the *Cavallero*. All went away much more pleaſed with the manner of the thing than with the thing itſelf, and I as uſual got to my pen and ink.

LETTER XLIII.

Heaps of ſtones with croſſes. An odd way of compoſing inſcriptions. A brave Engliſh girl.

Truxillo, Sept. 27, 1760.

THE little care that is taken in theſe provinces of the public roads, would have put my neck in danger, had I not alighted often during the ſix leagues from

Meaxaras to this town. Yet they might be mended and rendered durable at no great expence in my opinion, as the ground is every where dry and firm. This *Truxillo* (in ancient times *Turris Julii*) has a very fine aſpect from a diſtance, as it ſtands on a high ground: but when you are in it, you find it a very diſagreeable town. The ſtreets are ill paved with broken flints, the houſes irregularly built, and very low.

A bow-ſhot from the gate at which I entered, there are many heaps of ſtones ill-cemented together with mortar, diſorderly ſcattered on each ſide of the great road. On each heap a wooden croſs has been erected. I ſuppoſe the Truxilians have more devotion to the croſs than their neighbours, ſince they have more than thirty ſuch croſſes before that gate. Few of their houſes have glaſs in their windows, but ſhutters only, after the manner of the Portugueſe country-towns.

Over the gate oppoſite to that at which we entered, I ſpent half an hour, endeavouring to decypher an inſcription over an arch, though to no purpoſe. Both the inſcription and the arch are modern. The abbreviatures of the inſcription are in a very odd taſte. Perhaps its author thought he imitated thoſe of the ancient Romans; but between the ancient Romans and the modern Truxillians, there is ſcarcely ſo much difference, as between their ways of compoſing inſcriptions. Suppoſe one of theſe learned

learned wants to expreſs *Charles Emanuel king of Sardinia*, he firſt writes the dipthong Œ of a proportionable ſize; then in the bunch of the dipthong he writes a ſmall *k* and a ſmall *s*, and thus his meaning is clearly expreſſed in his opinion. See what labours are here prepared to future Gravius's and Gronovius's!

I forgot to tell you that the Poſada at *Meaxaras* (or *Miajadas*, as others pronounce) is a tolerable good inn, and *Tia Morena* a very cordial and ſerviceable woman. This Poſada of *Truxillo* is ſtill better than that of *Meaxaras*: but at both you muſt ſend even for whatever you want to the ſhops in the neighbourhood; and it ſeems that it is the general cuſtom of Spain to furniſh you with nothing at ſuch places but lodging and light, together with the uſe of the fire-place to dreſs your victuals, which will be dreſs'd by the people of the houſe if you have no ſervant to do it. This *Poſadera*, who is a young and handſome woman, is actually diſſolving in tears; and ſhe has reaſon enough for grieving, as the ſmall pox has killed both her children this very morning. When ſhe was told of it, ſhe fell into a ſwoon, from which they could hardly recover her in an hour. Then ſhe ſat a long while penſive and quiet; then ſtorm'd, then ſwoon'd; then was penſive and quiet again. She has been ſtorming in my hearing this half hour, and has really awakened my whole commiſeration.

Never have I ſeen grief ſo frantickly expreſſed, nor heard ſuch piercing words. The Spaniards have the reputation of being endowed with the greateſt ſenſibility of heart and I think this character of theirs ſtrongly expreſſed in their faces, univerſally full of meaning both in men and women. Poor Poſadera! I wiſh her children had been inoculated like many in England. But in this part of the world, far from being introduced, inoculation has not yet been mentioned. It is aſtoniſhing how ſlow is the progreſs of any new practice, be it ever ſo uſeful! I have heard when I was in England, that our countrymen begin to adopt inoculation, and am glad of it. This is almoſt the only rational thing, of which the Italians have not ſet the example to the other nations of Europe. Had it been known by them in the golden *Medicean* days, it had probably been practiſed by this time all over Europe, and this poor woman would not be overwhelmed by that tempeſt of grief that is now ſhaking her whole ſoul.

Having nothing to add of *Truxillo*, I may as well, for the ſake of filling a page, tell you a pretty thing that a young woman of my acquaintance did in London. She was very handſome, but very poor, and obliged to work hard at her needle for her bread. A gentleman in good circumſtances flattered her with hopes of marriage; but, as I had reaſon to think, with a view to have her on worſe terms.

After

After many months courtſhip he went one day to tell her, that he was going in the country for a while, and repeated his promiſes with the greateſt warmth. But why don't you marry me before you go? ſaid the ingenuous girl. You have been promiſing and promiſing every day, and I don't ſee why you ſhould promiſe, being your own maſter.

My artful ſpark was ſomewhat ſurpriſed at this plain ſpeech, which he thought maidenly modeſty would never permit her to utter, for ſhe was certainly a modeſt young woman. But finding himſelf thus puſhed home, to put it ſtill off with decency, he told her that he would not have protracted this buſineſs ſo long but for a reaſon that he had never dared to tell her. And what is that reaſon? ſaid ſhe in an alarm. Why, my dear, you have not yet had the ſmall-pox; and ſhould you have it after marriage and your beauty be deſtroyed by it, I am but a man like another, and ſhould probably repent, as you know that beauty is what chiefly induces men to love women, and all other good qualities go for nothing without it. Well, ſaid ſhe, your reaſons are juſt. Go into the country; come to ſee me when you come back, and we will talk of marriage no more, until I have had the ſmall-pox, that we may ſee what effects it will produce.

He was no ſooner gone than ſhe had herſelf inoculated. In a few weeks ſhe was quite well, nor was her pretty

face

face at all impaired. The lover came back, and was quite ſubdued by this courageous proof of her affection. He married her without delay, and very happy he is now in his worthy wife. Our Italian girls may love *with more ardour* than the Britiſh, but do you know any who could love *ſo well* as my Engliſh friend? Let the Engliſh alone for natural good ſenſe, whatever you may ſay in favour of Italian imagination.

LETTER XLIV.

A tumble-down-hill. Borracho, *or* Bota.

Zarayzejo, Sept. 28, 1760.

WE left *Truxillo* at ten this morning, and during three leagues the road was very well. But as we approached *La Sierra de Mirabete*, which is a long chain of mountains, I was obliged to alight and walk the other two leagues to this *Zarayzejo*. We mounted ſome hillocks; then deſcended; then paſſed a torrent over a bridge; then mounted again. As we went down to the torrent, we were obliged to ſupport the chaiſes, which was not done without a great deal of fatigue. On the oppoſite rugged riſe the fatigue was ſtill greater, and, what was worſe, proved vain. The road on the declivity was ſo broken and ſo narrow, that one of the wheels could not find room enough, and down went the

chaiſe, the mules, and *Yago*; and down would have been dragged Dom Manuelo, Batiſte, and his maſter, had we nor let go the ropes with which we ſupported the chaiſe, making the greateſt efforts to keep it upright.

I really thought that the hardneſs of the ſtones would have proved fatal to poor *Yago*; yet he got but two or three ſmall contuſions, though he fell from a very ſteep height, and rolled down it the length of twenty feet at leaſt. The chaiſe had part of its tackle broke, but was ſoon mended with ropes, and the mules got off quite unhurt. With the aſſiſtance of the other two that had happily dragged the other up the ſteep, we got mine out of that bottom, all of us putting a hand to the work, and not without danger of falling ourſelves among the craggs of the declivity.

Subject to ſuch accidents are thoſe who go in chaiſes about theſe deſolate regions, where few people travel becauſe the roads are bad, and where the roads are bad becauſe few people travel.

Half an hour after having mounted this difficult *Cueſta*, I came ſtill a-foot to *Zarayzejo*, quite ſpent with fatigue and with walking in the rage of the ſun that reverberated from the continued rocks. The man of the *Poſada* told me on my arrival, that this is a ſmall and wretched village, where nothing is to be ſeen that deſerves

ſerves notice; therefore I threw myſelf on a bed and ſlept till it was quite dark. I forgot to tell you, that yeſterday we dined at *Puerto Santa Cruz*, another wretched village, which lies at the foot of a high and naked hill: but to-day's dinner was eaten on that craggy declivity, ſitting on its ſtones after having got the chaiſe off. We drank our wine *tour à tour* out of a ſkin-bag, which is called *Borracho* and *Bota*, both by the Portugueſe and the Spaniards. Our's holds about five gallons, and we fill it wherever we find the liquor good. Yeſterday at *Santa Cruz* we cooled the bag in a ſtream, leaving it there a full hour: but to-day were forced to drink warm, which was uncomfortable enough on ſo hot a day. How great is the difference between travelling through Spain and England!

LETTER XLV.

Much to be ſeen. Countries moſt fertile in authors. The queſtion of the edict diſcuſſed. Would they cut canals. Virtue wants a rub. Alms-boxes. Sweet-ſmelling plants. Goats and ſheep. No wheat-land.

Almaraz, Sept. 29, 1760.

HE who goes a long journey ought to riſe early, and not do as I have done this morning. I could travel but four leagues to-day. It is true they have been

been bad enough to ſtand inſtead of eight. The two firſt we went on mounting, the other two deſcending: but both the riſe and the fall were ſo ſteep and ſtony, that I was obliged to walk little leſs than the whole way, and through ſuch by-paths, as proved longer than the main road. At two in the afternoon we reached a village called *las Caſas del Puerto*, where with a few *quartillos* I procured myſelf the company of ſome boys and girls, who came to ſhow me the way croſs a thick foreſt, dancing and capering before me for more than a league. This was a pleaſant diverſion which rendered my walk leſs diſagreeable: yet it was nothing at all when compared to the mirth at *Meaxaras*.

We have now gone three days over mountains very high, and part of them very woody. The weather was this morning ſomewhat rainy. Had it been fine I would have clambered up a craggy hill and viſited the *Caſtillo* of *Mirabete*, which ſtands on the moſt elevated ſummit in this province. That caſtle is a league diſtant from *Zayrazejo*, and was a work of the *Moriſcos*. They had given *Arabic* names to almoſt all the towns, villages, mountains, vallies, and rivers of this diſtrict, which they poſſeſſed for many centuries, and many of thoſe names are ſtill preſerved. I wiſh I knew *Arabick*, that I might trace their meaning and original: but there is never an end of my vain wiſhes.

That caſtle of *Mirabete*, by which the whole *Sierra* has taken its denomination, is now entirely uninhabited, though not entirely ruined. A ſhepherd told me, that there *hay mucho que vér (much yet is to be ſeen)* particularly ſome moſaick ſtones and walls encruſted with particoloured pieces of marble. Indeed, if I could afford the expence, I would run over all Spain, in ſpight of its bad accommodations, and viſit moſt particularly the tops of its numerous mountains, on which the *Moriſcos* chiefly delighted to build. The ſatisfaction that would be the conſequence of my diſcoveries and remarks, would amply repay me the fatigue of ſuch a ramble. Innumerable are the objects of curioſity up and down this large kingdom that deſerve to be ſeen, examined, and deſcribed. Italy, France, and England may juſtly be conſidered as countries the moſt fertile of authors that ever exiſted; yet it is aſtoniſhing how little is to be found in their languages about the ſtate of Spain, either before or after the *Moriſcos* quitted it. Of that nation which poſſeſſed the greateſt part of it for ſeveral centuries, and were in it from 713 to 1610, we ſcarcely know any thing with regard to their domeſtick way of living, their laws, arts, ſciences, trade, manufactures, and agriculture. Yet about a million of them ſtill exiſted not ſo much as two centuries ago, according to ſome authors. *Mariana*, in the ſupplement to his own hiſtory, does but ſay in general terms, that the number of thoſe who were driven out of Spain was incredible.

That incredible number, or that million, was expelled this kingdom in 1610 by a formidable edict of Philip III. In this age which abounds in mighty philoſophers infinitely more than any ever did, it has been, and is ſtill, a faſhion to ſtigmatize the Spaniards of that age for having been guilty of ſuch a political error as to deprive their kingdom at one blow of that vaſt number of inhabitants. *Monſieur de Voltaire* and the whole tribe of his admirers, have very gravely deſcanted on this ſubject, and endeavoured to make the people conſider that expulſion, as no leſs inhuman than impolitical. What? ſay theſe wiſe heads: Deprive a million of people of their native homes, and drive them away, men, women, and children? Folly never to be retrieved, and cruelty never to be paralleled but by St. Bartholomew's maſſacre!

Theſe exclamations appear ſo plauſible, that I am almoſt afraid to offer a word of apology for Philip III, though I entertain ſome ſuſpicion that the parade of humanity made by our modiſh wits, has ſome tendency towards forwarding irreligion and countenancing rebellion. Let us however recollect, with regard to that famous edict, that all the Spaniſh reprobates of thoſe times, their rebels, traytors, and rogues of all denominations, uſed to take refuge and find concealment, if not protection, amongſt the *Moriſcos*; and that thoſe Mahometans, though long ſubdued, ſtill looked upon themſelves as lawful maſ-

ters of the whole country, and would in conſequence of that perſuaſion, co-operate openly or ſecretly with the French, the Engliſh, the Africans, and with every enemy to Spain: and thus keep it in inceſſant diſquiet, ſuſpicion, and alarm. Conſidering only this with impartiality, can we really blame that edict, which only drove them to their original country? Nay more, can we forbear to praiſe the Spaniards for their great moderation in only baniſhing the *Moriſcos*.

It is true that by acting as they did, the Spaniards deprived themſelves of a vaſt number of artiſts, huſbandmen, and ſoldiers. But ſtill they acted as the governor of a citadel would do, who believed a part of his garriſon reſolved to revolt and ſide with his beſiegers the moment they ſhould come to a general aſſault. I muſt, ſays the governor, either drive theſe traytors out of theſe walls, or put them all to death, or periſh myſelf. If I put them to death, the world will tax me with cruelty; and if I drive them out, they will augment the army without. Brother-ſoldiers, what muſt I do? Let us not embrue our hands in ſo much blood—but they are traytors, and we muſt get rid of them. They will go and encreaſe the army of our enemies and leave our garriſon incomplete; but thoſe that remain will act with unanimity: We ſhall then have only our enemies to fear: we loſe numbers, but we get ſtrength.

This

This in all probability was the reaſoning of Philip and his council when the expulſion of the Moriſcos was reſolved upon. One of the two great evils was to be ſuffered, and the leaſt was choſen. Why they are to be called barbarous for it, is beyond my comprehenſion.

Of the many writers who have made mention of the *Moriſcos*, none ever gave me any ſatisfaction, except *Navagero*; and yet he ſpoke but very little of them in thoſe letters which he wrote to our great Collector of Travels *Giambattiſta Rannuſio*, when he went ambaſſador from the Venetians to the Emperor Charles V. From thoſe letters, compoſed by Navagero out of his own journal, we collect that the *Moriſcos* in their dreſs, cuſtoms, and manners, as well as in their language, were much different from any of the European nations; worthy therefore to have been examined by an European philoſopher with a much greater attention than *Navagero* ſeems to have had. Their arts and ſciences were neither few nor contemptible. The learned have often in their mouths the names of ſome of their hiſtorians and phyſicians, but indeed their names only. Tradition informs the Spaniards, that the *Moriſcos* had likewiſe a great many poets. But their productions are now loſt to Europe, and we know not whether Africa has preſerved them. Their knowledge of agriculture is allowed on all hands, and the remains of their buildings, eſpecially thoſe at Granada, deſcribed by *Navagero* and others, bear witneſs

neſs to their ſkill in architecture. But European incurioufneſs has ſuffered their excellencies to ſink into oblivion. We are at preſent perfectly ignorant of the *Arabick* dialect which they ſpoke; ignorant of their ſciences, arts, and characteriſtical peculiarities. Yet an attentive and curious traveller might ſtill glean about this country ſufficient materials for an intereſting account of that people, by deſcribing with exactneſs thoſe ruins of their former habitations that ſtill exiſt, by ſearching for tradition in the old ſongs, romances, and chronicles, both Spaniſh and Arabick, that have ſtill a run amongſt this people, or lie concealed in their libraries, and forming deductions of what was once from what is ſtill left.

If a King of Spain knew well what country he has, he would in my opinion be one of the moſt powerful monarchs of the world. Let canals be cut through the provinces that they may be eaſily irrigated, which may be done in a few years by an abſolute and rich King, as the Kings of Spain are, and will long be. Let ſtrict œconomy be eſtabliſhed, and agriculture encouraged with liberality; and the natural fecundity of the Spaniſh-ground will feed many more millions than it now contains. This is the uniform cry of all the judicious Spaniards with whom I have converſed before I came to viſit theſe regions; and I think them right ſince I have ſeen *Eſtremadura*. I have obſerved amongſt other things, that the higher parts of this province naturally produce green-

oaks,

oaks, whoſe acorns are almoſt as good to eat as our almonds, or rather our cheſnuts. But nothing is done towards the augmenting the number of thoſe trees. If they were cultivated wherever they would grow, *Eſtremadura* alone would be able to furniſh half Europe with good hams, as numberleſs ſwine might be fed here at almoſt no expence, as I am told it is done a little further towards *Madrid*; and the ſwine that feed upon the acorns of the green-oak, are you cannot think how good. But neither that, nor any other kind of cultivation is much thought on in theſe parts, and both mountains and vallies are miſerably neglected; therefore the province has a great ſcarcity of inhabitants, and few or none of them opulent. They eat little, are covered with rags, and lodge meanly. It is true that a very little ſuffices them to keep ſoul and body together, becauſe they are doubtleſs the moſt temperate people upon the face of the globe. Nor are they ambitious of dreſs, for not even their prieſts have good coats on their backs. Then they are ſo indurated by their hard manner of living, that they can lie on their naked floors in winter, and even in the open air in ſummer without inconvenience. They certainly enjoy a kind of happineſs by living in this careleſs manner, ſatisfied with the preſent for want of knowing better, and perfectly unmindful of the future; and that they are not very unhappy, their chearful looks, as well as their general healthineſs, ſufficiently teſtify. But it is not the intereſt of their King that they ſhould lead

a life

a life of indolence, however happy they may be; nor is it, I think, their own to baſk through life in ſordid and hungry negligence, when they might have plenty, and perhaps elegance, with care ſhort of anxieties, and labour ſhort of fatigue.

The Eſtremaduran mountains contain likewiſe very fine marbles of different hues; but, ſince the *Moriſcos* were driven out, perhaps not a ſingle edifice of marble has ever been raiſed throughout this province. It is apparent that the *Moriſcos* were infinitely more laborious and induſtrious than their ſucceſſors, if we credit the innumerable remains of caſtles and towers which they have left all about theſe cliffs and rocks. The caſtle of *Mirabete* already mentioned, was not only a large building, but was ſurrounded with a large garden, the walls of which are yet ſtanding in a good meaſure; and thoſe who made it, muſt certainly have had ſome ſtream to water it upon the elevation on which it was. But the Spaniards, who during their wars with the *Moriſcos*, were a valiant race of men, grew idle as ſoon as they got rid of them, and degenerated into an inactivity not to be well conceived but by rambling over *Eſtremadura*, and comparing its preſent with its former ſtate. Thus did the Romans after they had annihilated *Carthage*. They dwindled away, proportionably as faſt as the Spaniards after the full recovery and peaceable poſſeſſion of their ancient kingdom. Thus have other nations

tions ſunk from their grandeur as ſoon as their enemies and rivals were bereft of the power of hurting. That virtue may preſerve itſelf alive and bright, obſtacles and contention are neceſſary; otherwiſe it will grow ruſty and periſh. Thus will the Engliſh do, the braveſt nation of the preſent world. Let them be once poſſeſſed of the whole circuit of commerce, at which they have long aimed, and which they are in a fair way of obtaining. The firſt conſequence of that wiſh'd-for poſſeſſion will be immenſe riches, the ſecond emaſculation, and the third ſo many vices and follies, as will totally annihilate their induſtry as well as their bravery; and ſome poor deſperate nation will at laſt do to them what they are actually doing to others. But let us not loſe ourſelves in this ſort of teleſcopic reaſoning.

—As ſoon as you reach any habitation in this *Eſtremadura*, ſome male or female beggar comes about you, holds up an alms-box, and craves with much earneſtneſs for a *Lemoſnita por las almas*, "*A ſmall alms for the* "*ſouls in purgatory.*" The number of thoſe who have no other trade but that of *pedir por Dios*, is indeed too large in this region, as they think it very meritorious beſides that they find it convenient. Yet, inſtead of *begging for God's ſake*, or *for the ſouls*, and inſtead of tormenting the living for the relief of the dead, they would do much better to give themſelves other concerns. Beſides the oaks on their mountains, they have other trees

in their vallies that would eaſily furniſh them with effectural means to live better than caſual alms. But things have now been brought to ſuch a paſs in their province, that if they ſhould become willing to apply to culture, it would ſcarcely be in their power ſo to work, unleſs the government would provide them both with implements and with inſtructors.

About half a league from *Caſas del Puerto*, the *Tagus* is croſſed again over a bridge compoſed of two wide arches, which, they ſay, was a work of the Romans. There the waters of that river are of a brick colour, but ſo deep, that they might poſſibly be made navigable: and ſo might thoſe of the *Guadiana* down from *Mérida* to the ſea. But not a boat, great or ſmall, have I ſeen on thoſe two ſtreams in *Spaniſh Eſtremadura*, nor any kind of dike, dam, nor other invention to ſubſtract any part of thoſe ſtreams, and turn it from its natural channel for the purpoſes of agriculture.

Roſemary, lavender, ſage, thyme, and other ſweet-ſmelling plants, grow plentifully about the wildeſt parts of theſe mountains and vallies, and make journeying on foot very pleaſant with their fragrancy. I have ſeen yeſterday and to-day ſome ſmall herds of goats and ſheep, and am ſatisfied that larger might be had, would theſe people be at the trouble.

This village of *Almaráz* is as poor as that of *Zarayzejo*, and has nothing remarkable but the romanticalneſs of its ſituation. The ſight from the *Poſada*'s windows runs over a tract of rocky country not totally deprived of trees. Scarce any wheat-land is to be ſeen from *Truxillo*, and I may ſay from *Mérida* to this place.

LETTER XLVI.

Flat ground again. Holy friars and pretty girls. Chewing of acorns. An odd organ. Widows lighting candles. Stuff and Stuff when I have nothing elſe.

Navál Morál, Sept. 23, 1760.

IT is eleven in the morning, and I am only two leagues from *Almaráz*, becauſe I cannot reſolve upon riſing betimes. It ſeems as if the idleneſs of this country was catching. While the mules are eating their chopped ſtraw, I may as well be at my quill.

I am at laſt out of the mountains, and to-day's journey has been and will be performed on flat-ground. At the diſtance of a league from *Almaráz* I went along ſome wide vineyards that belong to a convent of Dominican Friars. How beautiful the grapes that hung all about!

Adjoining to thoſe vineyards there are houſes where thoſe grapes are collected, and the wine made. That wine I had heard much commended by my *Caleſſeros*, and I muſt tell you by the by, that the two fellows love to drink rather in the German than in the Spaniſh way. As our *Borracho* was near empty, I alighted at thoſe houſes to fill it. I mean, that I alighted at an inn, and was ſurprized to find, not that it belongs to thoſe friars, but that they themſelves have the ſuperintendance of it. Three or four of them, middle-aged and grave perſonages, were in that inn, chatting with the ſervant-maids, amongſt whom I could not help to take notice of one very lively and ſmart, her head high, her neck of ſnow, beſides an eye ſo full of luſtre! None of *Calypſo*'s nymphs would any poet dare to compare to ſuch a *Señora*. She is niece (one of the friars told it me) to an old woman there, who is as lean as a gothic pillar; but it is the niece and not the aunt that plays the landlady and receives the cuſtomers' money. I never would marry that I might turn friar, and never turn'd friar that I might marry whenever I ſhould liſt; but there I was near loſing my liberty one way or the other.

Jeſting apart: A man ought not to be haſty in thinking ill of his neighbours; but my neighbours ought alſo to take ſome care not to give a man any motive for thinking ill. If I had ſeen friars in Italy ſuperintending an inn

of

of their own, with handſome wenches in it by way of ſervants, I queſtion whether I ſhould ever have had the good opinion I have of their exactneſs in the obſervance of their vows. Whatever coat we may wear, we are all fragile, and much holineſs is required to reſiſt near temptations.

The dame that reſembles a gothic pillar, aſked me if it was true that the Pope has excommunicated the Portugueſe and prohibited them to tell their beads. She has heard, it ſeems, of the preſent ſquabbles between the courts of *Rome* and *Liſbon*; and I ſuppoſe that beſides the antipathy which animates the Spaniſh and Portugueſe vulgar againſt each other, her good landlords the friars ſide with his holineſs, when they diſcourſe over ſuch matters at their inn. This in all probability put her upon aſking me thoſe ridiculous queſtions. I anſwered them in the negative, got again into my chaiſe, croſſed a large foreſt of green oaks, and bit their acorns to beguile the way. Indeed they taſte very much like cheſnuts. There are none ſuch in our weſtern parts of Italy, and I never heard of any in the eaſtern, which I have not yet viſited. On a pinch I think they would do for food, both raw and roaſted.

At *Navál Morál* we alighted to bait, and, while the caleſſeros were eating, I went to ſee a church juſt by the Poſada. There they were ſinging a great maſs at the

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ſound of an organ, of which the tubes, inſtead of pointing ſtraight upwards, as in all organs I ever ſaw, lie reclined outwards and hang down towards the people below, preſenting their extremities in the form of trumpets' ends. A friar was playing on that odd organ with aſtoniſhing maſtery. I wondered to ſee many women in the church who ſat about on their heels, wholly hidden by their black mantles, and with many ſmall wax candles lighted before them. I aſked the meaning of thoſe lights, and was anſwered that the women who had them before, were widows who lighted them in order to eaſe the ſouls of their dead huſbands. I don't know whether the number of their reſpective candles implied the number of their reſpective huſbands. Some had but one, ſome two or three, ſome ſo far as ſeven. Perhaps they only indicate their greater or leſs degrees of devotion or affection.

Nocturnal POSTSCRIPT *from the Calzada de Oropeza.* Coming out of *Navál Morál*, we entered another foreſt quite as fine as that of *Ardenna*, ſo celebrated in our romances, in which knight-errants uſed formerly to go in ſearch of adventures. After a good league it opened into a vaſt plain limited on both ſides by high mountains, the tops of which, eſpecially thoſe on my left, were covered with ſnow, in defiance of the ſun that ſhines again very hot. I had not been ſenſible of its force theſe three days paſt, becauſe the morning rains and the even-

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ing miſts blunted the ſharpneſs of its beams. But to-day I have felt its fury again, as much as when I was on the other ſide of the *Eſtremaduran* hills. It has made me ſo tawney ſince I firſt ſaw the mouth of the *Tagus*, that, if it continues to roaſt me a fortnight longer, you will on my reaching home miſtake me for the black king in *Metaſtaſio*'s *Dido!* or at leaſt for an outgrown Savoyard-boy of thoſe who roll down *Mount-Cenis* and *Mount-Genevre* every year about October, and go to play the Chimney-ſweepers about Piedmont and Lombardy.

This *Calzada* is the beſt village I have as yet ſeen ſince I left *Liſbon*; and my preſent *Poſadera*, though a young woman, is not ſo ſhy as all the young women I have met with on this road. She loves to talk and aſk queſtions, and we prated together for above an hour. Amongſt other things ſhe has aſſured me, that the women of this place are the moſt modeſt in all Spain. She pities me for going to Madrid, where *Las Mugeres ſon muy atrevidas*, *Women are very audacious*, as her huſband has told her, who was there but laſt month for a whole week. To calm her kind uneaſineſs with regard to my journey there, I have given her my word, that, if ever I marry in Spain, I will poſitively come to the *Calzada* for a wife, and beg of her to help me to the beſt, which ſhe has cordially promiſed to do, and wiſhes it may be ſoon.

May

May be you will find fault with my telling this and other petty tranſactions of mine. But conſider that I cannot every moment have an earthquake ready at hand, nor pompous patriarchs at every ſtep, nor kings playing the maſons, nor loads of Jeſuits ſhipp'd off for *Civita Vecchia*. Such grand topics do not occur every day, and of ſomething I muſt fill my letters, or break the plan of my journal. Thus I write about literature when I am juſt come out of a library, and ſcribble about my landlady when at an inn. A man who is giving a full account of his travels I hope you conſider as an hiſtorian; and you know that hiſtorians, like death, muſt knock *æquo pede*, at the beggar's as at the king's door.

LETTER XLVII.

Hogs in numbers. A Spaniſh counteſs. A fellow ſtill ſober, and the piſtol loſt.

Talavera la Reyna, Oct. 1, 1760.

FROM the *Calzada* to this town the country is greatly better than that which I had left behind me; nor do theſe people look ſo wretchedly poor as thoſe who inhabit the hills of *Eſtremadura*. Many herds of ſwine are to be ſeen all along the way I have gone today, eſpecially in a vaſt plain that lies under the *Cueſta*

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de Oropeza and about the *Venta Peralvanegas*, where the country at a diſtance appeared like a black carpet for a very conſiderable ſpace. Thouſands of thoſe animals (all very black) are ſent every week during the winter to *Talavera*, *Toledo*, *Madrid*, and even to *Zaragozza*.

Oropeza is a town that gives its name to that *Cueſta* or *Hill*. A lady lives there in a caſtle juſt by the town, and is called *La Condeſa de Oropeza*. She is much beloved throughout the country for her extenſive charities and liberalities. From her windows a vaſt proſpect is commanded. I wanted to mount the hill, go to put myſelf *(a) ſas pies*, and be a witneſs to the ſtate kept by a Spaniſh counteſs when at her own country manſion: but the *Caleſſeros* perſuaded me to the contrary. She is very old, they ſay, and has retired from court ſome years. Tho' ſhe paſſes the greateſt part of her time in the company of ſome *Franciſcan* nuns, whoſe monaſtery is juſt by her caſtle, yet ſhe lives with great ſplendour, and has dueñas, maids, chaplains, ſecretaries, pages, and livery-ſervants to the number of a hundred at leaſt. Her income amounts to near fifteen thouſand pounds, as I am told, and her eſtate is to be ſhared after her death between the duke of *Alba* and that of *Medina Sidonia*.

In the plain adjacent to the hill, and on the left ſide of the great road as you come from the *Calzada*, the

(a) At her feet. *It is the phraſe uſed in Spain with the ladies, even thoſe of the middle claſs.*

Franciſcan friars have a convent which contains forty of them. It makes a great figure from without, but I did not ſtop to viſit it. A little further is *Venta Peralvanegas* a ſorry houſe, where I threw myſelf on a bed and made my *Sieſta*; that is, I ſlept an hour, becauſe the weather was inſupportably hot. My dinner I had eaten in the chaiſe two hours before, and we had ſtopped at a petty town or village, called *Torralva*, to drink an *azumbre*; ſo they call a wine-meaſure, which contains about half a gallon: but in ſome places this meaſure is more and in others leſs than at *Torralva*, as I am informed by the caleſſeros, who have this ſort of knowledge at their fingers' end. When I want to be familiar with them, I call one of them *el Conde Borracho*, (that is *Dom Manuelo)* the other *el Marqués Bota*, and Batiſte *el Señor Don Azumbre*. They are now ſo well accuſtomed to theſe appellations, that they call each other by theſe names; and theſe are ſome of my petty expedients to ſolace my journey. They had jointly told me that at *Torralva* the wine was excellent; and the lovers of *Lípari* or *Genſáno*, one a Roman, the other a Neapolitan wine, would find that my men are right.

Here you will ſay, that I am grown very ſtudious about wines, and are going to imagine that the Engliſh have ſpoiled me. The Engliſh have indeed accuſtomed me to drink a little more than I would perhaps ever have done, had I never quitted home. The bottle is

their chief incitement to ſociableneſs; and too great is the number of thoſe amongſt them who could ſcarcely ever be chearful without it. Yet I am ſtill temperate; and my notice of the wines produced by theſe regions, is not out of kindneſs to the bottle, but, in humble imitation of all other travellers, merely to heap up petty information when nothing more intereſting is at hand.

After the *Sieſta* I bad the caleſſeros to follow me at their leiſure, and went out of the *Venta* with an intention to walk two or three miles. I had not gone thus afoot a whole mile when I overtook a ſmall body of ſoldiers who were for *Talavera* like myſelf.

Soldiers are people who will talk to you if you will talk to them: and I who am as much a friend to converſation as the beſt of them all, preſently joined them, told them almoſt without any preamble who I was, whence I came, and whither I was going, and heard as much of them, together with the name of their regiment and of their colonel. They did not walk very faſt, to keep pace with a couple of aſſes that carried their luggage. An officer commanded them who marched before, mounted upon a nag ſo very lean, that *(a) Rozinante* had been a *Brigliadoro* to it. The gentleman did

(a) *Rozinante was Don Quixote's horſe, and Brigliadoro was Orlando's.*

not ſeem deſirous to enter into converſation with me; ſo I let him alone, and mixed with them.

Amongſt many other things I aſked whether any of them had ever travelled out of their kingdom. Two of them had, one by ſea, the other by land. He who had been at ſea, fell once into the power of an Engliſh privateer. But, ſaid he, *en la tierra de aquellos hereges la carcel es coſa eſpantable y de muy grande horror.* "*In* "*the land of thoſe hereticks a jail is a frightful thing* "*and of the greateſt horror:*" and to avoid being thrown into it, he took party amongſt the ſailors, and lived on board the privateer better than a year, during which time he applied ſo cloſely to their language, that he can now tell from *one* to *twenty*. Though the Engliſh are hereticks, added he, they are *muy valientes*, "*very va-*"*liant*," manage a ſhip as well as the Spaniards, *y no tienen miedo de aquellos* (a) *Gavachos de Franceſes*, *que*, *por vida de Santo Antonio ſon peores de los Ingleſes*; "*and are not at all afraid of the contemptible French*, "*who, by St. Anthony's life, are worſe than the Engliſh.*" Their way of eating, continued the ſoldier, is different from ours. They don't like much garlick, onions, *pimentón*, (Spaniſh pepper) *garvanzos* (chick-peas) or *aba-*

(a) Gavácho *is an injurious appellation beſtowed on the French by the Spaniſh vulgar. I know of no ſatisfactory etymology of this word. The Piedmonteſe call the Savoyards (and often the French) Gavaſs; and Gavaſs means a Derby-neck, or a man that has a Derby-neck.*

dejo

dejo (ſalt fiſh), ſo that I accuſtomed myſelf to eat *ſalte befe* with them, and could *dranke der bere*, which is *un bino hecho de agua*; "*a wine made with water.*" The Engliſh ſailors, inſtead of *Pedro Capón*, uſed to call me *Spani Monqui*; which words, by the help of his face, I could eaſily tranſlate into *Spaniſh monkey*.

The other fellow was ſtill more diverting than *Pedro Capón*. No man have I ever heard lye with ſo brazen a face, and with ſo great a volubility of tongue. He had been a corporal in the wars of Italy (now he is *capoſquadra*, *a ſergeant*) and was in the ſiege of *Cuneo* that was carried on by the joint armies of Spain and France in the laſt war.

Inſtead of being a town (as it is), and inſtead of being chiefly ſurrounded with a mound of earth and faggots, (as it was at that time) *Cuneo*, ſaid my *Capoſquadra*, is a caſtle encompaſſed with no leſs than ſeven marble-walls, each very high and very thick; ſo that, after having taken the firſt, as we did in the firſt attack, we had only the ſeventh part of the buſineſs done. *Aquel maldito Caſtillo*, continued the man, *es ſin duda mas grande y mas fuerte del tan nombrado Caſtillo de Milan*: "*that curſed caſtle is doubtleſs much larger and ſtronger* "*than that moſt renowned at Milan.*" Both his companions and myſelf were ready to cry at his pathetic deſcription of the hardſhips he had there undergone, along with the

the infant Don Philip, *que ſe moſtrò allá tan bizarro en pelear como qualquiera de nos otros*; "*who there ſhowed* "*himſelf as ſtout in fight as any of us.*" Bombs, carcaſſes, and cannon-balls *cayan a diluvio en el campo del Caſtillo, de lo Exercito Savoyano, y de muchas otras partes, y con todo iſſo los pobres ſoldados no tenían que comer ſi no la nieve de aquellas malditas montañas que llaman los Apeninos*: "*fell as a deluge from the caſtle, from the Sa-*"*voyard army, and from divers other parts*; *and for* "*all that the poor ſoldiers had nothing to eat but the fro-*"*zen ſnow of thoſe curſed mountains called the Appe-*"*nines.*"

It was with difficulty that I put a ſerious face upon theſe and other lies and abſurdities of the brave *capoſquadra*, each raiſed upon the back of the other with an aſtoniſhing velocity of imagination. Little did the fellow think that he was talking to one, who had been two years at *Cuneo*, aſſiſting at thoſe fortifications, which I left but a few days before that ſiege: but inſtead of ſpoiling my ſport with untimely contradiction, I gave him ſo much encouragement by my remarks on his accounts, that I made him rodomontade away a hundred times more than he would otherwiſe have done.

With theſe diſcourſes, intermixed with ſome ſinging and playing from time to time, we had advanced little leſs than three leagues before I was aware of it, ſuch

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was the pleaſure I took in the company of my fellow-travellers. The caleſſeros did not appear, and I gave myſelf no trouble about them. We ſaw a *Quinta*; that is, a country-houſe, which belongs to ſome friars, very large and very well built. The heat, walk, and talk, had by this time made us all very thirſty; therefore we left the great road, went to it, and begg'd of the lay-friar who has it in cuſtody, to let us have ſome wine for love or money. The rude fellow, caſting a look of diſdain upon us, and pointing to a certain place, informed us that there was a well there. I don't know whether I was pale or red with anger at this unexpected reception. However I expoſtulated in the mildeſt terms; but he was inexorable with regard to the officer and ſoldiers, and would do no more than order an old witch of a maid to fetch me ſome wine in an earthen pot. I was within an inch of throwing the pot into his face; but abſtained, becauſe I ſaw the officer and ſoldiers ſtand ſilent. The officer only ſaid *da gratias a tu habito*; "*thank thy coat*," and beckoned to his men to go to the well. Such a number of ſoldiers in France, would in ſuch a caſe have behaved with much leſs moderation; or, to ſay better, no French friar would dare to behave as the Spaniſh did with French ſoldiers. They told me after, that in Spain ſoldiers and friars are no friends; and they might as well have ſaid that they are mortal enemies. The friar refuſed a bribe I offered, conſiderable enough as I thought

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for a lay-friar. Indignation ruffled the forehead of my companions, and a deſire of revenge was preſently ſhadowed after the ſtrong manner of *Caravaggio* in all their eyes. We turned our backs in ſullen ſilence, the ſoldiers with a ſcheme in their heads, and I much ſcandalized at the ſavage inurbanity of the friar.

About half a mile from the *Quinta* we found ourſelves by the ſide of an ample vineyard, which the ſoldiers knew to belong to the good fathers of the *Quinta*. The liquor they had *not* drank, kindled their military ſpirits in a moment, and the demon of devaſtation took poſſeſſion of the whole detachment. They broke through a thick and thorny hedge that ſcreened the vineyard from the paſſengers' rapacity, tore down the grapes, trampled upon them, broke or pulled out the vines, together with the poles that ſupported them, and in a ſhort time did ſo much miſchief, that for ſome years not half an *azumbre* will be got in the ſpace of a mile; nor did they give over until they were perfectly tired, taking care however to carry out as many bunches as it was poſſible for each to hold in both his hands.

The officer all this while rode calmly forwards, and never turned his head to them, that he might not know what they were doing, and I ſtood by the aſſes, a witneſs of their fury.

Another

Another hour brought us to *Talavera*, very well refreſhed with eating the plundered grapes, and at the gate we parted company. They went I know not where, and I to the *Poſada*, where my caleſſeros arrived a little after with Batiſte. I aſked them if they had taken notice of the ruined vineyard. They had; but could not imagine how it had happened. I told them in the preſence of the *Poſadero* and his wife, and aſked if the ſoldiers were liable to be puniſhed for ſuch an offence. Puniſhed? ſaid the woman. It is the friar that ought to be puniſhed, not the poor men. Every body there was pleaſed to hear of this exploit, and it ſeems that the low people here bear as great a hatred to the friars as the ſoldiers themſelves, though I had brought a notion with me, that the Spaniſh vulgar have all friars in the utmoſt veneration.

To this adventure which made me laugh, I muſt add another that vexed me. After having walked three or four miles from the *Venta Peralvanegas*, I found that my coat grew inſupportably heavy. One of the ſoldiers offered to carry it for me, and I readily ſtripped, nor did I think of putting it on again until we were in ſight of this town. In the pockets of it there was a ſhort piſtol with an handkerchief which I did not miſs till we reached the *Poſada*. This made me go about in ſearch of the fellows. I met with one; then with two; then with two more. *Cavalleros*, ſaid I, one of you deſerves

not to be your fellow-ſoldier. He has robbed me of a piſtol; but the theft will be of no uſe to him. It is the fellow to this; and you ſee that it cannot be charged if it is not unſcrewed with this iron; beſides that the balls muſt be of a particular mould: ſo that inſtead of a piſtol, he has ſtolen but a bit of ſteel that will ſend him to the gallies.

They ſeemed much diſpleaſed at this piece of intelligence, but could have no gueſs at the thief, as my coat had been carried by turns, now by one, now by another; but they promiſed to go and enquire after it, and to come to the *Poſada* if the piſtol was found, as they thought it would be.

Two hours after, as I was at ſupper, four of them came, every one ſo drunk that they could hardly ſtand. Where is my piſtol, *Cavalleros? Señor* we are come to tell you that the piſtol is not yet found, but you ſhall certainly have it *a mañana*, "*to-morrow.*" Very well, ſaid I peeviſhly and diſguſted to ſee them ſo much in liquor: Come *a manana*, and you ſhall have the doubloon I promiſed. *Si Señor*, *Si Señor*; but be ſo good as to order us ſome little wine to drink your health. Saying this one of them extended a dirty paw, and ſeized a great handful of a ſallad I had before me, while another graſped one of my roaſted partridges. What is this, ye *Majaderos del Diablo*, cry'd I. I beat a braſs candleſtick

dleſtick into the face of the fellow that had brought the ſallad to his mouth, and pulling and cocking the piſtol, the terror of it delivered me of them in an inſtant, one with a mouth full, one with the partridge, one with a ſhoulder half demoliſhed by a tumble againſt the door, and one with as hard a kick in his poſteriors as Batiſte could give.

Many people ran at the noiſe, but the raſcals were gone; and thus ended our tender friendſhip. I ſat down again to my ſupper with words quick, angry, and loud: but cooled by degrees, and ended my repaſt in tolerable good humour, very glad that no worſe had happened. The *Poſadera* and her maids danced a *Fandango* under the portico, and when that was over I went to my quill as uſual. It has now ſtruck eleven, and no ſoldier has appeared; ſo that I give up the piſtol for loſt.

LETTER XLVIII.

Another ugly affair. Silk and earthen manufactures. A dialogue with a Corregidor, *and a new caleſſero.*

Zevolla, Oct. 2, 1760.

A Proverb ſays that he who reckons without his hoſt reckons twice; and this is my preſent caſe. I intended to ſet out early this morning, and had given

order to be awaked at four. At four I was awaked, not to be told that the mules were put to, but that I could not ſet out, becauſe that the chaiſes had been ordered to ſtay where they were.

By whom and why? By the *Corregidor*, and becauſe of your Portugueſe Caleſſero. The rogue has quarrelled laſt night, and given a ſtab with his knife to a young man of the houſe. And where is the fellow? The Poſadero cauſed him to be arreſted, and the *Corregidor* being immediately appriſed of it, has ſent him to jail. I wonder you did not hear the noiſe: but you were tired with walking and ſlept ſoundly.

And ſo, Dom Manuelo is in jail? I am ſorry for the ſtab; but it is very well he is clapp'd up. We ſhall be troubled no longer with him. The old raſcal has made me mad enough, getting drunk at every Poſada, and quarrelling every night with every body.

While I was thus diſcourſing with Batiſte and ſome others, a lady, whom by her *Mantilla (white veil)* I thought Spaniſh, though ſhe was not, addreſſed me in Caſtilian, and told me, that as a *Cavallero* I ought to go to the *Corregidor*, and ſollicit him to take off the embargo on the chaiſes, amongſt which there was hers, which gave her the greateſt concern as ſhe wanted to be at *Madrid* upon buſineſs of the utmoſt importance. The *Corregi-*

dor, ſhe ſaid, is the chief magiſtrate in this town, and if you do not go to him, you may poſſibly ſtay in *Talavera*, much longer than you have a mind.

This piece of advice was moſt welcome. Without giving myſelf time to recollect that it was too early, I went ſtraight to the *Corregidor*'s, but could not ſee him becauſe he was aſleep, and was told that he would not be viſible till ten; perhaps till eleven, or perhaps till twelve.

This was provoking, but could not be helped. I went back to the *Poſada*, and there breakfaſted and chatted with the lady, a very gentlewoman-like perſon. She told me that ſhe was a native of Swiſſerland and married to a Frenchman who had lived about ten years in *Talavera*, ſuperintending a ſilk-manufacture. That the director general of that manufacture, another Frenchman, had been for ſeveral years a great man there, as Marquis *De la Enſenada* proved his ſteady friend during all the time he was Prime Miniſter. That after the Marquis's fall, the power of that director ſuffered ſome diminution, and that but a few days ago he had been arreſted and ſent in irons to *Madrid* under a charge of malverſation. That it was her opinion he would get poorly off, as it was notorious that he had ſquandered ſome millions of reals in giving treats, gaming, and maintaining theatrical princeſſes. That in his bright days he had conceived a great friendſhip for her huſband and him made his Secretary and chief

confi-

confident, for which reaſon her huſband had likewiſe been arreſted and ſent to *Madrid* three days before.

I am ſorry for this, interrupted I; and I wiſh that your huſband had never been acquainted with a man of the character you give to the Director-general. I hope he is not involved in the crime, but am afraid his judges will think him an accomplice, as he has long been acquainted with the Director's bad practices, yet has not given notice of them to the King's miniſters time enough to ſave a part of thoſe millions.

As to this, anſwered the lady, I am perfectly eaſy, becauſe the Director had obtained from the laſt King ſuch a deſpotic power over all the perſons employed in the manufacture, that he could, without appeal, ſentence to jail, and even to the gallies, whomſoever he thought proper; and as that power had never been recalled by the new King, every body's mouth was effectually ſtopp'd, as it would have been moſt dangerous to offend him, or only to fall under his ſuſpicion.

But, beſides this, continued the lady, my huſband has another reaſon to plead, and that is, that during the laſt four years he has inceſſantly ſollicited his own diſmiſſion, which the Director would never grant. My huſband will now tell the motive that induced him to wiſh for that diſmiſſion, which was that on one ſide he ſaw the Director

Director ſquander away the monies aſſigned to the manufacture, together with the profits ariſing from it, and on the other he dared not open his lips for fear of a jail or worſe.

How far theſe reaſons will operate in favour of her huſband, I know not. But as ſhe intends to ſet out forthwith and go to *Madrid* to complain aloud of the treatment he has met with, I raiſed no objection, that I might not damp her ſpirits, well knowing that it is always advantageous in ſuch caſes not to appear diſmayed, and to ſet off injured innocence with bold and energetick rhetorick.

I was much taken with the good ſenſe and nimbleneſs of tongue of my Swiſs lady, and giving her room for further diſcourſe, ſhe informed me that about ten years ago ſome Frenchmen, fugitives from *Lyons*, went to eſtabliſh the above ſilken manufacture at *Talavera*. They were greatly encouraged by the Spaniſh miniſtry, eſpecially by the Marquis *De la Enſenada*, who put it upon ſo reſpectable a footing, that it became an important object in a very little time.

It muſt be owned to the honour of the French, that in theſe ſorts of affairs they are the moſt induſtrious, active, and enterpriſing people under the ſun. England, Holland, and other countries know it, ſome to their advantage, ſome to the contrary. I have known ſeveral of them

them in ſeveral parts, who had this ſingular turn of mind: but the reverend father *Norbert*, already mentioned, was my hero above them all in this reſpect.

Without a penny when he landed in England, without knowing a word of the language, and with only a few letters of recommendation in his pocket, father Norbert beſtirred himſelf ſo well, that he began a tapeſtry manufactory, in which I ſaw little leſs than a hundred people employed. He found means of getting into favour with the principal nobility and gentry of that kingdom, and went on in his undertaking at ſuch a rate, that had he been leſs vain and vicious, he would have raiſed in a few years a deſirable eſtate. But who can give wiſdom to a Frenchman whom fortune befriends? The man, like the above director-general, gave himſelf up to all manner of expence, was ſoon obliged to fly the country, keep himſelf concealed in ſeveral places, and at laſt take refuge in *Portugal*, where ſtill he has ſo well contrived as to obtain a large penſion, which he is to deſerve by ſcribbling againſt his old enemies the Jeſuits. I had a glimpſe of him in the Engliſh coffee-houſe at *Liſbon*, and heard that he had changed his name from *Pariſot* to *Platel*, as he had done before from *Norbert* to *Pariſot*. It is not in Portugal and in other countries as in England, where there are laws againſt changing one's name: but the good capuchin never troubled himſelf much with any law. A wonderful man! Neither the monaſtic life, nor the long beard;

beard; neither the ſtudy of theology, which he was obliged to follow for more than twenty years, nor his miſſionary peregrinations in many parts of the Eaſt-Indies; neither ſickneſs, nor old age, could ever ſubdue that national ſpirit of enterprize which led him to ſet up as a manufacturer in England, where he managed all his numerous dependants with as much facility as I do Batiſte.

And here let me ſay it by the by, that I ſhould be glad to have the point thoroughly diſcuſſed by ſome able caſuiſt, how far the prejudice cauſed to one's own native country by carrying into another ſome peculiar branch of uſeful trade, is reconcilable with the laws of morality.

The clock at laſt ſtruck ten, and I quitted the lady to go to the *Corregidor*. At his door was a tall fellow wrapp'd up in an ample black-cloak with a large flapp'd hat on his head, exactly after the manner of the cuſtom-officers at *Badajoz*. He had a white rod in his hand and looked very grave. *Cavallero*, ſaid I, can I pay my reſpects to the *Señor Corregidor?* He turned his head another way. Can I, repeated I in a louder tone, and pulling him lightly by the cloak, can I pay my reſpects to the *Corregidor?* I know not, anſwered he: but you may knock and aſk *Señora Fernanda*. I knock'd, and the *Señora* came to the door. She is old and ugly.

What does *Uſted* want? *(Uſted* ſtands for *you Sir)* Will you pleaſe, *Senora*, to let the corregidor know that a ſtranger would be glad to ſpeak a word with *Su Mercéd?* I recollected after, that ſhe look'd ſour at the word *Mercéd.*

And who is your *Mercéd*, aſked the old madam.

I am a ſtranger, I tell you, quite unknown to the corrigedor. But an accident happens that forces me to give him this trouble.

He is getting up, replied *Fernanda*, and I will go tell him that you want to ſee him.

Mil gracias a ſu corteſía, ſaid I: but the *corteſía* was, that ſhe made me wait in the ſtreet for more than an hour, though it rained a little, and though I had no *capa (black cloak)* as the fellow of the white rod, whom I never could induce to interchange a period with me by way of paſſing time, though I addreſſed him repeatedly.

The door at laſt was unbolted, and *Fernanda* ſhowed me into a large room on the ground-floor, the whole furniture of which conſiſted of little more than a thick cheſnut-table, and an old-faſhioned arm-chair made of the ſame wood. The corregidor ſat there *pro tribunali*, with paper and ink before him.

Having been told that he was the chief magiſtrate of the place, and a kind of governor in it, I was a little ſtartle

ſtartled to find him dreſſed in a very dirty night-gown with a white cotton cap not very clean on his head. The reception he gave me was juſt ſuch as an emperor would give a hangman. I made my beſt bow, but he look'd me ſteadily in the face, and was motionleſs. Yet I ſummoned up all my temper, and told my caſe in the moſt laconic terms, which brought about the following ſcene.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Myſelf and *Corregidor*.

M. " I come to intreat *Uſtéd* that you order my caleſ-
" ſero to be hanged if you think it proper; but that you
" give me leave to look for another.

C. " To be ſure, *Uſtéd* is to look for another, not I.
" I don't look for caleſſeros.

M. " *Uſtéd* miſtakes my meaning. I don't want *Uſtéd*
" to do it. I want only to be gone: but cannot, if *Uſtéd*
" does not recal the order given laſt night that no chaiſe
" leave the Poſada; and this is the only thing I came to
" beg of *Uſtéd*."

C. " And is *Talavera la Reyna* ſo very bad a town,
" that you want to leave it in ſuch a hurry?

M. " I think *Uſtéd* is in jeſt. Good or bad, that is
" nothing to me. I want to be gone, and cannot with-
" out your revocation of that order; ſo far at leaſt as it
" regards me."

C. " I am not in jeſt when I tell *Uſtéd*, that this is a " very agreeable town to live in.

M. (Speaking internally) " What ſort of a man is " this? Is he ſerious or in jeſt?" *(Speaking loud)*; " Be it ſo. That again is nothing to me. I am not " come to Spain to admire or depreciate *Talavera*. I " want to go to *Madrid*; and an obſtacle being put to " my journey, I come to the magiſtrate that has power " to remove it, and aſk him this plain queſtion, Whe- " ther he will permit me to go or not?

(This was uttered in a fretful tone.)

C. " And who are you, Sir, who will have every " thing done directly, and in your own way?

M. " Who I am is no great matter: but here is a " paſſport which will tell you I am a traveller, and not a " vagabond."

Saying this I pull'd it out, and put it into his hand. It had been given me by Count *de Fuentes*, the Spaniſh ambaſſador to the Britiſh court.

The corregidor read it through with great compoſure; then returning it with an air of mockery, diſmiſſed me with theſe words: *Uſtéd ſaldrá a l' iſtante, ſi quiere, para Madrid. Uſtéd ſabe muy bien Eſpañol. Vaya Uſtéd con la Madre de Dios.* " *You ſhall inſtantly ſet out* " *for Madrid, if you chuſe. You know Spaniſh very* " *well. Be gone in the name of God's mother.*" With theſe

theſe words he got up haſtily and walked off. I did the ſame another way, after having made a moſt reſpectful bow to *Señora Fernanda*, who, forſooth, would be a witneſs to the interview.

What an odd proceeding! thought I as I was going along the ſtreet. To ſhow himſelf to ſtrangers in a night-gown and a greaſy cap! And what did he mean by his ſneering praiſe on my ſkill in Spaniſh? The man is a riddle.

I reached the poſada and gave an account to the Swiſs lady of the reception I had obtained, and was going to extol the corregidor's good ſenſe and politeneſs.

Hold, hold, ſaid ſhe freely. You have behaved amiſs all the while. Speaking Spaniſh, as you do, you ought to have known better than to term him him *Uſtéd*, eſpecially with his houſe-keeper as ſoon as you ſaw her. A man of his rank and dignity is not to be addreſſed with a familiar *Uſtéd*, or *Vueſa Mercéd*, but with a *Vueſeñoría*, or *Uſía*, or *Vueſtra Señoría*. How can you be ignorant of theſe diſtinctions! He has certainly been offended at your haughtineſs, or rather he wanted to divert himſelf with your clowniſhneſs, and puzzle you with *deſperátes* (with *noñſenſe*), as he is a man to my certain knowledge of very good parts, very well bred, and not averſe to foreigners, as many Spaniards are.

Be

Be my knowledge of Spaniſh ever ſo great, ſaid I, ſtill the corregidor was wrong in taking a thing amiſs, of which he might eaſily ſuppoſe me quite ignorant. He knows no language but his own, if he does not know that ſtrangers can ſeldom be acquainted with ſuch petty formalities but by practice, let them be ever ſo well acquainted with books. He ought at leaſt to have aſked me whether I had ever been in Spain, and it had been generous and worthy in him to have ſet me right at once.

To be ſure, ſaid ſhe, he had done better to do ſo: but ſometimes he has whims of his own.

And the greaſy cap, ſaid I. What have you to ſay to the greaſy cap?

You are a new man in Spain, replied the lady, and do not know that people of ſtill greater rank than his, in *Madrid* itſelf, will receive even grandees and ladies in that manner. This cuſtom of ſhowing themſelves in a cap, night-gown, and ſlippers, is ſo general in this country, and, old men eſpecially, ſtick ſo cloſe to it, that no body ever dreams of finding fault with it.

While we were thus diſcourſing, the man of the white rod came in, and ſcarcely raiſing his muſhroom-hat, told us that the embargo was taken off, and we could depart when we pleaſed. The lady told me in French that it

would have been proper to give him ſomething, but I would not, becauſe the fellow would not ſpeak to me when I firſt ſaw him.

I had my landlord called, and deſired him to find me another caleſſero. Here is one ready, ſaid he, pointing to a young ſpark whoſe face I liked little better than old *Dom Manuelo*'s. What is thy name, friend? *Franciſco* is my name. Well, *Franciſco*, will thou take me to Madrid in that chaiſe? Yes. How much muſt I give thee? So much. Done. Go and call *Yago*, put to, and let us be gone. Your bill, *Señor Poſadero*. Here it is. And here is the money; and this *por las Alfileres a' la Muchacha*; "*for pin-money to the maid.*"

I took my leave of that ſenſible lady, and wiſhed her ſucceſs at Madrid with all my heart. She was preſently in her chaiſe; but I could not get into mine an hour after, as *Yago* was gone to ſee his impriſoned friend. It was four when he came back, and would have paſſed the night in *Talavera*, but I would not.

Of that town I have not much to ſay, though I was almoſt a whole day in it. *Mariana*, the famous Spaniſh hiſtorian, was a native of that town, called *Elbora* by the ancient Romans. It ſeems a populous place and of much buſineſs. Beſides the ſilken, there are ſeveral other manufactures, one in particular of earthen ware much

eſteemed

eſteemed throughout the country, that gives employment to ſome hundred of people. Some of its houſes, churches, and other publick buildings make a good appearance from without: an hoſpital eſpecially, which, as I was told, receives between ſix and ſeven hundred ſick, both from the town and from the adjacent country. Its territory, particularly from the vineyard plundered yeſterday by the ſoldiers, to the town-gate, is one of the fineſt tracts of land I have yet ſeen, full of vines and fruit-trees of various kinds. A league from *Talavera*, and on this ſide, the *Tagus* is croſſed again over a long wooden bridge. Stopping there to pay a ſmall toll, I heard from *Franciſco* that lengthening my journey only three leagues I could ſee *Toledo* and *Aranjuez*. Is it ſo? Then turn the mules' heads towards *Toledo*.

To-morrow-night therefore I ſhall ſee that celebrated city, if none of my caleſſeros brings me acquainted with ſome other corregidor. Mean while I am in this village of *Zevolla*, four leagues diſtant from *Talavera*. I can ſay nothing of it, becauſe I reached it late at night. I want my ſupper, having had no dinner.

LETTER

LETTER XLIX.

Extempore Poetry. Obſervations upon travelling gentlemen. Towns grow thicker.

Toledo, Oct. 3, 1760.

DESIRING to reach Toledo betimes, I roſe long before the ſun: but as my people were not yet ready, I went part of the way a-foot, taking a lad of the poſada to ſhow it me.

The weather was delightfully calm and cool, and the moon could not be brighter. The lad had taken his guittar with him, and played as we went on. Having liſtened a while to his playing, I aſked if he could ſing; but inſtead of an anſwer he gave me a long ſtring of *Seguedillas* or *Coplas*. The firſt I took immediately down, and it was thus:

La Luna ſta dorada,
Y las eſtrellas
Haziendonos favores,
Alumbran bellas.

A thought ſo happily and ſo delicately expreſſed, made me judge it to be the beginning of ſome compoſition uni-

verſally known; and I was juſt going to admire his ingenuity in applying it ſo quickly to the preſent circumſtance, when he went on without heſitating the tenth part of a minute.

Un rato de paſſeo
Bien de mañana
Si la gente no miente
Es coſa ſana.

This was eaſily expreſſed likewiſe, though not ſo elegantly as the firſt; yet it began to ſtartle me more than that. He went on too faſt for my pencil to follow; and of the many ſtanzas that ſucceeded, I could only catch this, which was the laſt of a conſiderable number.

La Virgen del Roſario
Mi Cavallero
Accompane de paſſo.
Haſta Toledo.

My ſpirits were thrown into a ſort of a hurry the moment I found out that the fellow was making his *Seguedillas* extempore, and perceived him to go on with ſuch a rapidity, as if he had been oppreſſed by the keeping of them in his mind, and had wanted to relieve himſelf from a burthen by diſcharging them.

Here

Here I muſt tell you, that for ſeveral days paſt I had entertained a ſtrong ſuſpicion, that this country ſwarmed with extempore ſingers or poets, call them as you pleaſe. Yet that ſuſpicion I ſcarcely dared to own to myſelf, for fear of appearing ridiculous in my own eyes, ſtill calling to mind, that, of the many who have given us accounts of Spain, none ever dropped the leaſt hint about it, and that there is no Spaniſh writer who ever let foreigners into this extraordinary characteriſtick of his nation.

It was in the town of Elvas that ſuch a ſuſpicion firſt ſtole into my mind: and I well remember, that when the browniſh *Tereſuela* ſung, I thought it very ſtrange ſhe ſhould touch upon ſome actual particularities, and, amongſt other things, bring the names of *Catalina* and *Paolita* into one ſtanza, with a word of affectionate praiſe to each of them.

This ſuſpicion became ſtronger and ſtronger almoſt every time I heard people ſing, which was generally twice a day. One of the ſoldiers the day before yeſterday was very near putting an end to my doubts, but that I could not bear the obſcenity of his *Seguedillas*, and bid him to forbear, which he did inſtantly. My young ruſtick has at laſt happily changed my doubts at once into the moſt abſolute certainty.

The pleaſing fellow went on, ſaying (always to the guittar) that *I was wiſe for walking while it was cool, and*

riding when it grew hot. He mentioned ſeveral *birds that welcome the morn with their chirping*, and ſpoke of the *fowler who gets up betimes to go and ſhoot partridges.* By degrees he came to ſpeak of me, and aſſured me that *he valued much the honour of ſhowing me part of the way.* He took notice of my *liberality to an old beggar at the Poſada*, to whom I ſuppoſe I gave an *ochavo* or two; and, by way of a hint, brought in his own mother, *who is old and poor.* What ſignifies enumerating his ſimple thoughts? He concluded his compoſition with the above prayer in my favour to his *Virgen del Roſario.*

His thoughts to be ſure were ſimple, and the greateſt part of them cloathed with uncouth words. The firſt and third lines of every quatrain never rhymed together. In the ſecond and fourth ſometimes the rhyme came in exact, as in *eſtrellas* and *bellas*; ſometimes there was only a ſimilarity of ſound, as in *Cavallero* and *Toledo.* That ſimilarity of ſound was ſtill more imperfect in ſome other of his *Aſſonancias*, (as the Spaniards term them) one of which was *dicho* and *finos*, and another *prendas* and *ſeña.* Yet he broke out now and then into ſuch prettineſſes, and even elegancies, as would have done honour to ſome of our Roman Arcadians. For my part, I did not much mind the propriety or impropriety of his expreſſions, and the accuracy or inaccuracy of his rhymes. It was the ſudden diſcovery of extempore poetry in Spain, that ſwallowed all my attention; and had his performance been

been ten times better or ten times worſe than it was, ſtill I could only conſider it on this account. This was to me of great importance, as national peculiarities are the game which a traveller ought chiefly to purſue.

I aſked him whether he could ſing any of thoſe romances that are in books. By a *romance* the Spaniards commonly mean a compoſition made up of ſuch ſtanzas as thoſe that are termed *Coplas* or *Seguedillas*, which they often ſing, or of ſhort unrhymed verſes, which they only recite in a particular chaunting tone. Such *romances* generally relate ſome miracle, ſome devout ſtory, or ſome adventure of love and war. The number of theſe compoſitions is inconceivable in this country.

I know *romances* enough, ſaid the lad: but *no de libros, que yo no ſé leer.* "*None of thoſe contained in* "*books, becauſe I cannot read.*"

His reaſon for his ignorance was ſatisfactory: but I wanted to know whether every body in his village could ſing extempore like him, and never could make him underſtand my meaning, as I knew of no word in his language equivalent to our verb *improvviſare*, "*to* "*ſing extempore*," or to our noun *improvviſatore*, "*an* "*extempore ſinger.*"

Cantan tus paiſanos y tus amigos de repente y ſin libro como tu? "*Do your townſmen and friends ſing without*

"*pre-*

" *premeditation and without the aſſiſtance of books as* " *you do?*"

Yo no ſé cantar de repente, ſaid he. *Que es repente? Yo no ſé lo que es. Uſté perdone, yo no entiendo la habla de ſu merced.* He did not know the meaning of the word *repente*, and begged my pardon for not knowing my worſhip's language.

In mi aldea, continued he with great ſimplicity, *pocos libros hay. Todos cantan ſin libro. Todos cantan y pocos leen.* " *In my village there are but few books. All ſing* " *without a book. Few can read, but all can ſing.*" And this was all that I could poſſibly get out of him for my want of a vulgar equivalent of the word *extempore*, which I knew not how to tranſlate, but by the adverb *de repente.*

However, from this imperfect information I think myſelf intitled to pronounce, that from the torrent *Caya* to the town of *Toledo* many people can ſing extempore, ſome better, ſome worſe than my informer, each according to his proportion of parts and abilities. It is probable at leaſt, that all attempt to do it; and, if ſo, that many ſucceed in this kind of exerciſe of the imagination. That it is very common in the village of *Zevolla*, and that the greateſt part of its inhabitants can ſing extempore as well as this lad, I do not doubt. It is very plain that, if he was any way ſingular, and did what his townſmen could not do, they would have made him aware of it by their admiration, and given him by degrees a better

opinion of his abilities than he ſeems to have. But he is by them conſidered in proportion to his rank in life; that is, he is not conſidered at all: and this to me is a concluſive proof, that with regard to them he does nothing extraordinary when he throws his thoughts, ſuch as they are, extemporarily into metre, or, to ſpeak more exactly, he does only that, which every body elſe can do with as much facility as himſelf. However, I ſhall ſoon be in *Madrid*, where I hope to do more than argue. Bear with the eagerneſs of my temper. I fear I ſhall ſcarcely ſleep until I have cleared up this matter to my full ſatisfaction.

Mean while I am ſure of this, that this faculty of ſinging extempore does not belong excluſively (as I always thought) to the Italians, or, to ſpeak with more correctneſs, to the Tuſcans. Perhaps the extempore poetry of the Tuſcans is better upon the whole than that of the Spaniards, becauſe the rules of criticiſm are more generally ſpread, as far as I could obſerve, through Tuſcany than through any part of Eſtremadura, and frighten a ſmaller number of people there than in our country: But theſe are conjectures, grounded as yet upon ſlight information, which I muſt endeavour to enlarge. Mean while it ſeems, that the Spaniards never employ in their ſinging that ſort of ſtanza which we call *ottava*, though they have it as well as ourſelves, and though they make uſe of it, as we do, in compoſitions of the epic kind.

We

We employ it in our extempore compoſitions oftener than any other metre, but the Spaniards only make uſe in theirs of ſhort lyrick meaſures, chiefly ſtrings of *Seguedillas*, each conſiſting of four ſhort lines, ſometimes all four of equal meaſure, ſometimes the ſecond and fourth ſhorter than the firſt and third, ſometimes the contrary. To ſuch ſtanzas of four lines they will ſometimes tag an *Eſtrevillo*, which is a kind of ſecond part conſiſting of only three lines. But all this, I ſuppoſe, depends on the tunes to which they chuſe to ſing; and of ſuch tunes I have already taken notice that they have ſeveral. Here you have the *Seguedilla* followed by the *Eſtrevillo*.

SEGUEDILLA.

Porque todos me dicen
Que eres muy fino
Yo por eſſo he penſado
Que ſeas mio.

ESTREVILLO.

Que quiero ſea.
El que a mi me llevare
Como jalea.

This was one of the many Seguedillas ſung by *Tereſuela* at *Elvas*. While ſinging ſhe ſtole a pretty ſmile upon a young fellow, to whom, as I was told, ſhe was ſoon to be married, and he bowed to her for it. The words,

the

the ſmile, and the bow gave me the firſt hint of the Spaniſh extempore ſinging, and a few more of that girl's lines put it in my mind to turn my attention towards the aſcertaining of this Spaniſh characteriſtick, which I think is now nearly effected.

In a language however, ſo verſatile as the Spaniſh, ſo eaſily thrown into meaſure, and uſed by people who will not ſtick cloſe to regular rhymes, it cannot be very difficult to form ſuch compoſitions as thoſe quoted above. But the greater the facility, the leſs muſt likewiſe be the delight to a delicate ear; and it is ſure, that, if inſtead of taking great liberties with their meaſures as they do, and uſing *rimas* and *aſſonancias* juſt as it happens, they would ſubject themſelves (like the Tuſcans) to exact forms of ſtanzas and exact rhymes; it is evident, I ſay, that the pleaſure of ſeeing ſeveral great difficulties give way at once before a warm and rapid imagination, would be little ſhort of ecſtaſy to him who is ſenſible to the charms of poetry. This would be an approach towards the perfection of the art of *improvviſare*, which would prove the moſt delightful of all arts, was it ever carried to perfection: but this, I am afraid, will never be done either by Spaniards or Italians. The man among thoſe I have heard, who carried this power furtheſt, was one *Giovanni Sibiliato* in Venice. Though but a mean tradeſman, he was a man of very great parts, and a cloſe and conſtant reader of our beſt poets. It is not impoſſible but that

many in Spain ſubject themſelves to ſtrict rhymes and regular metres, as the Tuſcans generally do; but I fear it will not be in my power to ſtay ſo long in this kingdom as to decide with tolerable juſtneſs which of the two nations deſerves the preference upon this ſubject.

Be the Spaniſh *Improvviſatori* better or worſe than ours, don't you think it ſtrange that no traveller ever mentioned them? That no native ever did, I am pretty certain, as I never found any thing approaching towards ſuch an information in the conſiderable number of Spaniſh books that I have looked into when I was young. Yet I am not ſurpriſed at the general ſilence of Spaniſh authors upon this head. Little do people think of writing to the world what they ſuppoſe generally known: and if extempore ſinging is quite familiar, as you will begin to believe, to the generality of the Spaniards, no wonder if they all think, that all nations can do in their reſpective languages what their countrymen can do in their own, the loweſt individuals not excepted, and of courſe omit to give the world ſuch an information.

But that no ſtranger travelling amongſt them ſhould ever have taken notice of a practice ſo very uncommon in other countries, and likewiſe ſo eaſily to be noted throughout this, is what appears to me ſtill more ſurpriſing than the practice itſelf. Yet ſuch is the inattention with which travellers croſs countries, even thoſe who do it with their

quills in their hands! When they have copied out of each other's books that the Spaniards are proud, grave, and idle; the French volatile, confident, and talkative; the Italians cunning, jealous, and ſuperſtitious; the Engliſh rude, inhoſpitable, and philoſophical, the greateſt part of itinerary writers think they have done great matters, and that they are intitled to challenge abundance of reſpect from their own countrymen. For my part I have long looked upon one part of them with the abhorrence due to propagators of prejudices, falſhoods, and calumnies; and upon the other with that contempt that ought to be the lot of ſuperficial, impertinent, and careleſs obſervers. Think of the thouſands and thouſands who have viſited Greece and Turkey century after century! Think of their abilities in deſcribing broken ſtones and copying defaced inſcriptions, or in unravelling the politics of the Divan, and the intrigues of the Seraglio! Yet a cuſtom of Greece and Turkey no leſs ſingular than uſeful, none of our numberleſs travellers could ever diſcover; and it was a lady at laſt, who brought the weſtern world acquainted with inoculation, to the eternal honour of half a million of travelling gentleman.

The Caleſſeros overtook me at a village called *Carrichéz*, about two leagues from *Zevolla*; and there I was obliged to part company with my poetical lad. Were I a man of fortune, I would have taken him along with me, and made him rather my companion than my ſervant.

vant. But being, as Henry IV. uſed to ſay of himſelf, more provided with liberality than with the means of uſing it, I was forced to let him go back. However, if I could not treat him in the manner his pretty genius deſerved, I did not forget what he had ſo timely ſuggeſted, that he had a poor mother.

I got into my chaiſe, croſſed *Zenindote*, ſaw the caſtle of *Barziente* on an eminence at ſome diſtance, and about nine ſtopped to bait at *Rialves*. The country, I ſee, grows populous as I go on. At Rialves I entered into converſation with the Curate, whom I found talking with the *Poſſadero*, and aſked him ſeveral queſtions about the cuſtom of *improvviſare*; but not having Spaniſh enough to explain my meaning, never could I make him underſtand the difference between premeditated and extempore poetry. I was ſtill puzzled by the word *extempore*, for which I could not find an intelligible equivalent. He called me *caro amigo (dear friend)* at every word: a piece of urbanity for which I thank him; and diſplayed a great deal of poetical knowledge, which I did not want.

At four in the afternoon we croſſed a river called *Guadarama* over an indifferent bridge, and at five reached Toledo. At the gate my trunks were viſited, but only *pro forma*; that is, only opened and ſhut. From that gate we mounted an aſcent conſiderably ſteep for a quarter of a mile, and alighted at a *Poſada*, the appellation of

of which, literally tranſlated into Italian, French, or Engliſh, would ſound very profanely: but the Spaniards deal in religious expreſſions in a manner, that would ſhock even atheiſts in other countries; and thus they call *La Sangre de Chriſto* an inn, which in any town of England would ſcarcely be thought a fit habitation for the loweſt of mankind.

LETTER L.

A cathedral grand and rich. An Alcazar. The Mozarabick rite. Ximenes' deeds. Abulcacim's hiſtory. A braſs-giant in a cave. A ſynagogue. Charles V. and Navagero.

Toledo, Oct. 4, 1760.

AS this town is built upon a conſiderable eminence, it ſtrikes from afar with its cupolas and ſteeples, with what is ſtill ſtanding of its Alcazar, and with its ſurrounding wall, ornamented with a large number of turrets. But the greateſt part of its houſes are meanly built, the ſquares irregular, the ſtreets narrow, badly paved, and not very clean.

However, I do not grudge the three leagues I have added to my journey, as this cathedral alone is well worth going

going a hundred. It is a gothic (*a*) edifice that can always vie for amplitude with that of Milan. It has three wide naves; and ſome of its lateral chapels would be reckoned to be pretty large churches in many an European town. It is pity that it is not high enough for its width and length. The noſeleſs figures in the front of that at Exeter I could eaſily count; but not ſo thoſe that are in the front of this, which are all noſeleſs likewiſe. It is obſervable that gothic architects ſeldom failed to croud the fronts of churches with ſtatues or figures in baſs-relief.

We cannot wonder at this cathedral being all built of free-ſtone, nor at the quantities of marble in ſeveral of its parts, becauſe marble and free-ſtone abound on every ſide in this rocky region. But we muſt wonder at the multitude and coſtlineſs of its decorations. Think of the ſteps of an altar made of ſilver, and of ſome ſilver ſtatues enriched with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds! The hand of profuſion ſhows itſelf in ſuch a manner throughout theſe decorations, as if thoſe who ordered them had been at a loſs what to do with the ampleſt treaſures. Beſides thoſe ſilver ſteps, there is a very large grate, the bars of which are of ſilver likewiſe; and beſides thoſe ſilver ſtatues, there is a pretty conſiderable number of thoſe that are of braſs or of marble, ſome of which came

(a) Mr. Clarke ſays, that it is "not remarkably large;" yet it is larger than any Gothic cathedral in his country.

from

from ſo far as Rome, which, together with their exquiſite workmanſhip, makes them be rated as high as if they were of ſilver.

Then there are tabernacles, ſhrines, oſtenſories, lamps, candleſticks, croſiers, mitres, chalices, crucifixes, reliquaries, &c. &c. ſome of gold and ſome of ſilver, almoſt all ſparkling with large jewels of the moſt precious kind, with an infinity of ſmall ones. But what do you ſay to a tabernacle of ſo enormous a weight, as to require the united ſtrength of thirty men to carry it in proceſſion? Nor muſt I forget many changes of prieſtly veſtments, made heavy by embroidery of pearls and precious ſtones. Thoſe that are only embroidered with gold, are here conſidered ſo little, that they are put on every day; and the prieſts who celebrated the great maſs this morning, I almoſt miſtook at a diſtance for ſo many moving images of gold.

The greateſt part of theſe *(a)* riches, the enumeration of which would take a large volume, are kept in ſeveral rooms and cloſets, and produced only on ſolemn feſtivals. What an indignation muſt riſe in the breaſt of a needy

(a) Mr. Clark, ſpeaking of this cathedral, ſlily obſerves, that "much plunder might be got out of it." The remark cannot be retorted upon St. Paul's church, or Weſtminſter-abbey, and it is well that it cannot. Yet a clergyman of Mr. Clark's rigid way of thinking might have decently omitted ſuch a ſuggeſtion, whatever his abhorrence of popiſh pageantry may be.

tradeſman

tradeſman at the ſight of ſo large a ſtock uſeleſsly locked up in a church! A ſtock that, brought into commerce, would render opulent many thouſands of individuals, and the whole nation happy! What a pity the Spaniards are not wiſe!

There are alſo ſeveral grand monuments of Kings, Queens, Archbiſhops, and other great people; and both the cieling and walls of the church are adorned with a vaſt number of pictures, of which the moſt ſurpriſing is a St. Chriſtopher ſo very gigantic, that *Boyardo*'s *Caligorante* was but a dwarf in compariſon. It is enough to tell you, that the toe of that ſaint is as big as my whole body.

A rite is uſed in this temple, which is called *Mozarab* or *Mozarabick*, originally inſtituted by a biſhop of Seville called St. Iſidore, who was a contemporary and friend to St. Gregory ſurnamed *The Great*. It ſeems as if St. Gregory had given St. Iſidore the *Prefatio's* (as they call them) of the maſs, which reſemble much thoſe that are practiſed in the Milaneſe church, and diſtinguiſhed from the Roman rite by the appellation of Ambroſian.

This rite acquired the name of Mozarab, becauſe it was preſerved by thoſe Chriſtians, who, after the conqueſt made of Spain by the Moriſco's, or Arabs, did not chuſe to forſake their country, but lived amidſt their conquerors,

querors, who ſuffered them to continue in the religion of their anceſtors, and were ſo indulgent as to leave to them the greateſt part of their churches. There is actually at Rome one Father *Leſleo*, a man of much eccleſiaſtical erudition, who is preparing for the preſs a Mozarabick Miſſal, which he intends to illuſtrate with notes, and mark the difference between the Mozarabick, the Ambroſian, and the Roman rites.

How much the preſent ſervice of Toledo differs from the antient, inſtituted as I ſaid, by St. Iſidore, I am not able to tell. The famous Mozarabick Miſſal and Breviary, which were printed by cardinal Ximenes at the requeſt of the Toletans, have, I think, been long out of uſe; and are perhaps only remembered by eccleſiaſtical antiquaries. Something however ſeems ſtill to be retained in their ritual.

I fancy you will ſtare at theſe paragraphs when you come to read them, and think it very odd I ſhould ſo familiarly talk of *Mozarabick*, *Ambroſian*, and *Roman* rites, well knowing that my ſtudies never turned that way. But it was our old friend *Canonico Irico*, who helped me to what I have here written about thoſe rites. As I appriſed him ſome months ago of my ſcheme to viſit Spain, he wrote me a long letter from *(a) Trino* upon

(a) A ſmall town in Monferrat.

this ſubject of church-rites, and deſired me, if ever I came to *Toledo*, to procure for him ſome information about the Mozarabick.

In compliance with his requeſt I went early this morning to a learned prieſt, who holds an employment in the library of this cathedral, and on my ſhewing him my friend's letter, he promiſed kindly to ſend me to Madrid the beſt hiſtorical account that ſhall be poſſible of that rite, and of the ſeveral changes it has undergone ever ſince its firſt inſtitution. If he keeps his word, as I am ſure he will, the *Canonico* will be made very happy, by ſuch means as would give happineſs to few other men. But there are people in this world, whoſe mental pleaſures appear odd to the groſs of mankind, and yet are far from being unreaſonable. To ſearch, as our *Canonico* does, after antient inſtitutions and cuſtoms that can contribute to diſplay the various hues and turns of the human mind, and to mark the gradations of the changes they have undergone in the revolution of human affairs, will often be ridiculed and deſpiſed by men of ſhallow and circumſcribed intellects; but will always deſerve and obtain ſome degree of commendation by men of liberal and extenſive views.

I wanted to ſee the library of the cathedral, which, as I am told, contains an immenſe treaſure of literature: but to-day it could not be opened, and to-morrow I intend

intend to be gone. A man cannot ſtay long enough in every place to ſee every thing, eſpecially when he has four men and four mules to feed.

Cardinal Ximenes above-named, was ſo great a benefactor to this cathedral, that a prayer for his ſoul is ſtill ſaid at the end of every maſs celebrated in it. He was one of the greateſt men that ever appeared. At once a great ſtateſman, an intrepid ſoldier, a profound ſcholar, and a tolerable ſaint. Having been made archbiſhop of Toledo out of a poor Franciſcan friar, and created cardinal ſoon after, he undertook two great things of a very diſſimilar nature, that characteriſe him much to his honour, as they ſhow the vaſt capacity of his ſoul. The one was his ordering an edition of the Poliglot Bible, a work that employed for many years the moſt learned men of Spain: the other was, that he raiſed an army at his own expence, and ſent it to conquer Oran in Africa for the crown of Spain, which has poſſeſſed it ever ſince. You have heard, that, next the pope, the archbiſhop of Toledo is the richeſt eccleſiaſtick in the world. Within this century however, a conſiderable part of his revenue has been curtailed: yet it is ſtill ſo ample as not eaſily to be compared any where elſe in the church.

About forty canons officiate in this cathedral, beſides archdeacons, chaplains, and other prieſts, all provided with livings and ſalaries, that enable them to live

with becoming dignity. I ſuppoſe that all theſe people's maintenance, together with the archbiſhop's, come from diſtant parts of Spain, as the whole territory of this town, did it belong entirely to them, would not produce the third part of what they have.

It is upon record, that St. Peter's church at Rome, with all that is contained in it, has coſt near thirteen millions ſterling, and St. Paul's at London about thirteen hundred thouſand pounds. I wanted to know how much the expence beſtowed upon this, exceeded the Engliſh, or came ſhort of the Roman: but the gentle clergyman, to whom I applied for the mentioned information about the Mozarabick rite, could not ſatisfy my curioſity, as, to his certain knowledge, no exact account of it was ever kept, nor the value ever calculated of the ſeveral coſtly things in it, which were gifts from kings and queens of Spain, and other great perſonages, beſides that many ancient memorials have been deſtroyed by the revolution of centuries, the cathedral having been built about nine hundred years ago, and declared the firſt church of Spain about two hundred years after it was built.

The ſecond grand edifice in Toledo is the archiepiſcopal palace. But, inſtead of going to ſee it, I went to the *Alcázar*; that is, a royal palace built on the edge of a hill almoſt perpendicular, and about five hundred feet higher than the Tagus which runs beneath it.

From

From the large ſquare before the *Alcázar*, or from its windows, you have a vaſt proſpect over a country not very fertile, as it is chiefly compoſed of rocks, which however render the *coup d' oeuil* very romantic. There is a printed journey *(a)* through ſome parts of Spain, written by a French counteſs about fourſcore years ago. She has given a deſcription in her work of this *Alcázar*, and told us how it was then: and I think I have looked out of that very window, from which ſhe inſpected the adjacent country. The *Alcázar* was then in good condition, and inhabited by a Spaniſh queen. But the ſucceſſion-war proved fatal to it, as the Engliſh and Portugueſe penetrated unluckily ſo far as Toledo, and ſet fire to it: ſo that nothing of it now remains but the lateral walls greatly damaged, ſome of its marble pillars, a ſmall part of the grand ſtair-caſe and five or ſix rooms. Within eighty years more, even theſe poor remains will not exiſt in all probability, and only faint veſtiges will be left of them, as they are viſibly decaying and covering with moſs, nettles, and weeds.

From that high hill you ſee the two largeſt hoſpitals in Toledo, one for the reception of foundlings, the other *por los que ſtan mal de mugeres*, as a man phraſed it of whom I aſked what it was. This ſecond, however, has at preſent but a very ſmall number of patients, as the diſ-

(a) It bears this title, "RELATION du Voyage d'Eſpagne, à Paris. "MDCXCIX." *It is in three vols. 8vo.*

temper-

temper that is cured in it, has within this century greatly abated of its original fury all over Spain, as I am told.

You ſee likewiſe from that hill a fine bridge of two arches over the Tagus, the waters of which run thereabout with the greateſt noiſe and rapidity. They call it the Alcantara-bridge, beyond which there is a ruined building called *el Caſtillo de San Cervantes.*

Under the ruins of that caſtle, the vulgar of Toledo is firmly perſuaded that there is an opening, which was cut into the rock and ſhut with a ſtrong braſs-gate. Was you to enter that gate, ſay they, you would be led into an enchanted rocky cavern that contains many horrible things. No body ever dared to violate that braſs-gate and intrude in the cavern, except the deſperate *Don Rodrigo* who was the laſt gothic King of Spain.

Don Rodrigo had been informed by tradition, that whoever ſhould enter it would be made acquainted with the ultimate fate of the kingdom he then poſſeſſed; and finding himſelf briſkly attacked by a formidable army ſent againſt him by *Miramámolin* emperor of Africa, he would needs to know how that war was to end. The gratification of his curioſity was attended with the anticipated knowledge of his own impending ruin, becauſe he found a braſs-giant in the cavern, who held a large braſs-label in his hand, in which the death of his majeſty

was

was foretold, together with the conqueſt of his kingdom, to be ſoon effected by the Africans.

The whole of this abſurd ſtory is told at large in the ſixth chapter of a book entitled HISTORIA *verdadera del Rey don Rodrigo, &c. compueſta por el ſabio Alcayde Abulcacim Tarif Abentarique, de nacion Arabe; neuvamente traduzida de la legua Arabiga por Miguel de Luna, &c.*

In Engliſh. The true HISTORY *of King Don Rodrigo, &c. written by the wiſe Alcayde Abulcacim Tarif Abentarique, an Arabian by birth; newly tranſlated from the Arabic Tongue, by Michael de Luna, &c.*

I have the 4th edition of this book printed *en Valencia* 1646, with the original dedicatory letter in the front of it, addreſſed by the tranſlator to King Philip III.

It appears by that dedicatory letter, that Miguel de Luna had ſtudied Arabick from his infancy, and was Arabick Interpreter to that King. The book is divided in two parts. The firſt ends with this information to the reader.

Acaboſe de traduzir eſte libro por mé Miguel de Luna, Interprete de Su Mageſtad, a treinta dias del mes de Noviembre, ãno &c. 1589.

In Engliſh. *The tranſlation of this book was compleated by me Miguel de Luna, Interpreter to his Majeſty, on November* 30, 1589.

The ſecond part ends with this ſtill more intereſting information.

Acaboſe de eſcrivir eſte Libro de la Hiſtoria de Eſpaña en la Ciudad de Bucara, a tres dias del mes de Ramadan, del año ciento y quarenta i dos de la Hixera.

In Engliſh. *The writing of this Hiſtory of Spain was ended in the town of Bucara, on the third day of the month of Ramadan, the hundred and forty ſecond year of the Hegira*; which day, according to a marginal note of the tranſlator, anſwers to ſome day September 763; that is, exactly fifty years after the firſt invaſion of Spain by the Moriſco's, with whom this ſame hiſtorian *Abulcacim Tarif Abentarique* came over, and was a helper in the conqueſt made by his countrymen, as he repeatedly tells in the courſe of his hiſtory.

As this book by the generality of the Spaniards is looked upon as a genuine hiſtory, give me leave to make here a few obſervations upon it. I have read it through with attention, and am perſuaded that *De Luna* tranſlated it from the Arabick. There is nothing in it but what indicates it to be the performance of a Mahometan; and it is to be ſuppoſed, that De Luna would never have dared to tell his King a lye in print, or offer him a work of his own for a tranſlation of an Arabick original.

However, as to that original, taking for granted that the tranſlation is faithful, is it not poſſible to conſider it

as

as any better than a romance, and a romance of a much more modern date than it is pretended by its Arabick author, whoever he may have been. How could *Abulcacim* be a contemporary with the Mooriſh conquerors of Spain, when he tells us of fleets that carried numerous armies backwards and forwards from Arabia to Tunis, and other parts of that region which we now call the coaſt of Barbary?

Beſides that it is queſtionable whether the town of Tunis exiſted at that time, thoſe fleets cannot have ſailed round the Cape of Good Hope, as that Cape was then as much unknown to the Arabians as to the Europeans. They muſt therefore have ſailed from ſome port ſituated at the very end of the Mediterranean. But what hiſtorical voucher have we for the exiſtence of a port in that part of the world poſſeſſed by the Arabians? Yet, granting that this was the caſe, we muſt take into conſideration that the Greeks as well as the Venetians could at that time both navigate and fight; but neither navigated nor fought againſt thoſe great enemies of the chriſtian name, and, what is ſtill more ſurprizing, never made the leaſt mention of thoſe pretended Arabick expeditions in the memorials they left us of the tranſactions of that age.

It may be anſwered, that the Greeks had neither the courage nor the ſtrength required to face the Arabians, and that the Venetians were the Arabians' friends for

ſome reaſon of commerce. But beſides that hiſtorical vouchers are alſo wanted for ſuch an anſwer, it is impoſſible to believe that the Venetians could be induced by ſuch a motive to let Mahometan fleets paſs unmoleſted through a ſea, of which they were maſters in a great meaſure, and ſuffer them to go and conquer a chriſtian country.

Let us conſider then what ſhipping is required to carry forty five thouſand foot, and eight hundred horſe (*Abulcacim p.* 129) to ſuch a prodigious diſtance as from Arabia to Tunis. I cannot believe the Arabs of thoſe times, or indeed of any time, to have had ſuch ſhipping as could not even be muſtered up by the modern Engliſh themſelves, whoſe naval force is not to be parallel'd even by that of the Charthaginians when at their higheſt, nor indeed by any power whatſoever that was ever mentioned in hiſtory.

What renders that fact a thouſand times ſtill more improbable, is the account of *Muza* the viceroy of Africa, who from Morocco *dio buelto hazia el Levante (went away to the Levant)* with a fleet that had twenty thouſand ſoldiers on board; went ſo far as that port at the bottom of the Mediterranean to meet his Royal Maſter *Abilgualit*, who waited there for his coming with twenty five thouſand foot and eight hundred horſe; then ſailed back with that King and thoſe troops to the place from which

he had departed; landed ſafely and without oppoſition at, or near Tunis, and preſently effected the conqueſt of that kingdom, though it was defended by the Tuniſian army compoſed of forty thouſand men, and commanded by a deſperate rebel.

What need had viceroy Muza to go ſo far as the bottom of the Mediterranean to meet his King? By what means could he give him previous intelligence of his coming, that he might be ready there to embark with his troops? Could he not ſtay at home for his coming? Yes, he could; but it was better to go and ſecure his paſſage with ſuch a reinforcement. Yet if there was any danger of obſtruction from ſome enemy in that paſſage, that danger was exactly equal whether the viceroy went to meet his king, or the king to meet the viceroy. But how could an army that had ſailed ſeveral thouſand miles without ſtopping to refreſh any where, preſerve itſelf in ſo good a condition as to rout that of Tunis in the very firſt battle, and rout it ſo effectually, though their numbers were almoſt equal, as to put a final ſtop to all its further operations?

Theſe are, amongſt other, the objections I would offer to any Spaniard that ſhould inſiſt upon the genuineneſs of Abulcacim's hiſtory, and tell me that *aunque infiel y barbaro (though an infidel and a barbarian)* as *Roda* ſays in his *Cronica de los Moros en Eſpaña*, yet Abulcacim was a faithful relator of facts.

It was quite dark when I returned from my viſit to *San Cervantes*'s caſtle, of which nothing is now left but a heap of mouldered bricks intermixed with large pieces of free-ſtone that will ſoon become duſt.

Could I ſtay in this town longer, it is moſt probable that I ſhould ſee many more things very well worth ſome account. I am told that here is a ſynagogue, which had once many Hebrew ſayings and ſcripture-paſſages written on its walls within, according to the practice of the Jews in all their places of public worſhip. When that ſynagogue was ſome centuries ago turned into a church, its walls were plaſtered over and white-waſhed, ſo that the inſcriptions remained loſt for a long time to the world. But in proceſs of time ſome of the plaſter fell down; and a learned canon of this cathedral obſerving Hebrew characters left there undiſcovered, has lately found means to read ſeveral of thoſe paſſages and ſayings, which he intends ſoon to publiſh with notes. The Jews that were formerly in poſſeſſion of the ſynagogue, if they were not African by birth, were at leaſt ſo by deſcent; and it appears by the characters read by the canon on thoſe walls, that the manner of writing their tongue was partly different from that which is generally uſed by the modern European Jews. An account of that African manner of writing it, will render the work of the canon very intereſting to the ſtudious of the ſacred tongue.

Toledo

Toledo is one of the moſt antient cities in Spain, and during ſeveral centuries it held the rank of its metropolis. But the neighbourhood of Madrid has by degrees ſtripped it of its numerous inhabitants, and it would have long been almoſt entirely deſerted but for its cathedral, the income of which, being ſpent here in a good meaſure, contributes chiefly to the maintenance of the few thouſands that are left, and aſſiſts a little thoſe ſmall manufactures of ſword-blades and ſilk-ſtuffs eſtabliſhed in it. The emperor Charles V made Toledo his almoſt conſtant reſidence whenever he returned to Spain from his various rambles about Europe; and here it was, that the learned *Navagero* was ſent to him as ambaſſador by the Venetians. There was then an engine contrived by an Italian, which raiſed the water of the *Tagus* up to the *Alcazar* and the reſt of the town. But time deſtroyed that engine, and the Toletans are now put to a great inconvenience to procure water, which is inceſſantly carried up to them from that river by aſſes heavily loaded with ſix earthen pots each, and bought at two *Maravedis* a pot; that is, two thirds of an Engliſh farthing.

I ſhall go to-morrow to *Aranjuéz*, ſeven leagues beyond this town. Seven more the next day will carry me to Madrid, where I intend to ſtay a while and ſcribble a great deal. But the queen, unluckily for my journal, died ſix or ſeven days ago: ſo that I ſhall find the court gone into mourning, a reſtraint put upon many private diver-

diverſions, and a full ſtop to all the public for a while. This will cut me off from many amuſing topicks, for which I am very ſorry both for your ſake and mine.

LETTER LI.

Political meditations.

Aranjuéz, Oct. 5, 1760.

ABOUT a ſtone-throw from the great road, and a league from Toledo, I ſaw on my left hand another poor caſtle called *Pelavenegua*, went to inſpect it, and found its ruins, like thoſe of *San Cervantes*, quite ready to periſh. The few walls that remain are in ſuch a condition, that I could eaſily throw down the corner of one with a light puſh, and it appears that the flat ground on which it ſtands will ſoon be ready for the plough.

Indeed, as one ranges over this country, it is ſad to recollect how rich and populous it was in former ages! Lewis IX king of France, as *Guevara* tells us in his letters, after having ſeen many parts of Europe and Aſia at the time of the Cruſades, affirmed that no court was ſo ſplendid as that of Caſtile, which was then a much ſmaller kingdom than what is now called Spain. But, though

though it was ſmaller, one of its kings (*Guevara* calls him Alphonſo III) who kept his court at Toledo, was able to ſend to the holy land an army of a hundred thouſand foot, ten thouſand horſe, and ſixty thouſand carts loaded with baggage. There may be, and I believe there is, ſome Spaniſh exaggeration in this account. The number of the carts at leaſt bears evidently no proportion to that army. But coming down to the reign of Ferdinand and Iſabel, *Caſtile* and *Arragon* ſtill afforded men enough to ſubdue the mooriſh king of *Granada*, who muſtered up on that occaſion no leſs than fifty thouſand horſe and ſeveral thouſand foot. How thick muſt have the population been during thoſe periods in theſe provinces?

But as ſoon as the Spaniards had the misfortune to be rid of thoſe enemies, and to maſter all the riches of America, as they did ſoon after the conqueſt of Granada, ſuch quantities of gold and ſilver poured into their enlarged empire from *Lima* and from *Mexico*, as to make it for a while the moſt opulent that ever exiſted in Europe ſince the downfal of the Romans.

The conſequence of that opulence to Spain was, that her ſoldier hung up his ſword and buckler, her huſbandman forſook the plough, her artiſt flung away his tools, and the whole nation fell a-dancing and enjoying the ſudden productions of their mighty atchievements. Quiet

ceeded to motion for a while, and idleneſs to inactivity. Inſtead of continuing to work for themſelves, the rich Spaniards ſent to their neighbours not only for numberleſs ſuperfluities, but even for many neceſſaries, which practice impoveriſhed them much faſter than one would have imagined.

That conduct however, would not have proved fatal, and deſolation would not have ſpread over the internal parts of this kingdom, if the Spaniards had not flocked away by thouſands and ten thouſands to the newly diſcovered world. It was their precipitous emigration to America, that deprived *Eſtremadura*, *Toledo*, the *two Caſtiles*, *Arragon*, and *Leon* of too many of their inhabitants; and had not the government been timely alarmed at it, and put ſome limits to it, it is probable that not a ſoul but what would have ran away to the countries of gold and ſilver.

Yet notwithſtanding this univerſal indolence and precipitous emigration, Spain would ſtill have continued to bear great proportion to its neighbouring nations in point of population, had not a ruinous ſyſtem of policy been keenly purſued by her during more than two centuries. The ambition that moved, or the neceſſity that forced the Spaniards to keep and enlarge the countries which they poſſeſſed beyond the Pireneans, proved much more deſtructive than their annihilation of the Moriſcos, and

their

their conqueſt of America. Flanders and Italy involved them in diſtant wars that drained their provinces of numberleſs men, and of more gold and ſilver than America could afford. If inſtead of going for victorious laurels to *Pavia* and *St. Quintin*, the Spaniards had given up whatever they poſſeſſed beyond their mountains, and kept their armies and flotas at home, their kingdom would have ſtill been formidable, and the ambaſſadors of France would not eaſily have gotten precedence of theirs. But ſucceſſive victories enfeebled them, and the progeny of the royal priſoner they made at Pavia, got the upper hand of their monarchs a very little time after the rebellious (*a*) Connetâble had put an end to all French pretenſions to the countries that lie on the warmer ſide of the Alps.

But are the Spaniards to be blamed for not having given up thoſe diſtant poſſeſſions that were at laſt wreſted from them by the force of war? No. The affairs of nations become gradually ſo entangled by a ſtrong concurrence of ſucceſſive accidents, that the unravelling of them is at laſt out of the reach of human prudence: nor is it always in the power of nations to do what is beſt, even on the ſuppoſition that they had it in their will. Let us

(*a*) *The conſequence of the great battle near Pavia in Lombardy, won by the Connetâble de Bourbon, and the falling of Francis* I *into the hands of Charles* V, *put an effectual end to the claims of France on ſeveral Italian provinces. The French never could get any durable footing in Italy ever ſince that fatal day.*

imagine, for inſtance, that Charles V had been willing to give up all he poſſeſſed in Flanders and in Italy, do you really think that it would have been in his power? What would the world, and Spain herſelf, have ſaid to him, had he ever come to ſuch a reſolution? What would have been ſaid to his ſon Philip, and to each of his ſucceſſors, had any of them thought of doing what Charles ought to have done for the advantage of his Spaniſh ſubjects, and lopp'd off thoſe exuberant branches of the monarchy that proved injurious to the trunk? Nay, what would the world and Spain ſay to this very king, ſhould he take into his head to give up that ſmall part of the Barbary-coaſt he actually poſſeſſes, which every man in Spain and out of Spain knows to be rather detrimental than uſeful to his kingdom? Was any miniſter to adviſe ſuch a meaſure, he would be looked upon as a ridiculous politician, if not as the vileſt of traitors; and that ſame people, to whom the keeping of *Oran* and *Ceuta* proves onerous, would exclaim againſt ſuch an act, was it to take place, and conſider it as their greater diſhonour for centuries to come. Nor is there any nation, but what would think like the Spaniards in a ſimilar caſe; and with good reaſon too, as the giving up without abſolute compulſion what is their own, in nations as in individuals, will always be reckoned diſhonourable. Such is the nature of man, and ſo is the world conſtituted. Kings muſt marry, kings muſt die, and kings muſt make war and peace. Theſe events will produce events,

and

and nations will thus acquire rights that cannot afterwards be relinquiſhed without hard ſtruggles, or without incurring blame and contempt. The wars that in our days gave the two Sicilies to a Spaniſh infante, and the the dutchy of Parma to another, proved moſt ruinous to this monarchy; and well did the Spaniards foreſee that ruinous they would be. But how could they have helped themſelves and forborn thoſe wars? A coffee-ſtateſman, a Machiavel rich in after-wit, will eaſily ſay, that it had been wiſe, ſince that was the caſe, not to think of Naples and Parma, and let any body take them that could: and ſo would the council of Caſtile have reaſoned, had each of its members been choſen out of a breed of men not lineally deſcended from Adam and Eve. Unluckily Adam and Eve were their progenitors; and whoever is deſcended from that pair, will in like circumſtances do like the members of that council, and adviſe what they adviſed.

Revolving theſe and other ſuch fooleries in my head for the ſpace of a league, I reached a venta where my caleſſeros intended to ſtop and bait: but the venta was ſhut, and our knocking at its door was in vain. So we went forwards another league to *Villa Mejór*, a hamlet of four houſes that might as well be called *Villa peór*, as none of the four families in it had a loaf of bread to ſpare us. However they had wine enough to fill our *Borracho*, which my folks had almoſt emptied in the

ſpace of three leagues, on the uſual pretence of the weather being inſufferably hot, and drinking a good remedy againſt thirſt. We proceeded two leagues more, got into a fine foreſt, ſpread a napkin under its ſhade, produced ſome cold victuals, and dined very comfortably.

That done, we entered a long alley of very tall elms that led ſtraight to Aranjuéz, trotted along it merrily, and were at the poſada juſt as the ſun was going down.

LETTER LII.

A charming ſpot. Le Jardinier Sçavant. *Buſts ancient and modern. Ladies well behaved. A theatre. The adventures of the green bird. A pretty village.*

Aranjuéz, Oct. 6, 1760.

I Have ſeen a great many delightful places in many parts, but none more ſo than the royal palace and garden of Aranjuéz. A poet would ſay that Venus and love conſulted here with Catullus and Petrarch about building a rural manſion for Pſyche, Leſbia, Laura, or ſome Spaniſh Infanta.

Imagine a park many leagues round, cut acroſs in different parts by alleys of two, three, and even four miles extent.

extent. Each of thoſe alleys is formed by two double rows of elm-trees, one double row on the right and one on the left, which renders the ſhade thicker. The alleys are wide enough to admit of four coaches a-breaſt, and betwixt each double row there is a narrow channel, through which runs a ſtream of water, ſo that the trees, never wanting moiſture, are grown very tall and very leafy.

Between thoſe alleys there are thick groves of ſmaller trees of various kinds, and thouſands of deer and wild-boars wander there at large, beſides numberleſs hares, rabbits, pheaſants, partridges, and ſeveral other kinds of birds. The wild-boars however are not quite ſo ſavage in this place as where no care has been taken of them. Here they have been uſed to repair on certain hours to ſome places, where oats are plentifully diſtributed to them; and they are grown ſo familiar with the voice of their feeder, that they will run after him whenever they hear him call.

There is no wall round this park, as too many bricks would have been required to form ſo vaſt an encloſure. Yet the various animals that live in it, cannot be tempted to forſake it, as the country round does not abound either in ſhade or paſture.

The river Tagus which I have croſſed at Liſbon, Caſas del Puerto, Talavera, and Toledo, runs through this

place

place and divides it into two unequal parts. The water it carries is not very conſiderable; ſo that it was eaſily divided, confined between artificial banks, and turned wherever it was thought neceſſary.

The central point of this great park is the King's palace, which is partly ſurrounded by the garden. Of that palace we ſhall ſpeak anon. Let us firſt take a walk round the garden.

The chief entrance into it is through a *Parterre* cut into ſeveral compartments, that have borders of box and myrtle, and contain a vaſt variety of the moſt beautiful flowers both American and European.

There are five pieces of water in this parterre, each adorned with bronze-figures as big as the life, that raiſe the water in ſpouts to a conſiderable height. In the firſt piece there is a Neptune with Tritons, in the ſecond a ſwan with boys playing about it, in the third I have forgot what, and the fourth and fifth have each a nymph riding on a ſerpent.

Beyond the parterre on the right hand there is an artificial caſcade of the Tagus amidſt artificial rocks. The eye is no leſs charmed by the broken wave, than delighted by the daſhing noiſe.

From

From hence you enter an alley that leads to *Apollo's fountain.* It is ſo called from a ſtatue of that god ſtanding on a high pedeſtal, with Pegaſus by him. The baſon of the fountain is octagonal, and on each angle there is a naked genius that ſeems to ſqueeze the head of a dolphin with his foot, to force the water out of his jaws. Apollo, the genius's, the dolphins, and the baſon are of the whiteſt marble.

The alley *de las burlas (of the tricks)* is beyond it, and it is ſo called becauſe, as you croſs it, if the gardener pleaſes, you are ſprinkled with water ſpouting from under your feet, which cannot be avoided when you have once entered the alley.

The *Fuente de la Eſpina* follows next. It is formed by four pillars round a baſon. Each pillar has an harpy on its top, vomiting water on a young man who ſits in the midſt of the baſon, picking *an eſpina (a thorn)* out of his foot. Both the young man and the harpies are reckoned maſter-pieces in ſtatuary; but I don't like the conceit of monſters pouring water upon a young man that minds his thorn and not them. Some figure in an attitude of horror had done better than one in that quiet poſture. Nor do I like the exotick birds painted round this fountain a'top of the green lettice that ſurrounds it, as I cannot diſcover any analogy between the birds, the harpies, and the young man. There is nothing in my opi-

nion that has a worſe effect in a garden, than paintings, except it be ſome perſpective on ſome wall at the end of ſome alley.

From the *Thorn-fountain* you ſee four encloſures for fruit-trees; and amongſt them there are actually ſuch numbers of oranges and lemons hanging on their branches, as the Heſperides might envy. To thoſe encloſures you are led through paſſages ſo well ſcreened by a thick foliage, that the ſun-beams can no more touch you, than if you were under ground: and the freſhneſs is there ſo great, that it forced me to button up my coat, although without the garden the weather was very hot.

In one of thoſe paſſages I could not help taking notice of a large Indian-tree which they call *Lyrón*. Its trunk ſeems compoſed of half a dozen ſtems, and the circumference of it I take to be little leſs than four fathoms.

Leaving the fruit encloſures on the right, we advanced to *the Bath of Venus*. The goddeſs is there repreſented as coming out of the bath, and her hair drops water into a fine marble baſon ſupported by Cupids.

A little further there is *the fountain of Bacchus*. Both the tub and the god are of bronze, and of a moſt perfect workmanſhip. But he is ſo fat, that I would rather call him *Silenus*, as I do not recollect any ancient *Bacchus* ſo fleſhy.

The

The *fountain of Neptune* follows: But his figure as well as thoſe of the Tritons round it, is much ſmaller than the life, which in ſuch open places always produce a bad effect. If nature is to be departed from, let us in open places make it gigantic rather than dwarfiſh. Nor did I like to ſee this ſubject occurring a ſecond time in the ſhort ſpace that there is from the parterre to this fountain.

Beyond this Neptune there is the *Terráo*, a wide and almoſt circular bowling-green with four trees in the midſt of it conſiderably large and tall, which with their ample ſhade, joined to that of the high and thick hedge that ſurrounds the whole bowling-green, renders it very cool and pleaſant.

On the right ſide of this *Terráo* there is a fine bridge of five arches over the Tagus, and at the eaſt-end of of that bridge another encloſure for fruit, which I did not chuſe to enter, liking better to continue my walk along the river, the bank of which is there defended by iron-rails coloured green, divided from ſpace to ſpace by ſmall marble pillars, each of which ſupports a large flower pot of a very fine ſort of earthen-ware made at Talavera, and the arms of Spain painted upon each pot. Their forms might eaſily have been better.

Not far from that bridge there is a fountain called *the Tritons*, becauſe three of thoſe fabulous beings ſtand in the middle of it with their backs to each other, ſupport-

ing two marble baſons, one over the other, the water falling from both in large ſheets.

Near this fountain a ſmall branch of the Tagus that has been parted higher up, joins to it again under a wooden bridge painted green, on which no coaches are allowed to paſs but thoſe of the Royal Family.

From this bridge you have a delightful proſpect of a wild foreſt on the left ſide of the river. But before you come to the bridge, there is a kind of pavillion ſupported by green-painted wooden columns, called *el Cenaór (a ſupper-place)* intended for the Royal Family to ſup under when they have a mind. So charming a ſpot there is not in the whole garden, and it is impoſſible to ſay how pleaſant it is made by trees irregularly planted on each ſide of the river, and by the river itſelf, that runs there with ſome impetuoſity againſt rocks, and breaks in a moſt delightful murmur.

From the *Cenaór* you enter a wide bower formed of lime-trees. The ground under it is particularly firm and ſmooth, which adds much to the pleaſure of walking. But turning about, and leaving the bridge of five arches on our right, let us go along the iron-rail, where the little pillars ſupport the flower-pots.

That iron-rail, as I ſaid, runs along the ſmaller branch of the river, and reaches another pretty bridge of a ſingle arch,

arch, which is likewiſe left on the left hand. From thence you enter the *Terráo* again, in order to paſs to a ſpot that has been embelliſhed with numberleſs exotick flowers, the greateſt part of unſpeakable beauty, interſperſed with orange-trees, the fruits of which are juſt ripe, and hang in ſuch cluſters from all the plants, that you can ſcarcely ſee their leaves.

A few ſteps beyond that flower-ſpot there is the gardener's houſe. A pretty building, fronted by a pleaſant meadow, perfectly ſhaded by ſome of the talleſt and moſt leafy trees that ever I ſaw. A narrow ditch that runs on one ſide of that meadow, produces thouſands of muſhrooms, which, they ſay, are very good to eat when newly ſprung, but grow tough if they are not ſoon gathered. The gardener refuſed to tell me how he contrives to have ſuch an aſtoniſhing bed of muſhrooms in that ditch. They lye upon each other like a thick bed of oyſters. I ſuſpect, that the bottom of the ditch is artificially formed of thoſe ſtones that are called at Naples *Pietre Fungaje (muſhroom-ſtones)* which will produce muſhrooms when watered and expoſed to the ſun.

Beyond the gardener's houſe you meet with another caſcade of the Tagus, that no leſs charms the eye with the tranſparency of its water, than the ear with the inequality of its noiſe, one moment quick and loud, and the next ſoft and ſlow.

By that caſcade there is another *Cenaór* painted green and yellow, no leſs well ſituated than the other already mentioned, having the caſcade behind, and the great *fountain of Hercules* before.

This fountain is the grandeſt thing in the whole garden. It is a decagon ornamented with a conſiderable number of ſtatues, the principal of which is that of the Theban hero killing the hydra. Both the ſtatues and the ſeveral baſons in which they are placed, are of the whiteſt marble, and the water that tumbles in and out, raviſhes the ſight with its romantick falls.

From hence you aſcend ſome grand ſteps adorned likewiſe with fine ſtatues, and turning round a corner of the Royal Palace, enter a parterre belonging to the Infant Don Luis, ſurrounded by a wall full of niches, each containing a marble buſt.

The firſt of theſe buſts (as a gardener ſaid) repreſents *a Roman Emperor*, called *Hannibal the Carthaginian.*

This piece of intelligence made me aware, that the honeſt fellow was rather leſs an hiſtorian than a gardener. It was he, that had added with his chalk the noble title of *Emperador Romano* to the engraved name of *Hannibal*; and this he had done, he ſaid, for the quicker information of the *Letrados* who flock inceſſantly from all

parts

parts of the world to ſee thoſe buſts, all made at Madrid by Greek and Roman ſtatuaries, eſpecially thoſe of Queen Iſabella, Charles V, and Philip IV.

The fact is, that there is a fine collection of ancient and modern buſts. Amongſt them Antonius Pius, Sergius Galba, Lucius Verus, Veſpaſian, Marcus Aurelius, Titus, Trajan, Tiberius, Vitellius, Domitian, and many other, all placed at random, and out of all chronological diſpoſition, intermixed with Alexander, Parmenio, Lyſimachus, and ſeveral Kings and Queens of Spain.

Having left the parterre of Don Luis, and diſmiſſed the gardener with a preſent, I went to ſee the palace. A Spaniſh gentleman with his lady and two marriageable daughters waited at the gate for my coming with the palace-keeper, who was to ſhow it us.

As theſe were the firſt people of note that I ſaw in Spain, I watched them narrowly during the whole time the viſit laſted, but found nothing in them that betrayed any remarkable ſingularity either in dreſs, manner, or behaviour. The father and mother anſwered my caſual queſtions with plain civility, nor did the young ladies appear ſhy or baſhful when I dropp'd a word of compliment, but curteſied with a ſmile or thanked with a word, without ſtiffneſs, prudery, forwardneſs, or falſe modeſty. This began to give me a better opinion of the Madrid-manners

ners than I had brought with me. Having read many things of the habitual gravity and haughtineſs of the Spaniards, I expected ſome odd and ridiculous treatment; but to my diſappointment they behaved very well.

As to the Royal Palace I have not much to ſay. It is rather an elegant than a magnificent building, conſidering its owner, and what may be called a comfortable King's houſe. The apartments are well diſpoſed and decorated with much taſte. Were I to chuſe, I would have this in preference to all the houſes and palaces I ever ſaw. No carving, gilding, or painting is wanted any where in it. The furniture, and indeed every thing in it, is juſt as I would have it. In one of the rooms there is a clock of curious workmanſhip, that has a canary-bird at top made of clock-work. The canary chirps like a true bird whenever the hour ſtrikes. An ingenious trifle, that makes a man ſmile, and a child happy.

By the drawing-room there is a little theatre, which in the late King's reign was often trod by our moſt celebrated ſingers, ſuch as Farinello, Caffarello, Careſtini, Mingotti, and others: but no uſe is now made of it, as his preſent Majeſty has no taſte for muſick.

In a large room that has its walls covered with looking-glaſſes, we had a kind of adventure; and it would have

have been ſtrange if we had met with none, as this may really be called *un Palacio encantado.* Entering that room we ſpy'd a green bird fluttering about as if endeavouring to find the opening at which he had got in. It ſeemed as if the many mirrors embarraſſed the poor thing by the multiplication of objects. We preſently gave it chace and ſtrove to catch it. After many uſeleſs efforts intermixed with a great deal of female ſcreaming, as is uſual on ſuch occaſions, the eldeſt ſiſter made the little creature her priſoner: but inſtead of holding it faſt, ſhe ran without heſitating a moment to the window, opened her generous hand, and let it fly away, much to the diſappointment of us all. It was impoſſible not to praiſe ſo pretty a deed. Her father commended her for it, and I was ſtrongly tempted to give her a kiſs. But, ſaid I with a ſerious face, you are miſtaken, ſir, if you think the *Señorita* has done this out of mere generoſity. He ſtared and did not know my meaning. Sir, ſaid I in an angry tone, this was an appointment made by her with ſome young magician diſguiſed under a pretty bird, and ſhe ſet him at liberty for fear her ſiſter ſhould catch it, and cauſe a diſcovery.

This fooliſh conceit had no bad effect, and made us ſuch good friends, that before we parted they offered me letters for their friends at Madrid and every thing in their power to make me paſs agreeably what time I intended to ſtay there. See how eaſily a man may get acquaint-

ance

ance in a foreign country, if he but dares to be in a good humour!

I was no leſs pleaſed with the village of Aranjuéz, than with the palace, garden, and park. Every houſe in that village is new and white, with windows that have green ſhutters placed without, and the ſtreets are all ſtraight. The King has given and ſtill gives the ground *gratis* to any body that will build, provided they conform to the plan that was originally made, which requires great uniformity in the buildings. The world cannot ſhow a more regular little town, and it is encreaſing every day. There is a fine round church and a fine covered market, both placed in the midſt of the village for the greater convenience of the inhabitants that amount already to two thouſand. They generally live upon what the court ſpends when there, and with letting part of their houſes at that time. It is pity that the air is not very good in the hotteſt months. People are then much ſubject to tertian and quartan agues. The King and court paſs here the months of May and June. In all his other country-places his Majeſty's retinue and the Foreign Miniſters get but mean accommodations; but here the caſe is different, as the beſt people in Madrid have built themſelves houſes in order to pay their court to the King, who loves Arunjuéz in preference to all his other ſeats, and with very good reaſon in my opinion.

Not

Not many years ago a conſiderable breed of camels was kept here for grandeur rather than for uſe: but it was neglected by degrees, and none are now left. We had the ſame thing in Tuſcany during the reign of the two laſt Grand-Dukes of the Medicean family.

To deſcribe material objects with the pen and give an exact idea of gardens and houſes, is utterly impoſſible. Nothing can do that, but the pencil. Yet by what I have here ſaid, I hope you will be able to conceive that Aranjuéz is one of the moſt pleaſing ſpots in Europe. A more pleaſing *(a)* I have ſeen no where. The French travelling counteſs, who ſaw it eighty years ago, was charmed with it: Yet it was not then half ſo beautiful as now.

LETTER LIII.

Trifles, ſuch as travel and ſuch as life ſupply.

Villaverde, Oct. 6, 1760, at night.

I AM to paſs to-night in a very bad lodging. At the diſtance of only three miles from ſuch a capital as Madrid, I expected to find a better, and could not have thought that the ſtraw-bag would be of uſe.

(a) Mr. Clark ſays, that the Royal Palace at Aranjuéz is "a tolerable edifice," and the garden, "a dead flat." There are unlucky people in this world, whom nothing can pleaſe out of their own country.

Coming out of Aranjuéz I croſſed the Tagus over five boats ſo well contrived and painted, that, unleſs a man is told, he will miſtake them for a ſtone-bridge of four arches. Thoſe ſame boats are taken from thence upon particular occaſions, drawn higher up the river, and placed in ſuch a manner as to form a quadrangular fortification, which when illuminated, as it is often done for the diverſion of the court, exhibits a fine ſhow upon the water.

At that bridge begins one of the mentioned alleys formed with double rows of elm-trees. We entered it, and going along it more than a league, reached another bridge which old age has rendered ruinous: but it is ſoon to be demoliſhed, as another juſt by it is nearly finiſhed that will afford a ſafer paſſage.

That new bridge is all made of white marble, and ſo wide and magnificent, that the Ganges itſelf would be proud of it. The water under it, though perennial, is at preſent but a ſlender brook: yet at times is very large, when a thaw encreaſes it with the ſnow of the neighbouring mountains.

Along the road from Aranjuéz to that bridge there is an amazing number of marble-blocks ſcattered about. What will be done with ſuch a quantity of materials no body could tell me. I ſuppoſe it is the king's intention

to do greater and greater things about his favourite villa. Happy he, who, amongſt other things, can give a vent to the paſſion of building! That paſſion, one of the moſt univerſal, actuates me ſo ſtrongly, that, if my will were equalled by my power, the world would be adorned with fabricks, to which the ancient capitol or the modern St. Peter would be but trifles. Never did *Bibiena*'s fanciful pencil draw ſuch vaſt edifices as I would erect: nor is there any thing ſo truly royal, in my opinion, as to heap blocks upon blocks in the various forms of palaces, temples, aqueducts, theatres, amphitheatres, and other ſuch things.

You will poſſibly think me ridiculous for laying my vain thoughts thus open. But, was every body to tell what often fills his mind, and ſuffer a curſory view to be taken of his airy caſtles, many a man whoſe reputation for the right uſe of his thoughts is much greater than mine, would not be deemed a vaſt deal wiſer than myſelf.

From the marble-bridge to this *Villaverde* there are but two villages, *Valdemoro* and *Pinto*, both very indifferent. The intermediate country looks ſtrangely barren, which is another thing I did not expect to find ſo near the Spaniſh metropolis. I hear the bells of Madrid ring, which gladdens the heart after having croſſed ſo many tracts of ſilent deſart.

To-morrow I ſhall ſee a couple of friends, all that I now have in Madrid. One is the Britiſh conſul-general, the other Don Felix d'Abreu, who was for ſeveral years envoy extraordinary from Spain to England. I knew them both in London, and they both know of my coming. I hope they will be as glad to ſee me, as I ſhall to ſee them.

LETTER LIV.

A ſtinking town that gives ſtrangers the head-ach. Locanda *means* an inn. *Inſtructions to travellers who happen not to be overloaded with money.*

Madrid, Oct. 7, 1760.

THE three miles from Villaverde to this metropolis I choſe to walk this morning early, that I might contemplate it at leiſure.

Madrid lies in a good meaſure on a ſloping ground, which makes it appear to great advantage from that ſide by which I came. Its form approaches the circular, and its diameter is a little more than two Engliſh miles. The numerous ſpires and cupolas promiſe well at a diſtance, and ſeveral ample edifices fill your ſight as you approach.

I entered it by the magnificent ſtone-bridge built by Philip II over the river Manzanares. A French traveller has

has made himſelf very merry at the expence of that bridge, and crack'd ſome jeſts upon the diſproportion of it to the water that runs under. But Frenchmen, like other people, will eaſily catch at opportunities of being cenſorious in other people's countries. The fact is, that the Manzanares becomes ſometimes a conſiderable river by the ſudden melting of the ſnow on the neighbouring hills, and is often half a mile broad in winter. Philip therefore did a very proper thing when he built a large bridge over it, and ridiculous are thoſe who pretend to ridicule him on this account.

From the bridge to the gate of the town there is a ſtrait and wide avenue of fine trees, which renders the entrance on that ſide very noble. But it is impoſſible to tell how I was ſhock'd at the horrible ſtink that ſeized me the inſtant I truſted myſelf within that gate! So offenſive a ſenſation is not to be deſcribed. I felt a heat all about me, which was cauſed by the fetid vapours exhaling from numberleſs heaps of filth lying all about. My head was preſently diſordered by it, and the headake continued very painful from that moment.

I came to alight at an inn called *la Locanda del Principe*, which is kept by one Zilio, a merry Venetian, and have taken poſſeſſion of the higheſt apartment in it, that I may be as diſtant as poſſible from the polluted ground. But the whole of the atmoſphere is ſo impregnated with

thoſe

thoſe vapours, that I think them unavoidable, was I to mount to the third region of the air. This has diſguſted me ſo much, that inſtead of ſtaying here a whole month, as I propoſed, I have already reſolved to run away within five or ſix days at moſt.

As I wanted ſome reſt after the fatigue of a fortnight's journey, I kept within doors the remainder of the day, ſo that I cannot as yet tell you any thing of Madrid, but it ſtinks like a *Cloaca Maxima*. The few ſtreets which I have ſeen as I was coming to the inn, are all ſtraight and wide, and many of the houſes and churches very ſightly. Was it not for the abominable ordure that ſcarcely leaves a paſſage to foot-paſſengers along-ſide the walls, I ſhould judge Madrid to be one of the nobleſt cities in Europe: but the ſhocking ſtink has made me repent I came to ſee it. I had read and heard much of its filth, but thought that there was a great deal of exaggeration in the account. My own eyes and noſtrils have now convinced me that I was miſtaken.

But why ſhould we vex at what cannot be helped? Inſtead of increaſing my preſent pain by telling, the beſt thing I can do, is to be gone as ſoon as I can. Should I ſtay here but a month, I fear my organs of ſmell would be deſtroyed, and chuſe not to run the riſk. My landlord *Zilio* laughs broadly after the manner of his country at my vexation, and ſwears that his noſe (which he pulls

while

while he ſwears) has been ſo long uſed to this fragrancy. that he can walk about the ſtreets with as much indifference as he would in a field. Long cuſtom to be ſure will reconcile any body to any thing: but I would not acquire it upon any conſideration. Much might here be heard and ſeen in a month, very well worth hearing and ſeeing, and I am perſuaded that a while hence I ſhall be ſorry to have loſt the opportunity of bringing myſelf tolerably acquainted with this metropolis; but cannot endure the thought of ſatisfying my idle curioſity at the price of a month's torment. I will not blame the Spaniards for having ſuffered this evil to encreaſe upon them age after age in ſuch a manner, as to be now almoſt paſt remedy: but I will be gone, and never think to ſee this town again, except the King ſucceeds *(a)* in the ſcheme they ſay he has reſolved upon to cleanſe it, which will prove a truly Herculean labour.

Mean while to fill up my evening, let me ſet down here ſome inſtruction to the traveller going the journey from Liſbon to Madrid, that whoever chances upon theſe letters may go that road with more facility and comfort, than I did for want of ſuch an inſtruction.

The firſt thing you muſt do before you quit Liſbon, is to procure a paſſport from the ſecretary of ſtate, as

(a) The King has carried his ſcheme into execution four or five years after the date of this letter, and Madrid is now one of the cleaneſt towns in Europe.

without

without it you would not be ſuffered to go beyond *Eſtremor*, but forced to turn back for one, and even be in danger of a jail. The Portugueſe is perhaps the moſt jealous of European governments, and will minutely know who and what the ſtrangers are that come into the country, or go out of it: and people are there caſt in priſon with very little ceremony, as the public voice informed me. Beſides then the avoiding of danger, there is this additional advantage in having a paſſport, that by ſhowing it to the cuſtom-men, they will not open your trunks, eſpecially if you are dexterous enough to ſlip a ſilver-coin into the paw of any of them. It is very diſagreeable to have one's things diſcompoſed by ſuch viſiters, who muſt be civilly ſpoken to both in Portugal and Spain, that they may not take it into their heads to give you the trouble which it is always in their power to give. Yet take very great care to have nothing ſubject to pay cuſtom, no new ſhirts, no new handkerchiefs, new ſtockings, new ſhoes, new any thing; or you will in ſome place or other be vexed more than you are aware. Have no books with you but what are Spaniſh, Portugueſe, or Italian. A friend of mine who wanted to carry an Engliſh book to Madrid, took care to paſte the image of St. Anthony on the firſt leaf, and thus ſaved it from confiſcation. If you have Engliſh, Dutch, or even French books, or any thing that is quite new, though apparently for your perſonal uſe, declare it to the cuſtom-men before they begin their ſearch if you ſee

them

them reſolved upon it, and even before; or you may repent it.

The paſſport being got, ſend for thoſe *caleſſeiros* who live at Aldeagallega, and not for thoſe of Liſbon, whom you muſt only hire when you intend to travel on the weſtern ſide of the Tagus. On the eaſtern it is much better to have the Aldeagallegans, who keep their beaſts and vehicles in that village, as their conſtant occupation is to go backwards and forwards on the Madrid-road, which makes them better acquainted with it than the Liſboners, beſides that they hire themſelves cheaper likewiſe.

With them you muſt have your bargain in writing. Any chaiſe with two mules from Aldeagallega to Madrid is commonly paid at the rate of ſix thirty-ſix-ſhillings pieces in ſummer, and ſeven in winter. Forget not the condition that they go through Toledo and Aranjuéz, if you have a mind to go through thoſe two places, which are certainly worth your ſeeing. When your bargain is ſigned, the artful fellows will tell you that you ſhall want oxen at the *Puerto del Truxillo* to draw you up that ſteep and broken hill. Hearing this, I was ſimple enough to give two or three cruſadoes above my bargain on their verbal promiſe, that they would look themſelves for the oxen. But, when at Truxillo, they pretended that no oxen could be got, and kept the cruſadoes. The conſe-

quence of it was, that my chaiſe was overturned, and my trunk behind almoſt broken to pieces down the rocky declivity. Therefore keep your money, and when you reach Truxillo, bid them to look for the oxen, and pay a cruſado a-piece to the two men that ſhall come with them to drag your chaiſe up that hard and dangerous paſs.

I always found it a very great inconvenience to carry many conveniencies on a long journey. Inſtead therefore of providing myſelf with a bed and ſeveral pieces of kitchen-furniture, as ſome people had adviſed me, I choſe to take my chance as to eating, and would have nothing extraordinary but a ſtraw-bag and ſheets. Should you be more delicate you may have a knife, ſpoon, and fork, a drinking-glaſs, ſome towels, a pot to boil meat, and a hand-candleſtick with ſome wax-tapers.

If you have a ſervant who can play the cook, ſo much the better: if not, you muſt ſhift as well as you can. At the eſtallages and poſadas you will find in general no other victuals, but a meſs of *garavanzos* and *judias (dry chick-peaſe* and *french beans)* boiled in oil and water with a ſtrong doſe of pepper, and a diſh of *bacallao* and *ſardinas (ſtock-fiſh* and *pilchards)* ſeaſoned likewiſe with pepper and oil. Not an ounce of butter will you find during the whole journey, except at Aranjuéz. This at leaſt was my caſe. If you have no mind to put up with ſuch dainties, be careful whenever you come to a town or

village

village to buy meat, fowls, and game. Game eſpecially I found in abundance wherever I ſtopped, and excellent partridges above all. New-laid eggs you will often find likewiſe. If you have no ſervant, there is always ſome woman who will dreſs you any thing for a ſmall reward. In a bungling manner, 'tis true: but what ſignifies that? Their way of roaſting is to truſs the meat or bird on the point of a ſhort hand-ſpit, and turn it round and round over a flame made of roſemary or thyme, which abound every where in Allentejo and Eſtremadura. 'Tis an odd way; yet not ſo bad as one may imagine, eſpecially when helped by a good appetite; and an appetite is never wanting through thoſe regions, where the air is pure and ſharp. In large towns, ſuch as Badajoz, Merida, Talavera, and Toledo, the art of cookery is practiſed in a leſs Tartarick manner; but in villages, *ventas*, and *eſtallages*, that is the common method. Were any of their kitchens ornamented with a jack, it is my opinion that the inhabitants of the provinces round would flock to ſee it for a wonder, as the boys and girls ran to look at my watch at Talaverola.

If you travel in a proper ſeaſon, as was my caſe, provide yourſelf with a baſket. You meet then with grapes, figs, melons, and other fruit in the neighbourhood of almoſt every habitation. Fill your baſket with them, and they will be of uſe againſt the heat, which often proves troubleſome. The peaſants, both in Portugal and Spain,

I have found very kind. They would fill my baſket with the beſt fruit they had as I went by their vineyards, and be thankful for a real; nay, ſome were ſo generous as to refuſe money, though they had given me what would have ſold for guineas in England. It is one of the bleſſings of unfrequented regions, that the peaſants are hoſpitable: but where every trifle may be turned into money, money will be expected for every trifle.

Whether you have a bed, or only a ſtraw-bag, take care to have the room well ſwept where you are to lie, and have your couch placed at a diſtance from the walls; or you will have your ſleep interrupted by various kinds of inſects, which propagate wonderfully in ſo warm and poor a country.

Some people are apt to figure dangers in diſtant regions, fancy robbers ſwarming on every road, and cut-throats at every inn. For my part I never met with any in my various rambles through ſeveral regions of Europe. However, it will be prudent to carry piſtols, and ſo place them in the chaiſe, that they may eaſily be ſeen. Have them in your hands as you alight, that people may take notice how well you are prepared againſt any attack. My Batiſte wears a broad hanger by his ſide, and is poſſeſſed beſides of a frightful muſket, which he has always in view. The low people of every nation I never obſerved to be much daring againſt ſtrangers when the leaſt re-

ſiſtance is apprehended; therefore the precaution of ſhowing fire-arms will generally preclude all temptation to aſſault a traveller.

Above all, do not forget a good *Borracho* in warm weather. Both in Portugal and Spain, good wine is to be found in many places. Fill it with the beſt, and cool it by a plunge into ſome brook or river. The running waters from Aldeagallega to Madrid I found to be all very cold. They would refreſh my wine in a few minutes. But ſuffer not your calaſſeros to meddle with it as often as they would chuſe, otherwiſe they become quarrelſome or impertinent; beſides that they are already too apt to ſleep on their mules, and endanger your neck together with their own for want of vigilance. If you cannot keep them awake, abſtain from ſleeping yourſelf in your vehicle, eſpecially amidſt the mountains. The mules are ſure-footed, and ſeem to have a full ſenſe of danger when there is danger: yet a man muſt take care of himſelf.

You will meet with beggars in various places; and I am far from diſcommending liberality to thoſe who could ſcarcely find employment if they had ever ſo great a mind to work. But there is a breed of them in Eſtremadura, who, beſides aſking your charity, inſiſt upon your kiſſing their greaſy crucifixes and madonas. Give nothing

nothing to them, except you intend to kiſs their images, becauſe they have much more at heart the credit of thoſe images, than are deſirous of your *ochavos* and *quartillos*. If you give them good words inſtead of money, they will eaſily let you alone; but if you give any thing and refuſe to kiſs, you will have a deal of foul language, be your alms ever ſo great.

Have always ſome ſpare-rope in the box of your chaiſe to tie your trunks again upon occaſion. In a country where nothing is ever at hand that you may chance to need, the want of a bit of rope will ſometimes put a traveller to a great deal of trouble. I am even uſed to carry ſome nails and a hammer; nor will it be amiſs to look whenever you alight, whether the trunks are ſafely tyed, eſpecially in jolting roads.

Trifling as theſe advices may appear, you may poſſibly find them uſeful. Xenophon thought it not unworthy to be delivered to poſterity, that Cyrus, amidſt his other military proviſions, took care that his ſoldiers ſhould have ſpare thongs, by which they might bundle up their neceſſaries or their plunder. However, I do not intend them for thoſe who have money at command, who, inſtead of going a ſlow mule-pace, may ſend men and mules before, to have them ready wherever they pleaſe, and change them from ſtage to ſtage. He who

can

can afford the expence, will be thus able to go in five or ſix days the journey which I employed a full fortnight in performing.

Nor muſt you grumble at numerous inconveniencies on that road, which has its pleaſures as well as pains. Beſides the ſatisfaction naturally afforded by the inſpection of new modes of life, he that goes from Liſbon to Madrid has or may have almoſt every night the pleaſure of a dance, which to a well-diſpoſed mind is not a ſmall enjoyment, as dancing generally ſuſpends all feelings of miſery, and makes people happy for the time. The beholding of content in others cannot but raiſe pleaſing ſentiments in ourſelves. Wherever you come at night, there is always ſome body that plays on the guittar, or if there is none, you may have one for the leaſt trifle: by which means you preſently gather together all the young men and women that are within reach; and an hour is thus agreeably ſpent. This at leaſt has been my caſe for ſeveral nights.

LETTER LV.

A cunning queen. The palace almoſt finiſhed. Confidence in prieſts. A vaſt many pictures, and why. Miſſals like Atlas's. Neither grave, nor over-civil, nor reſerved, nor jealous. A Tertulia *is a pretty thing. Leave* alla Spagnuola. *Rice* a la Valenciana.

Madrid, Oct. 8, 1760.

LAST night I ſent a note to my friend Don Felix d'Abreu, acquainting him with my arrival, and promiſing him my company to-day at dinner, on condition he would forbear his French ragoos for once, and give me a true Spaniſh dinner. His anſwer was that he would comply with my whim, and call upon me early this morning.

He did ſo, and took me to ſee the King's new palace; that was what I wanted moſt to ſee in Madrid, not only becauſe it had ſtruck me as I beheld it yeſterday at a diſtance, but alſo becauſe I have not forgot *Signor Sacchetti* the architect of it, who was our father's intimate friend and fellow-ſtudent in architecture under *Don Philip Juvara* the famous Sicilian, who left ſo many ſpecimens of his abilities in and about Turin. But before I attempt to give you ſome idea of that edifice, let me

tell

tell you the reaſon why it was erected upon Sacchetti's plan, inſtead of Juvara's.

In the year 1734 the ancient royal palace in Madrid was burnt down, I know not by what accident. King Philip V. wanting another, and being told that Juvara was reckoned the beſt architect of the age, requeſted him of our King, in whoſe ſervice he had been for many years.

On Juvara's arrival at Madrid he was ordered to make a model. But while he was about it, it ſo happened that Elizabeth Farneſe, the King's ſecond wife, who managed her huſband as ſhe pleaſed, began to think of a war which was to procure a ſettlement in Italy to her ſon Charles. Inſtead therefore of laying out in building, according to the King's intention, the ſeveral millions deſtined to that purpoſe, ſhe thought to have them kept for the occaſions of that war.

This ſcheme of the queen you may eaſily gueſs that Juvara was not to be appriſed of, nor was he ever politician enough to give the leaſt gueſs at it. He haſtened to compoſe his model, which he did not in the leaſt doubt but would be brought into execution, as the Queen herſelf affected to ſollicit the completion of it.

The model took time in making: but when it was brought under the King's eye for approbation, Patiño who was his firſt miniſter having been entruſted by the Queen with her ſecret, and reſolved to ſtick by her, repreſented to the King, that Juvara had contrived an habitation too ſmall for a monarch of Spain to live in, and inſiſted upon the architect's giving a plan more proportionate to the grandeur of its future inhabitants.

Philip was the dupe of Patiño's flattering objection, eſpecially as the Queen declared for the ſame opinion; nor was Juvara himſelf much diſpleaſed when he heard it was their Majeſties intention that he ſhould go to the utmoſt of his powers, and think of a houſe more proportionate both to his own abilities and the King's treaſures.

Within three years Juvara produced another model, ſo very grand, that he was ſure no objection could be raiſed againſt it either on account of its ſize or its magnificence; and he had the momentary ſatisfaction to hear himſelf much praiſed by the whole court for the greatneſs of his ideas. But on his delivering the calculation of the expence which the building would require, amounting to more than thirty millions ſterling, the Queen and her confidant raiſed the obvious objection, that the King's finances could not reach ſo high. The poor architect was there-

therefore ordered to think of a third plan that kept equidiſtant from the littleneſs of the firſt and the greatneſs of the ſecond.

To remonſtrate againſt this deciſion had been perfectly abſurd : but while he was buſy about it, the war broke out that had been long hatching, the Spaniſh doubloons began to flow faſt into Italy, and Juvara with his plans were of courſe neglected. Scarcely was he ſuffered to open his lips about building when he appeared at court, and Patiño in particular raiſed ſo many difficulties whenever he dared to ſhow any of his drawings to the King, that at laſt he died broken-hearted, probably to the great ſatisfaction of the crafty miniſter who had long ſpirited him up to be very grand in his ſecond model.

Soon after Juvara's death, the King, who was really in earneſt about having a palace, enquired whether Juvara had left behind any diſciples capable to make uſe of the deſigns of their maſter. The King of Sardinia had two ; that is, Sacchetti and our father. Sacchetti being reckoned the beſt, was ſent to Spain where he made the model of this preſent palace, which was approved of, as the war was approaching to its end. The impatient King would have it begun in ſpight of ſeveral difficulties raiſed by his miniſter; yet the continuance of the war made it be carried on ſo very leiſurely, as if the intention had been to have no palace at all. However, as ſoon as the

peace was concluded, the Queen herſelf puſhed on the work at ſuch a rate, that Sacchetti had the ſatisfaction to ſee it advance very faſt. He is ſtill alive, but ſo old and infirm, that I fear I ſhall quit this town without ſeeing him, as no body is now admitted by the ſide of that bed to which he has long been confined. Within five or ſix years at moſt, the palace will be intirely finiſhed, and fit to receive its royal gueſt with all his family.

This anecdote would probably have been buried in perpetual ſilence, had not the prefent King told it himſelf in a fit of good humour to ſome of his attendants, the firſt time he went to ſee the palace after his return from Naples: and I think it ſingular enough to deſerve a place in this letter, as it ſets off the long reach of Queen Elizabeth's politicks, the craftineſs of a ſtateſman, and the ſimple credulity of a celebrated artiſt.

To give you now an accurate deſcription of Sacchetti's huge work, is what I cannot even attempt. It is enough to ſay, that its form is exactly quadrangular, and each of the four fronts very near alike. The firſt floor has twenty one windows in each front. It has a large regular ſquare before, and a ſpacious field behind. One of its ſides is turned towards the town, and the oppoſite has an extenſive proſpect of the country, which it overlooks even from the loweſt windows, as it ſtands on an eminence about piſtol-ſhot from the river Manzanares. It

is

is compoſed of three ſtories under-ground, and five above-ground. The rooms (or cellars) of the lower ſtory under ground are ſo cold, that I did not chuſe to viſit many of them. I thought myſelf in an ice-houſe. They ſay that the whole of that lower ſtory is to ſerve as a repoſitory of the eatables. The kitchens will take up the ſtory over it; and over the kitchens all the people employed in them will be lodged.

Thoſe three ſtories are ſo well contrived, that even the lowermoſt is not totally deprived of light. But its great depth renders it ſo damp, that, though it is very cold, they ſay it breeds abundance of ſcorpions and ſpiders, and even many inſects never known before in the kingdom; which will make the whole ſtory *(a)* be filled up.

As to the apartments over the kitchens-ſtory, they are ſo loſty and ſo well lighted, that they ſeem intended for much higher perſons than cooks and ſcullions. I have not counted the ſteps from the ground-floor to the bottom of that wonderous ſubterranean; but there are ſo many, that the fatigue of coming up was far from inconſiderable.

If the underground apartments are grand, you may eaſily think that thoſe above-ground cannot be mean.

(a) They did ſo not long after the date of this letter.

Thoſe

Thoſe on the ground-floor are already inhabited by ſome of the great officers at court. The King's apartments are over thoſe of the great officers. The King's brother and children will be lodged in the third ſtory, and the fourth and fifth occupied by their attendants.

As none of the four upper ſtories is as yet intirely finiſhed, but all are encumbered with the ſcaffolds, materials, and tools of ſeven hundred workmen daily employed in them, I could ſee nothing ſo diſtinctly as to receive much ſatisfaction from the inſpection: but this I could eaſily comprehend upon a curſory view, that when the whole ſhall be compleated, the king of Spain will be at leaſt as magnificently lodged as any monarch in Europe, eſpecially if the two wings are continued that ſhall encloſe the ſquare court before the palace.

Several of the rooms and halls of the King's apartments will then have their ceilings painted, ſome by two Italians called *Corrado* and *Tiepolo*, ſome by a German called *Mengs*, ſome by a Frenchman called *Bayeu*, and ſome by a Spaniard called *Velaſquez*. Emulation, it is to be ſuppoſed, has made them all do their beſt. In my private opinion, *Corrado*'s invention is more fanciful and various than that of the reſt: but *Mengs* is by far the beſt painter, as his invention is not much inferior to *Corrado*'s, his deſign much more correct, and his colouring quite magick. The King thinks him the greateſt painter of the age;

age; and as his Majeſty has been from his infancy uſed to live in apartments rich in pictures of the beſt kind, his opinion muſt certainly carry a great weight, whatever contempt ſome cynicks may affect for the connoiſſeurſhip of a King. Some other of thoſe cielings are to be ornamented with various carvings, gildings, and ſtucco's, and ſome other ſtill in other manners. But, as I ſaid, every thing is at preſent in the utmoſt confuſion, as nothing is yet perfectly finiſhed.

Several of the room-walls, eſpecially in the King's apartments, are encruſted with various kinds of Spaniſh marbles. Thoſe brought from Andaluſia in particular, take a moſt ſurpriſing poliſh, and look as beautiful as any antique marbles.

It would be endleſs to ſpeak of the variety and beauty of the flowers, ſome compoſed by curious aſſemblages of ſeveral Indian woods, ſome by a great variety of the moſt ſingular ſtones and marbles that Spain and Italy can afford.

But beſides the rich furniture deſtined to each of the royal apartments, ſome pieces of which are already placed, the King is poſſeſſed of an immenſe collection of Italian and Flemiſh pictures, part of which is intended for thoſe apartments. I was ſhown ſome *Raphael*'s, *Titian*'s, *Giordano*'s, *Vandike*'s, and *Rubens*'s, that are aſtoniſhingly

niſhingly fine and well preſerved, beſides ſome *old Velaſquez*'s and *Murillo*'s, juſtly held in the higheſt eſtimation. It is to be hoped, when the palace is perfectly finiſhed and furniſhed, that the King will order a catalogue and deſcription of them, along with the plan and elevation of this magnificent fabrick, for the farther advancement of the polite arts, and the ſatisfaction of thoſe who love them.

What ſtruck me moſt there, was the entrance at the great gate, and the royal chapel. That entrance, ſupported by a good number of lofty ſtone-pillars, has been contrived after the Italian and not after the French manner. I mean that the King, when coming home, will alight from his coach under cover, which is what the King of France cannot do at Verſailles, where he muſt alight in the open air, and be wet for a moment in rainy weather.

As to the royal chapel it will likewiſe be much finer than that at Verſailles. No coſt has been ſpared to make it the richeſt thing in the world: yet its richneſs does not take from its elegance. Maſſes are already celebrated in it. But it ſtartled me a little to read in a label over the door, *Oy ſe ſaca anima*; that is, *To-day a ſoul is drawn out of purgatory*, meaning that a privileged maſs is celebrated there, which is to bring about ſuch a wonderful deliverance. I have not forgot in ten years of

Engliſh

Engliſh life what the effect is of papal indulgencies, but have never obſerved our prieſts in Italy to be ſo peremptory on this ſubject, as that inſcription comes to. Since the Spaniſh prieſts are ſo poſitive about the power of ſome particular maſſes ſaid in this chapel, the King would do well to keep them conſtantly employed in that good work, and force them to empty that excruciating place as faſt as it fills.

The ſacriſty belonging to the chapel is likewiſe very fine and already decorated with ſeveral of the beſt pictures that ever our beſt maſters painted.

As I ſeemed ſurpriſed at the vaſt number of the Italian and Flemiſh chef-d'oeuvres poſſeſſed by this King, Don Felix informed me that a great many of them had been ſucceſſively brought over in former times by the Spaniſh Viceroys of Naples and the Governors of Flanders and Milan, who generally took care when in thoſe employments to collect as many as they could.

This accounts very well for their ſurpriſing number. The greateſt part of thoſe pictures fell one after another into the hands of the ſucceſſive Kings, and ſo many of them are now in Spain, that, were they all collected together in a ſuitable place, the galleries of Orleans and Luxembourg at Paris would be no great matter in compariſon. Nor muſt I forget that in this King's collection

there are ſome, which belonged to the unfortunate Charles I. of England, vilely ſold to Spain by his rebellious ſubjects.

Beſides thoſe many pictures that were brought over by thoſe Governors and Viceroys, and thoſe bought from the Engliſh, the Emperor Charles V. called over to Spain the illuſtrious *Titian*, who left both in Madrid and the Eſcurial ſtill greater works than thoſe he left at Venice. Then *Jacopo Baſſano*, *Giovanni* of *Bergamo*, *Jacopo Trezzo*, the *two Leoni*'s of Milan, *Lucchetto* of Genoa, *Pellegrini* of Bologna, *Zuccaro* of Urbino, *Luca Giordano*, and ſeveral others, who reſided long in Spain during the reigns of three ſucceſſive Philips, have left numberleſs performances at Madrid, the Eſcurial, Aranjuez, St. Ideſonſo, and other parts of this kingdom.

In the organ-place of the royal chapel there are ſeventy different miſſals, which contain whatever is ſung there throughout the year by the numerous band of the King's muſicians. Thoſe miſſals are all as large as the largeſt atlas's, their leaves of vellum, all nobly bound, and rolling on braſs-pulleys fixed to their bottoms, that they may eaſily be taken out of their ſhelves and replaced.

But what is ſurpriſing in the greateſt part of them, are the miniatures round many of the margins of their leaves. Thoſe painted by *Don Luis Melendez* eſpecially, are

are ſuperior to any thing of that kind. I gazed over ſeveral of them with admiration. The man is ſtill alive: but king Ferdinand and queen Barbara, who kept him long employed in that work, forgot to make any proviſion for him, and I am told that he lives now in poverty and obſcurity. Indeed, it is great pity if this is true! So excellent an artiſt would have made a great fortune in England, and in a little time.

The court-yard of the palace, environed by a very grand portico, is ſo very wide, that fifty coaches might wheel together in it without much obſtructing each other. On the outſide of the great gate, and along the chief front of the edifice, there are placed on high pedeſtals eight pedeſtrian ſtatues, ſome of which repreſent thoſe amongſt the antient Roman emperors who were natives of Spain. Theſe ſtatues are of that ſize that ſculptors call *heroical*. Not being gigantic enough in the opinion of the King, and diſproportionate to the palace, I am told that his Majeſty has already ordered to have (*a*) them taken away.

Having ſpent about four hours in my viſit to this royal palace, I went to pay my reſpects to my other friend, the Britiſh-conſul-general, whom I had likewiſe appriſed laſt night of my arrival, and converſed two hours with him, chiefly about the preſent ſtate of literature in this kingdom, with which I want to bring myſelf a little ac-

(*a*) *This was effected not long after the date of this letter.*

 quainted,

quainted, but ſhall not have time enough to do it. Then, after a tour in Don Felix's coach through ſeveral fine but naſty ſtreets, which encreaſed much my head-ake and deſtroyed my appetite, I went to eat his Spaniſh victuals. We were five at dinner; that is, Don Felix, one of his younger brothers who is an officer, two other Spaniſh gentlemen, and myſelf. The table-talk ran on the royal palace and the preſent war. As to the palace we were ſoon of a mind, that it will be one of the grandeſt things in Europe when it is finiſhed; and with regard to the war, none of them ſeemed much inclined to the French ſide, but hoped that the court of France would never ſucceed in their efforts to bring them into it, now eſpecially that the Engliſh have been long victorious both in Germany and at ſea. Don Felix who has been in England eleven years in a public character, and is as well acquainted with its force as any of the King's miniſters, cannot bear the thoughts of going to war with it, though ſufficiently provoked by the inſolence, as he calls it, of ſome Engliſh miniſter who has been bullying them long with contemptuous ſpeeches in parliament, beſides the intolerable abuſe of ſome Engliſh ſcribblers poured upon the Spaniſh nation on occaſion of a French ſhip taken by an Engliſh privateer in ſight of the Spaniſh coaſt, which the magiſtrates of Spain declared to be an illegal capture. We have been more than once provoked by the Engliſh both in Europe and America, ſays Don Felix: yet I think we ought to keep our peace for the preſent. The French navy is very near deſtroyed, and it is a jeſt to ſay that ours alone can cope

with

with that of England. This is his opinion: yet he freely owns, that his influence in the King's council is below nothing, though he is a *Conſejero de guerra (a member of the council of war)*, and he is ſtill perſuaded that other notions *(a)* will prevail.

But let us drop politicks. At the end of this letter, and for the uſe of a certain houſewife at home, I will write down the receipt of one of the diſhes we had at dinner. It was almoſt the only one I could touch; not out of any diſtaſte to the genuine Spaniſh cookery, which I think as good as any by the ſpecimen I had of it to-day, but becauſe my ſtomach was much diſordered by the horrible filthineſs I had ſeen again, and the ſtink I had again collected in my noſtrils. I ſee plainly that I ſhall neither enjoy good victuals nor good company in this town, and will be gone as ſoon as I can. It is impoſſible to yield to the ſollicitations of my two friends, who would have me to keep up to my original plan of ſtopping here a full month. That ſtink is inſupportable.

When the table-cloth was removed, we did not amuſe ourſelves with circulating the bottle after the Engliſh manner, but drank a diſh of coffee, and upon that a dram of *maraſchino*: then leaving our table-companions to contrive a ſolid peace between the belligerant powers, Don Felix took me to ſome of his relations, to whom laſt night, on receiving my note, he had promiſed my ac-

(a) This was the caſe ſoon after, which proved very detrimental to Spain, and of no advantage to France.

quaint-

quaintance. They all received me in ſuch a manner, as to make me give up at once my old notion, that the Spaniards were a grave, over-civil, and reſerved people. As ſoon as the firſt compliments were over, both men and ladies talked round with much volubility and ſprightlineſs, and ſeemed to conſider me at once as an old acquaintance. Another of my notions was, that the Spaniards are jealous; but about thirty ladies whom I ſaw to-night at a *Tertulia*, behaved with ſuch alertneſs, ſpoke and were ſpoken to with ſuch an unconcernedneſs by every man there, that I cannot foſter any longer that notion neither. That there are Spaniards ſubject to the paſſion of jealouſy, is probable; but that it is one of their characteriſticks to be ſubject to it, I have ſeen already enough of them to contradict it. I am confident that you will be of my mind on reading the following account of the *Tertulia* at which I have aſſiſted to-night.

It is a cuſtom amongſt the Spaniſh ladies to have their friends at their houſes ſeveral times every month, ſome oftener, and ſome ſeldomer.

When a lady intends this, ſhe ſends notice to her female acquaintance that on ſuch a night ſhe ſhall have a *Tertulia*. The notice implies an invitation. She that receives ſuch a meſſage, fails not to tell her male-acquaintance that on ſuch a night ſhe ſhall be at ſuch a Tertulia, and this likewiſe implies an invitation. A couſin to Don Felix had the goodneſs to explain to me

this piece of Spaniſh manners, as we both attended her at a Tertulia.

On our alighting out of her coach I could not help obſerving, that the gate of the lady's houſe where ſhe carried us, was wide open, and no porter or any body there to guard it, as is uſual in England at every door you intend to enter. Two ſervants who rode behind her coach with flambeaux, lighted us up a large ſtair-caſe. The maſter of the houſe received us at the door of his firſt apartment, handed our lady to the room where his wife was with thoſe of her female acquaintance that had got thither before us; and having ſeen her in, came back to us to pay me ſuch civilities as are generally uſed to ſtrangers.

The room where Don Felix and I were introduced, was full of gentlemen almoſt all in laced coats. Some ſtood, ſome ſat, ſome talked, and ſome gazed, as it happens in large companies. Half an hour after, ſeveral ſervants who had waited on the ladies in the miſtreſs's chamber with rinfreſco's, brought ſome to us. The ceremony of ſerving them was this. A footman firſt put a ſilver-plate into the hands of each man preſent; then another preſented ſilver cup-boards loaded with biſcuits made of ſugar after a manner I never ſaw elſewhere. They are full of hollows like a ſponge, and extremely light. Each of us took one along with a glaſs of lemonade, and brought it to our plate; then dipping it into the

lemonade, in which it inſtantly diſſolved, drank the lemonade out. Chocolate then was diſtributed round, which being drank, the ſervants came for the empty diſhes and the ſilver-plates.

We then continued in converſation for another half hour; when, behold! the lady of the houſe comes out of her room followed by all the ladies ſhe had with her. We formed ourſelves in two rows one on each ſide of them. As the lady went by me, her huſband preſented me to her as a ſtranger, which procured me a chearful ſmile and ſome very pretty words.

None of the ladies went by but had ſomething reſpectful or affectionate ſaid to her by ſome man or other, and their anſwers ran in the ſame ſtrain. At the end of the room in which we were, there was another, where the ladies entered pell-mell, without making the leaſt ceremony at the door, but the neareſt getting in directly, whether young or old, married or unmarried.

As ſoon as they were in, we followed and found them all ſitting on the *Eſtrado*, which is a continued ſeat that runs round the room cloſe to the wall.

In a corner of that room there was a large table covered with as many diſhes as it could hold, filled with various eatables. A large Perigord-paſty in the middle, a couple of roaſted turkeys on the ſides of the paſty, with hams, fowls, game, ſauſages, ſallads, *caparrones*

(a kind

(a kind of capers as big as filberts) *zebrero* (a kind of cheeſe from the kingdom of Galicia) &c. &c. In ſhort this was a cold collation no leſs plentiful than elegant.

The maſter with the help of ſome of the company, all ſtanding, quickly fell a carving, while the remainder of us ſnatched napkins out of a heap of them that was on another table, ran to ſpread them on the ladies knees; then went back for plates, knives, and forks; placed them on their napkins; then went to get ſuch victuals as they bid us to get; then ſtooping or kneeling by them while they were eating, amuſed them as well as we could, ſaying what came uppermoſt, with ſuch hilarity and pleaſantneſs, that I never was preſent at any ſcene more delightful.

Amongſt ſo many ladies you may eaſily imagine that ſome there were, who had neither youth nor beauty. Yet none had reaſon to lament the abſence of either, as they were all ſerved without the leaſt apparent predilection, which I thought a very remarkable piece of Spaniſh politeneſs. No ſervant meddled with them during that kind of ſupper. They all ate heartily, and the greateſt part drank water.

The merry meal being ended (and a merry one it was) they all got up, and, ſtill following the lady of the houſe, went out of that room into a much larger, leaving us all behind. They were no ſooner gone, that we

fell on the remnants with a chearfulneſs no where to be met with but in this country. The moſt jolly ſet of Venetians would have appeared grave in compariſon of my Spaniards at the *Tertulia*.

The rule is to have a concert after ſupper, partly compoſed of hired muſicians, and partly of the gentlemen who can blow or finger any inſtrument. Some of the ladies would alſo have ſung, and a ball would have followed, as the conſtituent parts of a *Tertulia* are the ſupper, the concert, and the ball. But as the Queen is juſt dead, muſick and dancing were forborn, and recourſe had to cards to conſume the evening. Several card-tables were placed in the room, and we played at *Manilia*, a faſhionable game here, not unlike *Quadrille*. The lady of the houſe did me the honour, as a ſtranger to chuſe me for her partner, and laughed prettily off a few blunders I committed as a novice at that game. But, as far as I could ſee, neither ladies nor gentlemen minded much their cards, the Spaniards delighting much more in talking than in playing. No card-money was put under the candleſtick, as there is no ſuch cuſtom in this town.

About eleven the company began to ſteal away *alla Spagnuola*, as we ſay in Italy; that is, without giving the leaſt warning of their going either to the maſter or miſtreſs of the houſe. It was twelve when Don Felix ſat me down at my *Locanda* with a promiſe to call again early on me to-morrow morning. Here you have

A RECIEPT to dreſs ARRÓZ *a la Valenciana*; that is, RICE *after the manner of Valencia.*

Take pigs-feet, mutton-trotters, bacon, new ſauſages and hogs-blood-puddings. Boil all together ſo long, that the bones be eaſily taken off. Cut the whole into ſmall pieces. Boil rice in the broth made by theſe ingredients, throwing two pinches of ſaffron in it while boiling. When the rice is half done, take it off the fire, ſtrain it lightly, put it into a ſtewing-pan, throw the above things into it, reddening the whole with the yolks of two or three eggs. Leave then the pan to ſimmer for about half an hour, not over, but under a brisk charcoal-fire.

LETTER LVI.

Churches, convents, nunneries, hoſpitals, Queen Barbara's chief paſſions. Baſquiña *and* Mantilla. *Capas and* Sombreros. Santa Hermandad. *Liſts of prohibited books.*

Madrid, Oct. 9, 1760.

THE proportion of towns conſidered, there are no where, except at Rome, ſo many monuments of chriſtian piety, as in Madrid.

Beſides twelve parochial, we find here more than a hundred churches, many public chapels and oratories, forty convents, thirty nunneries, ten colleges or ſeminaries for the education of the youth of both ſexes, and ſeventeen hoſpitals.

That this metropolis might be very religious though the number of ſuch edifices was ſmaller, I will eaſily allow. I will even take it for granted, that many of them were raiſed by the hand of ſuperſtition, which is one of the moſt common reproaches that proteſtants, eſpecially thoſe of the calviniſt communion, make to the roman catholics. But while they find fault with an unneceſſary multiplicity of places of worſhip amongſt us, let them recollect, that out of the many ſacred edifices to be ſeen in this town, that ſame hand of ſuperſtition has deſtined five hoſpitals to the relief of as many foreign nations; that is, the Italian, French, Portugueſe, Flemiſh, and Iriſh, under which laſt denomination Engliſh and Scots are included. Surely the Spaniards are intitled to ſome degree of reſpect from all, whether calviniſts or not, on account of that extenſive benevolence which made them erect aſylums to ſtrangers diſtreſſed by poverty and afflicted with diſeaſe. It may be that policy as well as ſuperſtition contributed a ſhare towards the building of thoſe five hoſpitals. But in what country ſhall we find the actions of men entirely defecated from human weakneſs and human vices.

I have ſpent the whole of this day in viſiting ſeveral of thoſe edifices, that I might form an idea of the Spaniſh munificence on this particular.

The *general hoſpital for men*, as they call it, contains no leſs than fifteen hundred iron-beds, which are diſtributed

buted through ſeveral large rooms and long galleries. It is a rule here to receive every body that comes at any hour of the day or the night; nor is any ſollicitation required to admittance: nay, there are porters belonging to the hoſpital, whoſe only duty it is to be always ready to go and fetch whatever ſick perſon ſends for them. There is alſo a phyſician, conſtantly attending at the grand gate, who enquires after the complaint of any man that comes, and orders him up to the room or gallery aſſigned to his diſeaſe.

As I ſtood at that gate, an old man was brought thither in a kind of covered ſedan. The phyſician uncovered him, and aſked him this plain queſtion. *Tiene uſted gállico?* "*Are you poxed, ſir?*" It ſurprized me a little to hear the ſhameleſs ſexagenarian anſwer in the affirmative with the cleareſt tone of voice and the greateſt tranquillity of countenance. I have already had ſeveral opportunities to obſerve, that the Spaniards are in general leſs baſhful than the Engliſh by many degrees.

Wandering about the apartments of the ſick, I could not but take notice of their great cleanneſs. I wiſh the Spaniards would take as much care of their metropolis as they do of their chief hoſpital. My head-ach would not then be inceſſant, as it has been ever ſince I entered at the Toledo-gate.

I enquired of ſeveral ſick men about the treatment they receive, and was pleaſed with their anſwers. Amongſt the

the ſeveral articles of their maintenance, each man is allowed every morning by way of breakfaſt a large diſh of chocolate, together with a ſlice of bread or a ſweet biſcuit. This I thought a remarkable ſingularity. Nor are they ſtinted in point of food when they begin to recover, except the phyſicians be very poſitive in their orders to the contrary.

It is not the cuſtom here to ſupport any hoſpital by voluntary contributions, inceſſantly collected from the people as they do in England. Here each hoſpital has an income ariſing from lands and other kinds of property. In England it is actually the faſhion amongſt the better ſort to contribute towards the maintenance of hoſpitals, many of which have been but lately erected, and erected by the ſame means that are employed to ſupport them. Thoſe who have diſburſed moſt money towards the building of them, as well as thoſe who give moſt money towards their maintenance, may have, if they chuſe, the direction of them, and the inſpection over their welfare, together with the privilege of recommending patients to admittance. Nothing of this is practiſed in Madrid. Faſhion may here undergo any viciſſitude, and charity grow hotter or colder. Never will the change affect theſe hoſpitals. Various *(a) Confradias* have an

(*a*) *A* Confradia *in Spain, like a* Confraternita *in Italy, is an union of Pariſhioners of the higher rank, who contribute both with money and attendance to the advancement of religious purpoſes in their reſpective pariſhes.*

eye

eye over them. Some of their members viſit them by turns, take care that they be kept in their uſual order, and that no ſick perſon may have reaſon to complain of neglect or ill-uſage from the hoſpital-attendants. The chief noblemen and gentlemen do not diſdain to be members of thoſe *Confradias*, to audit the accounts of this and that hoſpital (generally without the intervention of government,) and to mind that no part of their income be embezzled or miſmanaged. The church grants ſome indulgencies to thoſe who attend to ſuch ſorts of pious deeds, and it ſeems this is all the recompence they care to have for their trouble.

Amongſt thoſe Confradias there is one called *La Santa Hermandad* "*the Holy Brotherhood*," or more commonly *La Confradia de Pan y Huevos*, "*the brotherhood of "bread and eggs.*" A number of its members, headed by ſome conſiderable man (not ſeldom a grandee) ramble about the ſtreets of this town during the firſt part of every night, in order to collect the houſeleſs poor of both ſexes, who lay themſelves down to ſleep under the porches of churches, or the entrances of houſes. The *Santa Hermandad* take up all thoſe whom they find in this diſtreſsful condition, carry them to ſome hoſpital to ſleep, and give them the next morning a penny loaf with a couple of eggs by way of breakfaſt; from which practice is derived their appellation: then, if thoſe poor are in health, they are diſmiſſed, or kept to be cured when they happen to be diſeaſed. I wiſh ſomething of this

kind

kind might be eſtabliſhed in London, where the houſeleſs poor are pretty numerous.

You may eaſily imagine that the above-mentioned *general hoſpital* is endowed with a very conſiderable revenue. They ſay that it amounts to forty thouſand doubloons, which makes up no leſs than thirty thouſand pounds ſterling. Amongſt its attendants there are many friars of the order called *De San Juan de Dios*. A very proper employment for a ſet of men, who profeſs a total diſregard for the vanities of this world. It would poſſibly not be amiſs, were the greateſt part of our friars incorporated in that order, and forced by inſtitution into the ſervice of the ſick in our hoſpitals. Their time would thus be much better employed, than in beating their bare backs on a ſcaffold in the time of (*a*) miſſion.

It is ſaid in *Madam D'Aunoy's travels through Spain*, that every baſtard brought up in the foundling-hoſpital at Madrid, is looked upon as a gentleman by the Spaniſh law. This aſſertion the authors of the *Dictionnaire Enciclopedique* have credulouſly repeated. But the fact is not true; and a baſtard is as much a baſtard in Madrid as any where elſe. No nobility, nor any other kind

(*a*) *A* miſſion *conſiſts of ſome friars going by order of their ſuperiors to this and that place to convert the people, as they call it. Upon theſe occaſions they erect ſcaffolds in the midſt of ſquares and other open places, and there they inveigh with a furious tone of voice againſt ſinners, beating themſelves the while until their blood trickles down their bare backs to enforce their declamations. Theſe miſſions have been forbidden in ſeveral parts of Italy within theſe few years.*

of

of honour is conferred by law upon any poor creature brought up as a foundling in that hoſpital. How thoſe learned gentlemen could reſt upon ſo ſlender an authority a fact of ſo ſingular a nature, is pretty ſurpriſing.

As to the churches in Madrid, they are in general not ſo grand as I expected to find them in a country ſo much renowned for the piety of its inhabitants. The greateſt part are oddly decorated with thouſands of things that are not admitted to adorn churches in other countries. Their walls are generally covered with ſmall and artleſs works of the pencil and the chiſſel, diſtributed as chance directed, or at leaſt without much order or ſymmetry. In that which belongs to the *Padres de la Merced*, there is a kind of large drawer, which contains various toys and baubles that were gifts from people who have repented their attachment to trifles, and made a ſacrifice of them to a little waxen Saviour ſhut up in that drawer. Amongſt the contents of it, there is a large fragment of a ſugar-cake, that was preſented (they tell you) by a lady who thought herſelf too fond of ſweet-meats, and a muſlin-apron given by another who caught herſelf in a fit of pride the firſt time ſhe put it on. Both ladies fell upon the expedient of ſuch offerings, in order to chaſtiſe themſelves for their unruly vanities. I could eaſily give you many other inſtances of this minute ſpecies of Spaniſh devotion, which here is very common in women, and not rare in men. I wonder the methodiſts of

England have not yet adopted this practice in conſequence of their rigid notions of chriſtian mortification.

The grandeſt church in Madrid is that which belongs to the *Monjas Saleſas* "*the Saleſian Nuns.*" That church, together with its fine nunnery, was built by Queen Barbara, remarkable for little elſe than her love of muſick and her devotion. Her love of muſick made her to give little leſs than four thouſand pounds ſterling a year to the celebrated *Farinelli*, who was her moſt conſtant favourite during a good number of years, and to whom, amongſt other things, ſhe bequeathed all her muſical inſtruments and vaſt collection of muſick, the greateſt perhaps that ever was in the world. Amongſt her tutelary ſaints, of whom ſhe had choſen a large number, the moſt beloved was *St. Francis de Sales*, commonly ſtyled *the Holy Biſhop of Geneva*, though the Genoeſe never acknowledged him for their biſhop. To honour this ſecond favourite, Queen Barbara, about the year 1748, laid out ſeveral thouſand doubloons in that church and nunnery, both dedicated to his name. She then called over from *Annecy* (a ſmall town in Savoy) a few of thoſe women who follow the inſtitution of that ſaint, and put them in poſſeſſion of both edifices, endeavouring ever after to augment their ſiſterhood with Spaniſh recruits. Thoſe Savoyard Nuns (two of whom are ſtill alive) co-operated ſo well with her, by enticing girls to be of their number, that the nunnery has at preſent near

near thirty inhabitants, though no plebeian female is admitted amongſt them. The income ſettled upon them by that Queen, is ſomewhat encreaſed by their receiving boarders, who are all young ladies of quality. The nuns teach them to read, write, work, and pray; but, above all, to believe that St. Francis De Sales is the greateſt ſaint in heaven, and the moſt beloved by the bleſſed virgin.

Queen Barbara had an apartment in that nunnery, where ſhe intended to retire in caſe ſhe ſhould ſurvive her huſband. But her intention did not take effect, as ſhe died before him. Her remains however were not carried to the Eſcurial, where all thoſe of the Royal Family are ſent, but were depoſited in that church, along with her huſband's in a ſtately monument.

The Saleſian is the only temple in Madrid, the ornaments of which are neither over-numerous, nor childiſh. The altars in it are not, as in all other churches, adorned with little noſegays of natural, or artificial flowers, nor is it hung with pretty cages of canary-birds, that keep chirping the whole day long, to the great diverſion of thoſe who go to hear maſſes in the morning, or take benedictions in the evening. There are many coſtly decorations in that church. The moſt remarkable, beſides the royal monument, is a ſilver lamp hanging by three long ſilver-chains before the great altar, which lamp and

chains weigh *fourteen arrobas*; that is, three hundred and fifty pounds. The three pictures over its three altars, are by three modern painters; that is, *Velaſquez* of Madrid, *Signaroli* of Verona, and *Franceſchiello* of Naples.

The nuns ſhowed me in the ſacriſty ſome ſurplices for the maſs-prieſts, that are made of the fineſt Flanders-lace. Each ſurplice, they ſay, has coſt above a thouſand doubloons, and I can eaſily believe it. They ſhowed me beſides ſeveral chalices, croſſes, oſtenſories, pixes, and vaſes, ornamented with ſo many diamonds, rubies, emeralds, and other jewels, as to raiſe aſtoniſhment even in thoſe who have ſeen the richeſt pieces at Loretto. Many fine pictures and coſtly ornaments have I ſeen alſo in the church that belongs to the Jeſuits.

There are neither pews, benches, nor chairs in the churches at Madrid. At leaſt I ſaw none in thoſe that I entered. Their floors are covered with ſtraw-mats, upon which men and women kneel promiſcuouſly, and without any diſtinction of place, whether they be grandees or coblers, dutcheſſes or waſherwomen. The men will often ſtand during the maſs, but the women ſit negligently on their own heels the greateſt part of the time they paſs at church, holding their roſaries in their hands, telling their beads with a whiſpering voice and a moſt rapid motion of their lips. I wonder how any body

can

can keep up a devout recollection amidſt that general hiſſing, often accompanied by the chirping of the canary-birds.

Women of all ranks wear their roſaries in their hands whenever they go to church, and always in ſuch manner that every body may ſee them. They are a part of their church-dreſs. I am told that it is cuſtomary, amongſt the lower ranks, for the young men to preſent fine roſaries to their ſweethearts. Women of whatever condition never go to church but with the *baſquiña* and the *mantilla* on. The *baſquiña* is a black petticoat, commonly of ſilk, which covers their gowns from the waiſt down, and the *mantilla* is a muſlin or cambrick veil that hides their heads and the upper part of their bodies. If they do not turn up their veils, as ſome of them will do both at church and in the ſtreets, it is difficult, if not impoſſible, even for huſbands to know their wives.

With regard to the men, a gentleman generally dreſſes after the French manner, wearing his hat under his arm, as they do in France. But the lower claſs wrap themſelves up to the eyes in their *capas*, which are brown cloaks that reach down to the ground. The grandees themſelves will ſometimes wear *(a)* thoſe ugly *capas* by

(a) Since the date of this letter the King has prohibited to wear in Madrid the flapped hats, ſo that the beſt ſort have totally left off ſuch a diſguiſe.

way

way of diſguiſe. He who wears a *capa*, wears alſo his hair concealed under a cotton-cap, or a ſilk net, and the *ſombrero* over; that is, a hat with the flaps down. But as no man is allowed to enter a church, except bare-headed, it is no leſs indecent than ridiculous to ſee a number of them come out of a church, and under the porch or gate of it buſy themſelves in tying up thoſe nets they had put in their pockets as they went in, which the greateſt part of them wear until they are offenſively greaſy.

It is notorious that the King hates to ſee a man wrapped up in a wide cloak with a flapped hat. But his people ſeem to care but little for his Majeſty's diſapprobation of their unſightly dreſs, and meet his eyes thus accoutred with the greateſt unconcernedneſs. Such is the force of inveterate cuſtoms, that they cannot even be aboliſhed by the frowns of an abſolute monarch, who is unwilling to force compliance by a poſitive command.

On the gates of many churches there are often labels paſted up, that inform the by-goers of what is doing within whenever any thing is done a little more ſolemn than uſual. In one of thoſe labels I read theſe words written in cubital letters: *Aquì eſtà manifeſto el Santiſſimo Sacramento.* "*Here the moſt holy ſacrament is in* "*view.*" On another I ſaw a catalogue of thoſe books which cannot be read without incurring excommunication. It is ſomewhat odd, that they were all French,

and

and all of that claſs that cannot do any harm with regard to religion but to the moſt ſhallow readers. Few of Voltaire's and Rouſſeau's works have eſcaped the catalogue, and I am told that their names are growing no leſs terrifying in this country, than thoſe of Luther and Calvin. Don Felix d'Abreu, who has lived many years in England, and loſt in a good meaſure the native dread of heterodox books, cannot help diſapproving this Spaniſh method of advertiſing what is thought to deſerve a prohibition. Our grandees, ſays he, will read all modiſh French authors in ſpight of our prieſts and friars. "The "greateſt part of them do not care a ſtraw for the ana- "thema's fulminated againſt the readers of prohibited "books. Our middling gentry are not yet very ſtudi- "ous of foreign languages; and as to our common peo- "ple, they will certainly not trouble their heads about "French learning. Our eccleſiaſtic ſuperiors are there- "fore egregiouſly wrong in inviting diſobedience by their "catalogues on the doors of churches, which ſerve only "to make known to all what would otherwiſe be known "but to a few."

There is ſcarcely a church in this town but what can boaſt of ſome excellent picture. In the ſacriſty of that which is called *Los Recolletos*, there are ſome which a connoiſſeur would go a hundred miles to ſee, eſpecially a Mary Magdalene ſupporting a dead Chriſt by *Co-*

reggio, and a Madona with the child by *Raphael*. The friar who ſhowed me the ſacriſty, never mentioned the name of Raphael without the previous appellation of *divino*. It made me ſmile to find, that our Italian cant has travelled thus far beyond the Alps. Yet it vexed me to ſee in the church of the Trinitarians a printed declaration in favour of the Virgin's immaculate conception, that was ſtuck with a pin in a fine picture attributed to *Luca Giordano*.



THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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